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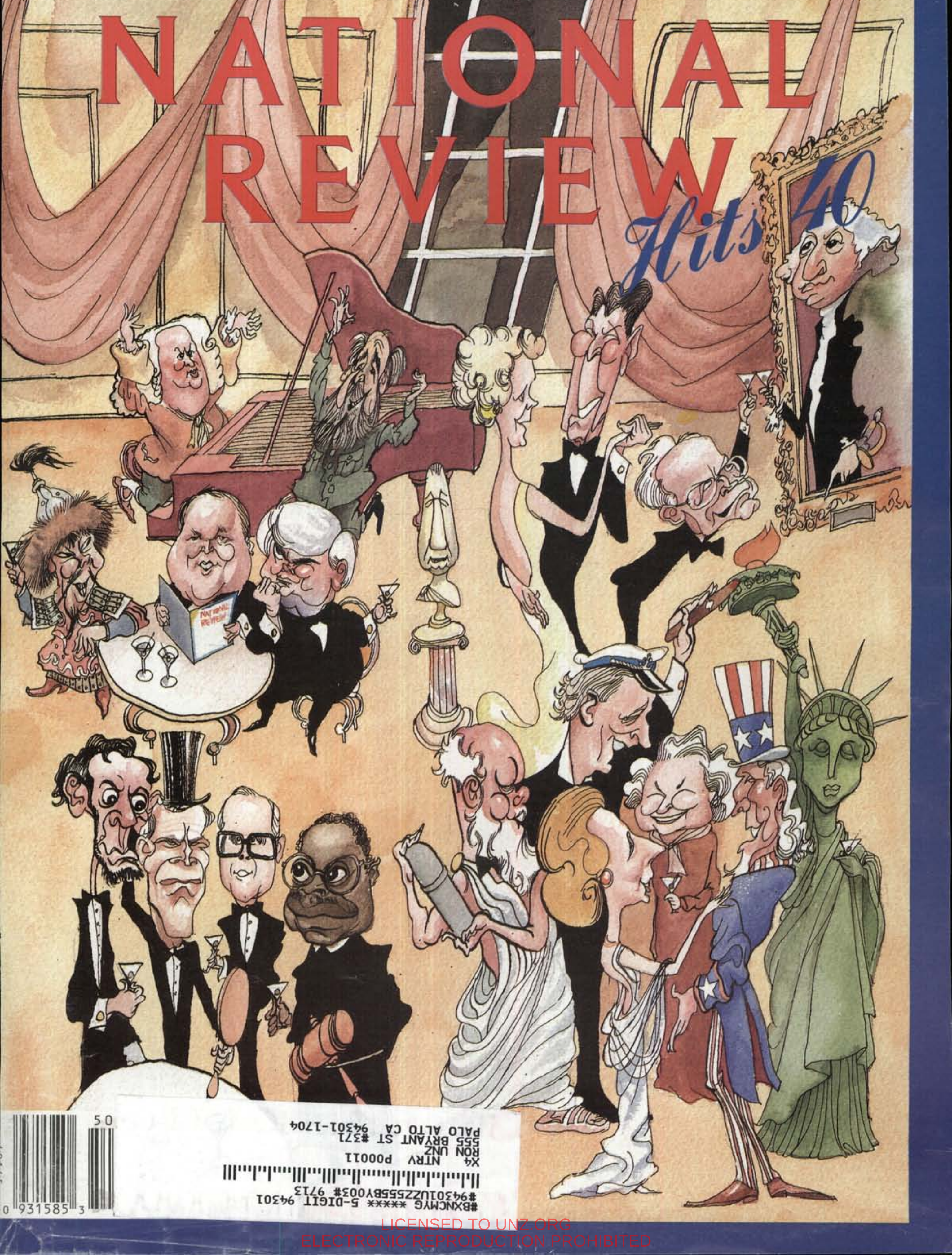

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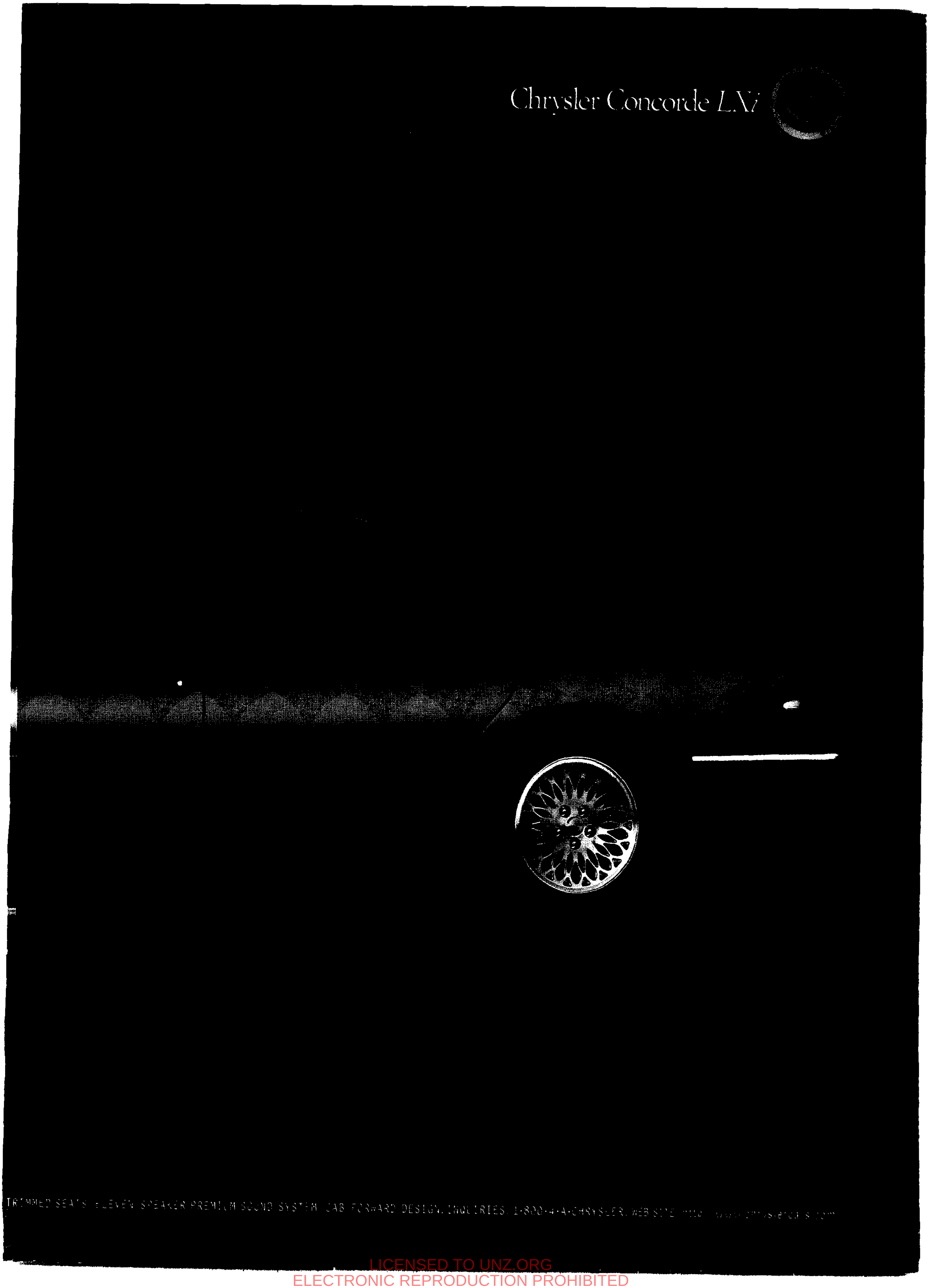
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NATIONAL REVIEW

DECEMBER 11, 1995 VOL. XLVII, NO. 23

I ALWAYS CARRY A VERY HEAVY BURDEN OF GUILT !
GUILT
Mal

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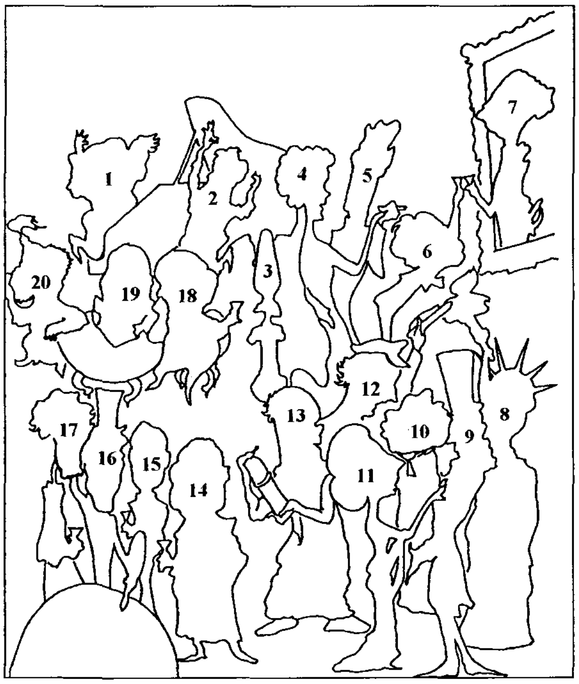

Cover illustration by Roman Genn

KEY: 1) J. S. Bach, 2) Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, 3) Spiro Agnew, 4) Clare Boothe Luce, 5) Ronald Reagan, 6) Barry Goldwater, 7) George Washington, 8) Statue of Liberty, 9) Uncle Sam, 10) Priscilla Buckley, 11) Margaret Thatcher, 12) Wm. F. Buckley Jr., 13) Socrates, 14) Clarence Thomas, 15) William A. Rusher, 16) Charlton Heston, 17) Abraham Lincoln, 18) Newt Gingrich, 19) Rush Limbaugh, and 20) to the extreme Left, Genghis Khan

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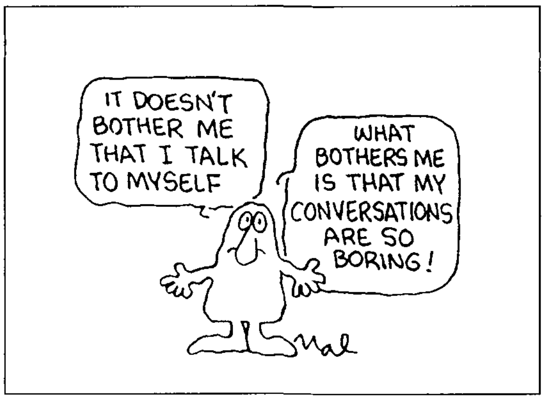
IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME THAT I TALK TO MYSELF
WHAT BOTHERS ME IS THAT MY CONVERSATIONS ARE SO BORING!
Mal

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Rush Limbaugh says, Ditto.

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102 *NR* sailed around Manhattan and through the Caribbean, and invaded Washington, to celebrate its fortieth. These messages came back in bottles.

110 ***Among Ourselves***
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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

121 In *We Hold These Truths*, John Courtney Murray, SJ, calls for a re-embrace of natural law as the foundation the Founders built on. Gratefully, **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** answers the call. . . . **Robert H. Bork** watches *The Twilight of Authority* with Robert Nisbet. If the sun was setting in 1975, when is the dawn's early light? . . . In *Crisis of the House Divided*, Harry V. Jaffa's three-books-in-one about the political thought of Abraham Lincoln, **Willmoore Kendall** finds hair-raising brilliance. . . . **Eugene H. Methvin** introduces Robert Conquest's *Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror*, the book that established the *mot juste* for Stalin's Ukrainian famine: genocide. . . . **Russell Kirk** is made joyful, but not surprised, by C. S. Lewis's memoir, *Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life*. . . . A field on his farm provided Whittaker Chambers with a metaphor for the patrimony he wanted to leave to his son, and the title of his memoir, *Cold Friday*. **Colm Brogan** surveys a field of dreams. . . . Evelyn Waugh's noble trilogy, *The End of the Battle*, makes even **Joan Didion** feel soft around the edges. . . . **Frank S. Meyer** notes that the liberal critics at places like *The New Republic* entirely misunderstand that reactionary novel, Vladimir Nabokov's *Lolita*. So what else is new? . . . **Anthony Lejeune** celebrates the eightieth birthday of P. G. Wodehouse and the latest Wodehouse novel, *The Ice in the Bedroom*. . . . Horowitz plays Horowitz. Rubinstein plays Rubinstein. But, says an admiring **Wm. F. Rickenbacker**, Dinu Lipatti plays *Chopin*. . . . **Nika Hazelton** remembers her most memorable meal, featuring an enamored fisherboy and a boiled octopus. . . . **Jane Buckley Smith** will smoke to that.

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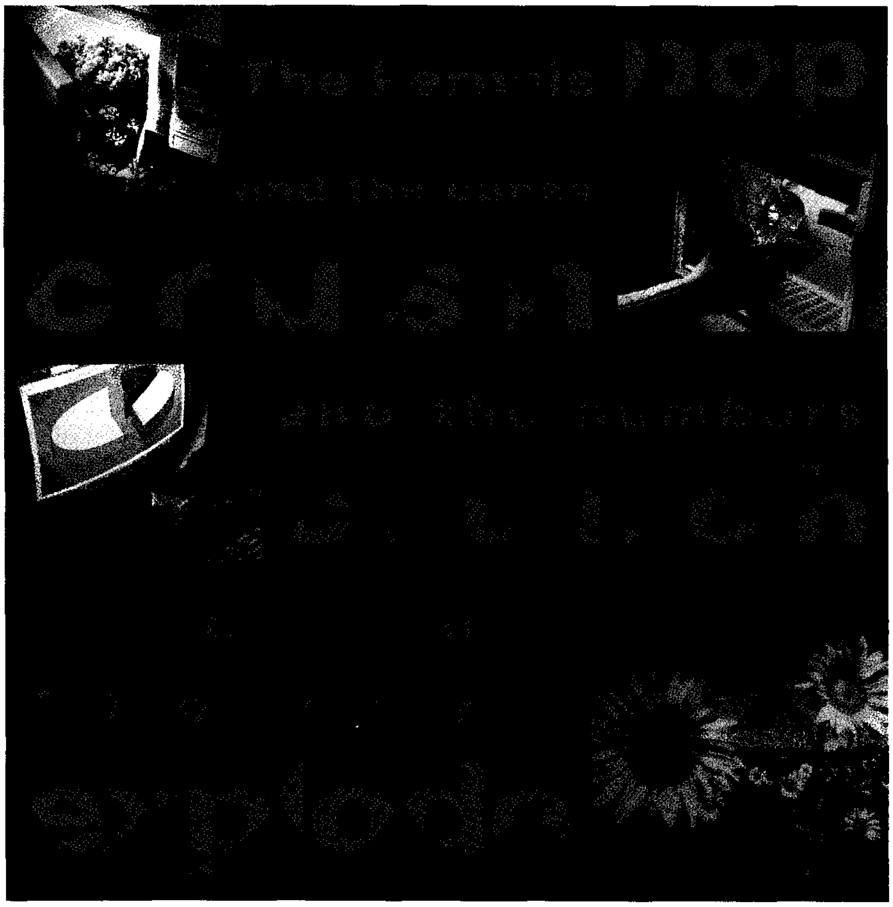
NATIONAL REVIEW



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LETTERS

He'll Do Fine

Stephen Moore's analysis of tax-cutting fervor among the governors ["Welfare States," Nov. 6] was a bit too harsh on Connecticut's bloodthirsty chief executive, John Rowland. The income-tax cut that he coaxed out of the legislature may have been smaller than his pre-election rhetoric suggested, but he faced an overwhelmingly Democratic House of Representatives, and his paper-thin GOP majority in the Senate was not sufficient to ramrod through some of the budget cuts that he might have preferred.

Rowland is the first Republican governor elected in Connecticut since 1972. He's a fiscal conservative who can wield the axe as well as anybody. Cut him a little slack. He'll do just fine.

Laurence D. Cohen
The Yankee Institute
Glastonbury, Conn.

Ethics Complaints

NATIONAL REVIEW failed to inform its readers that Mark R. Levin has twice filed charges with the House ethics committee identical to those made in "The Biter Bit?" [Nov. 6] and that on both occasions the Republican-led committee summarily dismissed his complaints in a matter of days.

Mr. Levin did not call me for basic fact checking. I do not hold, nor have I ever held, any position with Mr. Bonior's office or his campaign, paid or otherwise.

Mr. Levin inaccurately alleges that the Speaker's ethics case is a partisan Democratic "campaign to unseat Gingrich," which began "immediately after the election" of 1994. The central complaint against Gingrich regarding his so-called college course and GOPAC's abuse of tax-exempt funds was filed more than five months before the election, and it was filed by Gingrich's ***Republican*** opponent.

I was not involved "in virtually all of the ethics complaints filed against Gingrich." I assisted only with the complaint former Rep. Ben Jones filed in September 1994, and the amendment to that complaint filed in January 1995. Unlike Mr. Levin, who is paid for his work drafting complaints of questionable merit, I have not been compensated for any work I have done on the Ben Jones ethics complaint. My time was volunteered. I am confident the complaint on which I worked will stand the test of scrutiny, even by a Republican-led committee. Mr. Levin, having twice failed a similar test, merely rehashes discredited charges.

Steven J. Jost
Washington, D.C.

Surely Mr. Jost jests. He pretends the Democrats are not orchestrating an ethics campaign against Mr. Gingrich, when contrary evidence abounds and has been reported in the media. Mr. Jost failed to mention his involvement with Rep. Pat Schroeder's office and the ethics complaint she filed against the Speaker. (Mr. Jost and I spoke about that by phone some months ago.) He did not disclose that he hands out the ethics complaints that have been filed against Mr. Gingrich to reporters for the asking. And Mr. Jost's volunteering of his services in the anti-Gingrich campaign, which he confirms here, may well violate House rules and federal law. I did file two ethics complaints against Rep. David Bonior. Mr. Jost does not mention that they were returned only *because the ethics committee insisted that a member of Congress file them on my behalf. Although I have refrained from asking a member to do so in order to avoid partisanship, perhaps, given Mr. Jost's concern, I'll reconsider. I'm sure it wouldn't be hard to find a Republican congressman to file complaints against Bonior.* —ML

Matters of Taste

The O.J. cover [Oct. 9] is really repellent and in extremely bad taste. However, it does go with your increasingly sarcastic, sneering, mean-spirited, snobbish tone.

Kathrin L. Gann
Austin, Tex.

A brilliant cover! Indicative of the sharp wit *NR* is known for.

David Frieders
Chicago, Ill.

From our Files . . .

Dec. 21, 1955

Just a word of congratulations on the first issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, though Knowland and Nixon do rather remind me of Iago and Richard III.

[*Sir*] *Laurence Olivier*
Stratford-on-Avon

Aug. 29, 1959

Everything happens to me! I have only recently recovered from the unfortunate experience of reading your ***nauseating*** publication. I looked forward to an intelligent exposition of the conservative viewpoint—not a low-brow, illogical, enarticulate [*sic*] harangue against the opposite viewpoint. I was in the middle. You have just about driven me to the liberals.

Anne Chandler
New York, N.Y.

Jan. 14, 1964

Where else but in NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 17] could one learn that President Johnson "is not known to have read a whole book all the way through in the last twenty years" and among other important information "his musical tastes tend to peak at 'Home on the Range?'" I strongly suspect some fairly good Presidents belonged in that category. So what? In addition to kissing babies do our Presidents from now on have to read us bedtime stories and sing us a lullaby? How stupid can intellectuals get?

Eamon O'Carolan
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Feb. 6, 1995

The last two issues of NATIONAL REVIEW [Dec. 5 and 19] are among the very best that I have read. . . . I came to think that I, since entering this country from Europe in 1937, cannot remember having come across anything as intelligent, penetrating, relevant, substantial, as what you offered the reading public at this moment . . .

In Europe, in a similar situation, there would have been much more invective, more cheap triumphalism, less genuine effort to penetrate beneath the surface of things. Yours is the one publication in the United States that had every reason to say, in article after article, "We told you so." You did nothing of the kind. In the moment of your great vindication, you never stop asking how things are, why they are as they are, and what sense they make. And that with a theoretical equipment of superb concepts and beautiful language. There is nothing else like your journal in our present culture.

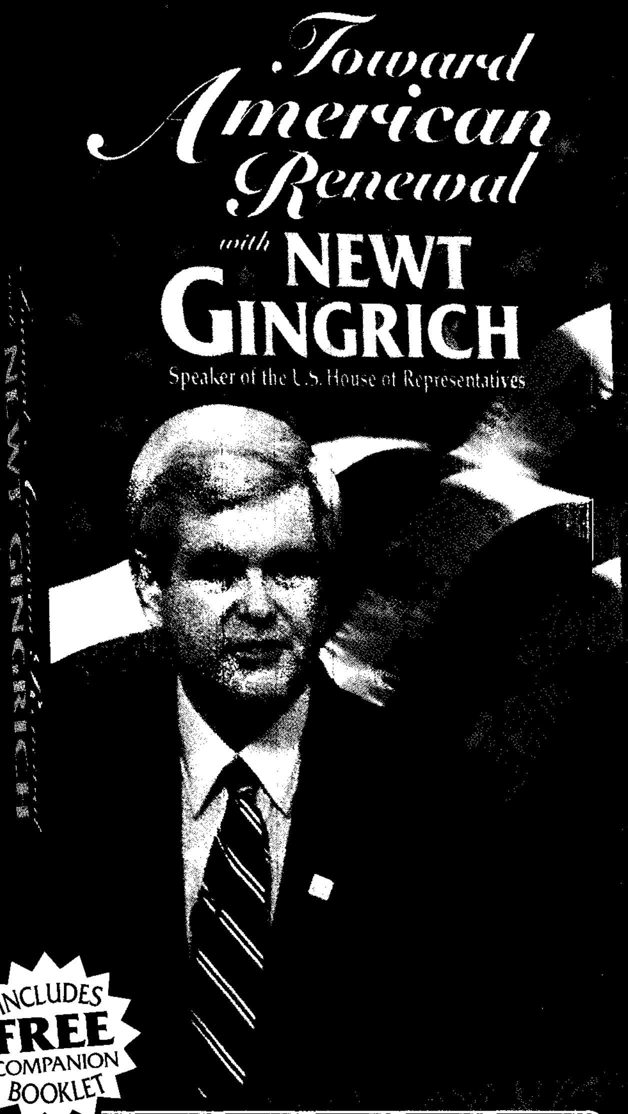
Gerhart Niemeyer
Notre Dame, Ind.

Jan. 14, 1969

What kind of capitalists are you when your magazine doesn't even make a profit? By the laws of conservative economics, you should go out of business to be replaced by a profit-making magazine.

David Hamilton Jones
Fort Wayne, Ind.

Renew the American Spirit with Newt!



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> *—Newt Gingrich*

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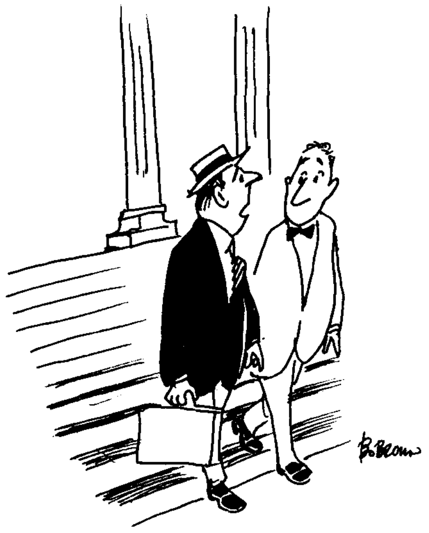
FOR THE RECORD

■ Democrats gain confidence from **Newt Gingrich**'s suggestion that **Clinton** snub on Air Force One made him more eager to shut down Federal Government. White House also thinks public opinion favors it on Medicare and tax cuts, and that it can beat likely GOP presidential nominee **Bob Dole**. Democrats also cheered by elections in Kentucky (where they held onto governorship) and Virginia (where they held onto legislature). . . . Respected political analyst **Charles Cook**, echoing RNC chairman **Haley Barbour**, comments, "I suppose, after last November's blow-out, even mixed results are cause for Democrats to celebrate." Big win later in month by Republican **Mike Foster** in Louisiana gubernatorial race comforts Republicans. But conservative activist **Paul Weyrich** writes that the "Republican revolution of Newt Gingrich & Co." is "on life support," worries that results will embolden liberal Republicans. . . . One such, Virginia Sen. **John Warner**, is facing a strong challenge from former Reagan budget director (and Citizens for a Sound Economy head) **Jim Miller**. Polls show Miller even with or ahead of Warner among Republicans.

■ Media bias? What media bias? Says NBC reporter **Lisa Meyers**, "There is a bias in favor of spending money, but I don't think it's liberal vs. conservative, but a bias in favor of government programs and spending money to try to solve problems. And it's compassionate to spend money, even if there is not money there to spend and even if you're heaping debt on the next generation." On CNBC, *Newsweek*'s **Howard Fineman** explains that most D.C. reporters are "sane centrists" whom **Colin Powell** reminded why "they got into politics—journalism, to begin with," adds that "a lot of my colleagues are trying to accept the fact that the Republican Party has the upper hand, and they want a Republican Party they can live with." . . . Liberal campaign against medical savings accounts, led by *New York Times* editorialists, continues. *L.A. Times* Washington Bureau Chief **Doyle McManus** asks, "Why haven't we heard about this before? Where did this Medical Savings Account come from?" **L. Brent Bozell III**'s Media Research Center—the source for all the quotes in this paragraph—runs these questions under the header, "From the conservatives you've ignored."

■ All presidential campaigns except **Pat Buchanan**'s claim benefits from Gen. Powell's decision not to run. (Buchanan saw him as "a perfect foil"). **Jesse Jackson** expressed disappointment: "I think the Republican Party missed an opportunity to have an inclusive leader with a broad reach, one who has enough moral authority to detoxify some of the hate-mongering and race-baiting within that party." . . . *Time* profile of Sen. Bob Dole revived old doubts among conservatives. Ohio Gov. **George Voinovich**, liberal Republican, says, "I'm staying with [Dole] because I believe that he doesn't believe all the crap his handlers have been having him say." Voinovich Republicans "pine for the old Dole, the Dole who joined with **George McGovern** to start the food-stamps program." Asked about his agenda as President, Dole responds, "Well, we've got to do serious health-care reform, and the tax code needs fixing. And there's some environmental stuff and Social Security." Of Sen. **Phil Gramm**, he says, "I'm all for burying the hatchet. In him. . . . Just joking." . . . Dole wins Florida straw poll, but by a smaller margin (7%) than expected. Gramm, **Lamar Alexander**, Buchanan, **Alan Keyes** are runners-up. . . . In New Hampshire, Sen. **Richard Lugar** (R., Ind.) airs TV ad titled "Dignity," stressing his maturity and Pres. Clinton's lack thereof. Radio ads feature a "Lugarized" **Aretha Franklin** background music: "R-E-S-P-E-C-T, leader of the GOP!" . . . Fund-raising problems appear likely to take Sen. **Arlen Specter** (R., Pa.) out of the presidential race.



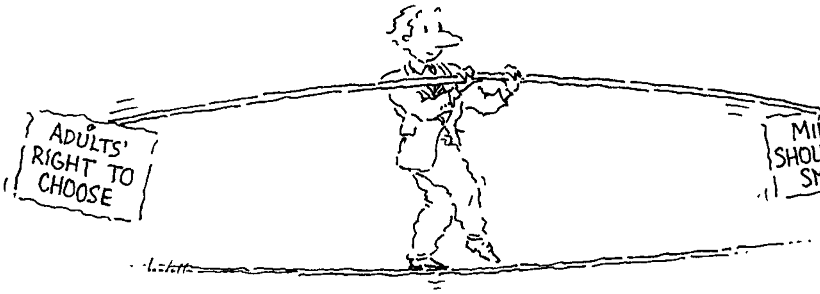
"We've got to find a way to get more money out of the taxpayers without disturbing the voters."

■ French trade unionists are divided over Prime Minister **Alain Juppé**'s new plan to wipe out $51 billion in social-security-payments deficits. Juppé wants to hold health spending to a 2.1% annual increase by asking pharmaceutical companies to support health insurance. . . . Chinese Pres. **Jiang Zemin**, in first visit by Chinese chief of state to Korean peninsula, calls for South Korean Pres. **Kim Young Sam** to resume talks with North Korea, which Pyongyang has halted. . . . U.S. Defense Sec. **William Perry** throws a bombshell into the Asian and Pacific Economic Council, until now a trade group, by urging it to expand into a Pacific security forum. . . . South African Pres. **Nelson Mandela**, after enduring bitter criticism for taking line that sanctions would back Nigeria into a corner, still wants Pres. Clinton and Prime Minister **John Major** to invoke oil sanctions on Lagos for executing nine human-rights activists. . . . **Jacob Kohnstamm**, Dutch senior drug-enforcement officer and once advisor to Gov. Bill Clinton, rejects demands by French Pres. **Jacques Chirac** that Netherlands crack down on Amsterdam's legal drug coffeeshops as a source of trafficking for all Europe. He says, "We like our leaders to admit they inhale."

■ Talk-show host **Michael Reagan** rejects move by Rep. **Andrea Seastrand** and Sen. Robert Dole, among others, to name a new federal building in honor of his father, **Ronald Reagan**. He describes the overbudget building as "the poster child of government waste" and suggests that "what might be a better honor would be to dismantle Washington and name the hole in honor of Ronald Reagan."

Our position, word by word.

Balance



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Our position is that the issue of youth and cigarettes should not be used to curtail the freedom of those adults who choose to smoke.

It's important to prevent minors from having access to cigarettes. But it's just as important to respect the rights of adult smokers and nonsmokers to make individual choices.

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We want you to know where we stand.

Facts Matter In June of this year, Philip Morris voluntarily stopped distributing free samples of all its cigarette brands in the United States as part of its *Action Against Access* program.

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THE WEEK

■ The Federal Government briefly shut down on our 35th anniversary. Never ones to rest on our laurels, for our 40th we arranged a shutdown rather more spectacular than the last. For our 45th, we plan to shut down the Supreme Court.

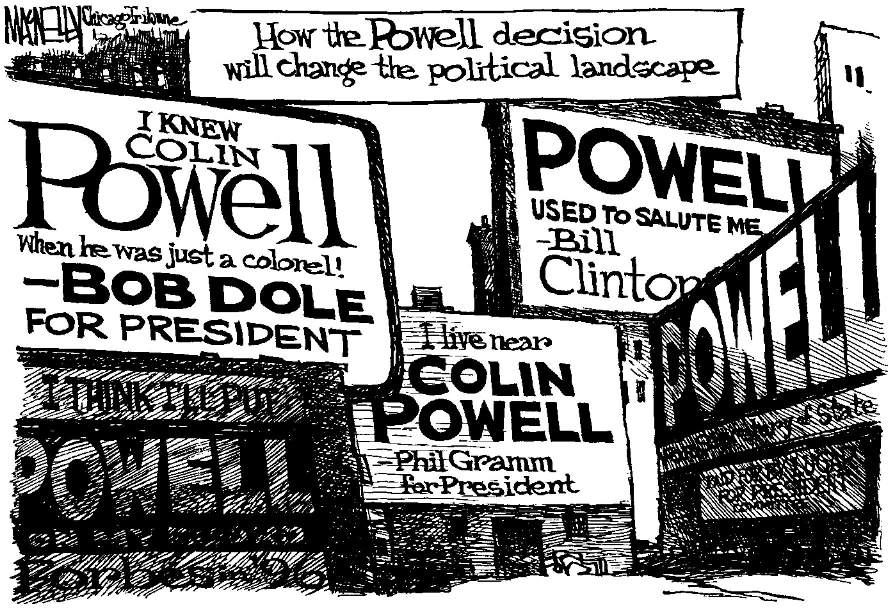
■ The Florida straw poll was the last of those elusive pre-primary events that reflect in equal parts hype and organizational energy, and generate a wave of analysis that discounts the results even as it dissects them. The common wisdom from Orlando, as it turns out, is roughly right: Dole remains the front-runner but is still a weak one; Gramm's second-place finish was what he needed to remain viable; Alexander suffered from expectations that he might come in second, but his finish close to Gramm inches him near the top tier; everyone else is going to have trouble running a national campaign (although Buchanan is looking strong in New Hampshire, and Alan Keyes, who is running on nothing except his soaring words, continues to inspire a slice of GOP activists). But the straw poll should send the clearest signal to Bob Dole. So far, he has run a campaign about as near to flawless (except for incessant "off-message" unscripted comments—the latest in *Time*) as could be expected given his record and inclinations. And the result is *still* tepid: a third of the vote, after pouring a million dollars and impressive organizational resources into an event stocked with party regulars. If this is what it's like when the going is good, what happens after a gaffe?

■ To paraphrase an old feminist line, the U.S. without a Federal Government is like a fish without a fish-hook.

■ A few months back, conservatives were criticizing Sheila Burke, chief of staff to Sen. Bob Dole, for allegedly tugging her boss leftward. Our own Rich Lowry noted that some of the criticisms were "over the top" and suggested that Dole, not his staffers, was responsible for any disappointments from his office ["The 101st Senator," July 31]. Now Jason DeParle has written a cover story for the *New York Times Magazine* under the headline, "Sheila Burke is the Militant Feminist Commie Peacenik Who's Telling Bob Dole What to Think," and the subhead, "Well, no. She's just the senator's moderate chief of staff, the latest victim of the conservative attack machine." Where to start? No conservative described Mrs. Burke as a "Commie peacenik," etc. Since *NR*'s balanced article contradicts his premise, DeParle ignores it except to mention a minor error that was immediately acknowledged in the magazine. The cover promises an exposé of "The Campaign to Demonize Sheila Burke," as if DeParle considers it "demonization" to call a liberal a liberal—which, considering what most Americans think, isn't so far off. Keep ruminating, DeParle: you've come up with one half-truth, you may find another.

■ But when the *New York Times* is fair, how can we fail to be? So we applaud the *Times* for its headline after the GOP took the Louisiana governorship: "Republicans Regain/National Momentum/With Louisiana Win." Just kidding.

■ On November 21, the President announced that the Dayton talks had produced a Bosnia agreement, and he promised to "consult" with Congress before a peace treaty was signed and U.S. troops were sent to police it. Four days earlier, the House had passed, 243 to 171, the Hefley amendment barring any Bosnia deployment. The President will probably be able to make a veto of this stick, but a positive vote of support may be out of reach, even in the afterglow of the agreement. On one side of the debate will be arguments about the last best chance for peace, keeping a promise made to allies, and preserving U.S. influence in Europe; on the other side, arguments about the flaws and shakiness of the "peace" and the risks to American soldiers. Sending troops without a congressional vote of support would compound all the risks, both in Bosnia and at home, and in all likelihood lead to 1) an attack on U.S. troops by whichever side finds their presence an obstacle, and 2) their withdrawal by an Administra-


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
How the Powell decision will change the political landscape
I KNEW COLIN Powell When he was just a colonel! —BOB DOLE FOR PRESIDENT
POWELL USED TO SALUTE ME —Bill Clinton
I THINK I'LL PUT POWELL
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tion not known for its courage under pressure. That would damage U.S. leadership far more than a refusal to provide American forces now. Our advice to Mr. Clinton is borrowed from the Duke of Wellington: "You have got yourself into a damned difficult spot, and you must think hard how best to get out of it."

■ If the California Civil Rights Initiative gets enough signatures to qualify for the ballot, it will almost certainly win—and quite possibly scuttle President Clinton's chances of re-election. But the CCRI is in deep trouble, partly because people mistakenly assume it is a done deal, partly because of the campaign's own amateurism. Paid petitioning has been suspended for lack of funds, and only a fraction of the required signatures has been collected. Now is the time for the national Republican Party to set up an independent petition drive to get the CCRI on the ballot; and for GOP presidential candidates and California congressmen to donate soft money to aid that drive. Republicans cannot afford to let the CCRI fail. Nor can any American who believes that people should be judged by their individual qualities, not by their race.

■ Remember Hillary's task force to socialize American medicine? The White House said it cost $100,000, which turns out to be off by a factor of at least 138—somewhere between an ordinary Clinton fib and a whopper. The real figure is now put at $13.8 million, maybe more, who knows?

■ President Clinton's intervention in Haiti seemed to be going swimmingly—until November. First, prime minister Smarck Michel resigned to protest President Aristide's refusal to proceed with economic reform. Then, Aristide began to foment violence in an apparent effort to undermine—and perhaps to head off—presidential elections scheduled for December 17. Aristide's words and actions have become so indefensible that even his cheerleaders at the *New York Times* front-paged a story about the worsening mess. Where are things now heading? Either to an election seen as illegitimate by most of Haiti's democrats, in which the leftist René Preval becomes president, or to massive disorder, which permits Aristide to stay in power. It's entirely plausible that our troops will leave on schedule, but their departure may well be followed by yet more violence and even another coup. Isn't this where we came in, a few hundred million dollars ago?

■ Fred West, the English serial killer who buried nearly a dozen bodies at 25 Cromwell Street, Gloucester, was writing his memoirs in prison when he hanged himself. He entitled them *I Only Ever Loved an Angel.* The jury did not entirely agree with him. It had little difficulty in finding the supposed angel, his wife, Rosemary, guilty of murdering her daughter, stepdaughter, and lodger (who was pregnant at the time by Mr. West). By comparison with the goings-on at Number 25, as revealed at the trial, Fellini's *Satyricon* looked like an evangelical crusade for chastity. For the most part, the sexually insatiable Wests preyed upon rootless young women from the underclass whom they enticed into their home, where they tied them up, beat and raped them, killed them, dismembered them, and then buried them. Their most active period of unspeakable depravity was the 1970s. The picture of life in the English underclass that emerged from the trial was horrific in the extreme. One lesson to be learned from the whole sordid episode is that the underclass was clearly in place before the advent of Mrs. Thatcher,

The Week in Verse

So greatly feared, so long made ready for,
The "train wreck," when it came, proved quite a bore.
No mighty crash of metal shook the earth;
Explosions nor of horror nor of mirth
Disturbed the peace or made the hills resound;
No rain of body parts fell to the ground.
Instead, quite pleased to find they weren't dead,
The "non-essential" spent four days in bed,
While parks and passports must perforce unman
And *Clinton* had to stay home from *Japan*.

A brief dramatic moment came and went
When all the borrowed money had been spent
And *Rubin*, with a gun up to his head,
Said: "Raise my credit limit or I'm dead."
But when the world said, "Go ahead and shoot,"
He found he wasn't quite so destitute.
It's true that nothing much ground to a halt,
But he at least defaulted on default.
And in the end, the *President* gave in
(Although, I hear, that's not the *White House* spin);
Forced like *King John* at Runnymede to yield,
He claimed the victory and fled the field,
Pursued by loud *Republican*-led cheers
For balanced budgets—after seven years.

In *Florida* the GOP straw poll
Went, as expected, to front-runner *Dole*.
Bad luck! Could be his back's against the wall,
The pundits say (his margin was too small).
When *Powell* dropped out, then *Newt* refused to run,
The press, it seemed, stopped having any fun.
As chances fell of getting a surprise
They had to pray for *Forbes* or *Keyes* to rise.

Good news at least, at last, came out of *Dayton*:
A *Bosnian* peace was signed. So now we wait on
The *Congress* to agree to send GIs,
As *NATO* their now-free state occupies.

—Juvenal

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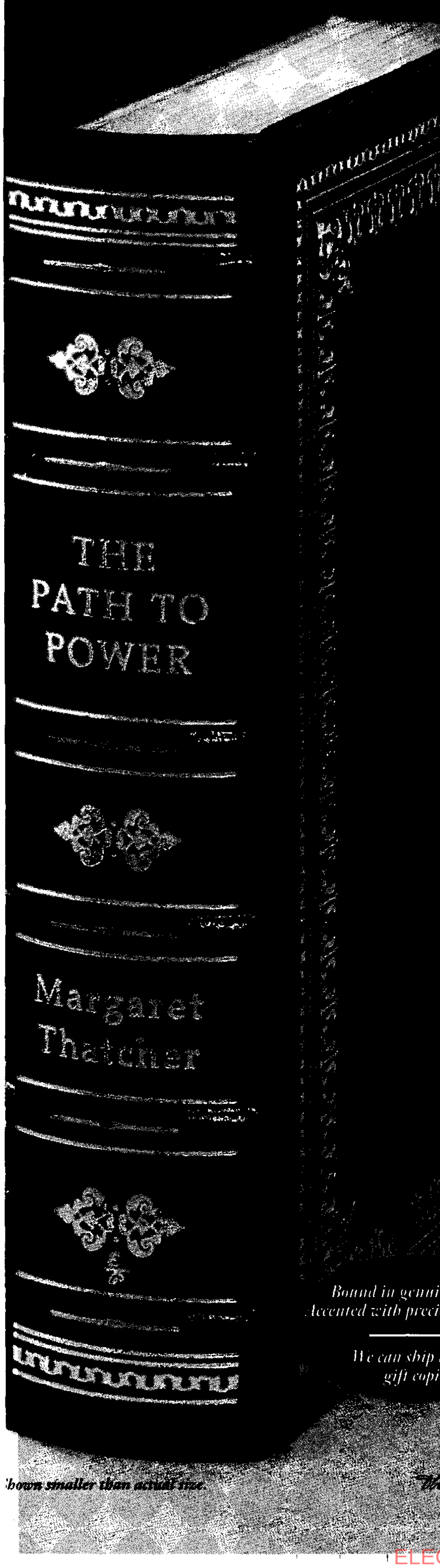
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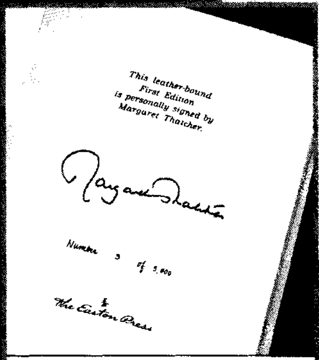

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who is often blamed for creating it. The West trial, in fact, was a *reductio ad nauseam* of the values of the 1960s—self-expression without self-restraint.

■ Incidentally, Dr. Jack Kevorkian presided over his 26th snuffing, and still hasn't received a Clinton nomination to be the new surgeon general.

■ Last January, the Claremont Institute brought together 17 prominent conservatives—including Richard Brookhiser, Angela "Bay" Buchanan, Linda Chavez, Alan Keyes, Ed Meese, Ralph Reed, William A. Rusher, and Bret Schundler—to consider the culture wars. The "Conservative Manifesto" they came up with calls for a renewed commitment to "the moral and natural law," a project of restoration that has two steps: "dismantling . . . ruinous bureaucracies," and fighting relativism in the culture. The friends of freedom and virtue must hang together, or they will hang separately. The manifesto is a good antidote to liberal pundits eager to see the conservative coalition break up. If it is less detailed than the Declaration of Independence, that is because the Founders' enemy was smaller, and less protean.

■ Most minorities, according to a Labor Department survey, prefer older racial and ethnic designations over newfangled multiculturalist alternatives. Blacks, for example, are most likely to describe themselves as such (45 per cent); only 28 per cent choose "African American." Likewise, Hispanics overwhelmingly favor that title over the liberal-chic "Latino" (57 per cent to 12 per cent); and American Indians scalped "Native American" by a margin of 49 to 37 per cent. Whether the Census will respect the wishes of these groups remains to be seen. Meanwhile, more questions for the next survey: how many liberals call themselves liberals; how many feminists call themselves women; how many Episcopalians call themselves Christian.

■ The fictional Administration in Rob Reiner's movie *The American President* bears a sharp resemblance to the real Administration of Bill Clinton, down to the wisp of hair on the forehead of Michael J. Fox as President Shepherd's Stephanopolitan chief domestic advisor. But Shepherd is less like the actual incumbent than like Mr. Clinton's daydream of himself: a strong, decisive leader; a principled liberal; popular with the electorate and with a sexy lady whom he gets to bed down right in the White House; highly organized; slim; a widower.

When the Cheering Stopped

Louisiana, where Big Mo
Crashed through like brass at Jericho,
Did not excite the New York Times
Whose editors pulled at the chimes
Like Lilliputians at a wake,
Nor did they volunteer to take
The Democratic corpse in tow,
So strong is their distaste for crow.

—W. H. von Dreele

■ Samuel Francis, a scholar of political theory and an occasional contributor to *NR*, has lost his job as an editorial writer at the *Washington Times*. In both his writing and his public speaking, Mr. Francis had expressed some highly provocative opinions. Most recently he chided the Southern Baptists for publicly regretting their failure to fight slavery. Then Dinesh D'Souza, in his book *The End of Racism*, quoted Mr. Francis as calling on whites to "reassert our identity and our solidarity . . . in explicitly racial terms." Now, these strike us as foolish views, especially the latter: racial consciousness-raising would be as destructive for whites as it has been for blacks. But are they hanging offenses? An employer has the right to fire someone he feels is bad for business. But the decision of *Times* editor Wesley Pruden to act on this right was regrettable. At the *New York Times*, when the editorial writer Brent Staples published, successively, a bizarre admission that he had stalked Saul Bellow, and an illiterate attack on Leo Strauss, he got clean away with it (no surprise: white liberals expect very little from black liberals). That too was wrong. Foolishness calls for a rebuke—whether severe or light, depending on the degree of foolishness and other mitigating circumstances (the numerous writing awards Francis won for the *Times*). With their respective treatments of wayward writers, neither *Times* has done itself credit.

■ The FDA is thinking about allowing the hair-growth drug Rogaine to be sold without a prescription, and more cheaply, too. One instantly infers that the bureaucrats themselves are getting old and bald. Perhaps there is hope yet for America.

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THE HEATLINE

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* 1 WHITE HOUSE '96: THE TAYLOR MOMENT

Under headline "Taylor-Made Divisions: Conservatives Split over GOP Maverick," N.Y. TIMES' Berke writes that "a conservative movement divided against itself continues to roil over the growing support for Mr. Taylor." Amid increasing speculation that front-runner Bob Dole can't beat Clinton, "prominent conservative figures are starting to think that the Illinois businessman might be a more viable electoral vehicle." Hard-line conservatives "express unease" over Morry Taylor's lack of political experience, "unformed" and "half-baked" views "at variance with GOP orthodoxy on abortion, trade, and other hot-button issues" (12/4). Bill Kristol says Taylor, while "certainly deviating on some issues," could "broaden the base of the party to include Perot voters, blue-collar voters who may not be with us yet on economics, and bikers who find parts of our social message unappealing" ("Inside Politics," 12/1). More Kristol: "Conservatives should make a cold calculation about whether a Taylor landslide bringing in 30 House Republicans and 8 Senate Republicans, say, would do more for the Republican revolution than a narrow victory by Dole" ("GMA," 12/4). U.S. NEWS' "Washington Whispers" reports on rumors that Bill Bennett is advising Taylor. Bennett, on whether Taylor would be a good nominee: "Yeah. . . . Look, this guy's met a payroll. He's never laid off anyone -- we could do with a few more people of his character. . . . There's no question that this man could have a major effect on the culture. If mothers all over America were to tell their children, 'Look at him. Do what he did. Stay in school, start a business,' then that could do more for our future than any change in public policy" (12/13 issue).

TAYLOR–KEMP?: Fueling speculation about a vice-presidential deal with Kemp, Taylor cancels Dixville Notch Rotary Club appearance, scheduled for same date as Empower America gold-standard confab. Kemp says, "Morry is a great American, and Jack Kemp is proud that we belong to the same party. He is a living symbol of the entrepreneurial energies that have made this country great" (W. POST, 12/4).

COULD HE WIN? Yet more Kristol: "If Dole stumbles, and Gramm and Buchanan continue to divide the Right, and Alexander and Forbes keep competing for optimistic, soft-edged conservatives, Taylor could sweep it all. By mid-January, Dole and Gramm could be graciously jousting to be Taylor's veep nominee" (STANDARD, 12/11 issue). In W. TIMES op-ed, Arianna Huffington predicts Taylor will win "by articulating persuasively what the revolution is about . . . in contrast to the pathetic Bob Dole, a man so consumed by polls and hollow at the core that he keeps a dog for photo ops and puts him in a cell when the cameras are gone. So I would lay this challenge to Dole: free Leader!" (12/4). NEWSWEEK's Klein writes that "Taylor has effectively co-opted the messages of many of his struggling rivals. He steals Buchanan's protectionist thunder and his appeal to Perot voters. He's an outsider like Alexander. While Gramm promises to balance the budget in his 'first' term, Taylor ups the ante by pledging to do it in 18 months" (12/13 issue). AEI's Ornstein, on whether Taylor can win GOP primaries dominated by right-wingers: "Maybe, maybe not. . . . The more things change, the more they stay the same. You still can't beat somebody with nobody" ("IP," 12/1). W. POST's Broder: "Taylor is running evenly across the country. What that demonstrates to me is that his appeal is national" ("Meet the Press," 12/3).

REAX: Buchanan blasts Taylor: "My friends, if Morry Taylor tries to move the party away from the Gingrich–Buchanan–Perot revolution, I am prepared to fight the way our forefathers fought at Lexington and Concord—all the way to San Diego and beyond! Pat Buchanan's Republican Party is the party of Middle Americans, not of leather-clad bikers who are the tools of Wall Street bankers and their New World Order!" (CONCORD MONITOR, 12/2). Right-wing activist Paul Weyrich calls press conference, says, "Look, I don't know that Taylor's this great businessman the liberal media has made him out to be. Besides, do we really want a president named Maurice?" Steve Forbes: "New money is so pushy" (W. TIMES, 12/4). WALL ST. JOURNAL asks, "Who Is Morry Taylor?": "Republicans should roll out the welcome mat for Taylor, but hold off on the coronation. . . . Republicans had better mark the real lesson of Taylor's surge: term limits are the issue on which the 1996 elections will turn" (12/4). Charles Krauthammer: "Morry Taylor is now the single greatest threat to the Gingrich revolution" ("Inside Washington," 12/2). Dole downplays Taylor boom: "We'll see where he goes, whether it can last. I mean it's easy to take pot-shots at the top guy. We're just going to keep, you know, Tenth Amendment, values, leadership. Hmmmm. Ughhh" (USA TODAY, 12/4). In "unrelated development," Dole plans rally at Harley-Davidson factory in N.H. (release, 12/3). Alexander media consultant Mike Murphy: "There's only one outsider in this race, and cheap gimmicks like leather jackets and motorcycles aren't going to fool anyone" (UNION-LEADER, 12/3).

=== Quote of the Day ===
"When Taylor bashes intellectuals, it's clear
who he's really talking about."
—N.Y. TIMES' Frank Rich, 12/4

REAX TO REAX: Taylor, told of Kristol's endorsement: "Who?" Taylor's campaign manager: "Oh no . . . Just when we're getting traction, this guy has to talk us up" (L.A. TIMES, 12/4). George Will prepares list of 33 questions for Taylor: "Have you read Burke? Macaulay? What's the square root of 72?" (W. POST, 12/3). Worth noting: Safire column "Reading Taylor's Mind" (N.Y. TIMES, 12/4). Al Hunt: "If the GOP rejects Morry Taylor -- the candidate who inspires the most fear at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue -- it will just prove how totally captive they have become to the radical religious extremists of the fire-breathing far Right" ("Cap Gang," 12/2). NATIONAL REVIEW: "NR has repeatedly called for a candidate who combines Gramm's economics, Dole's foreign policy, and Buchanan's forthright defense of the American identity. Is Morry Taylor that candidate? We'll get back to you in April." Yet more Kristol, yet again: "At the very least, I would hope my floating the idea at least prompts conservatives to drop idle flirtations with the candidate of the moment and start to take this race a little more seriously" ("Brinkley," 12/3).

—RAMESH PONNURU & RICH LOWRY

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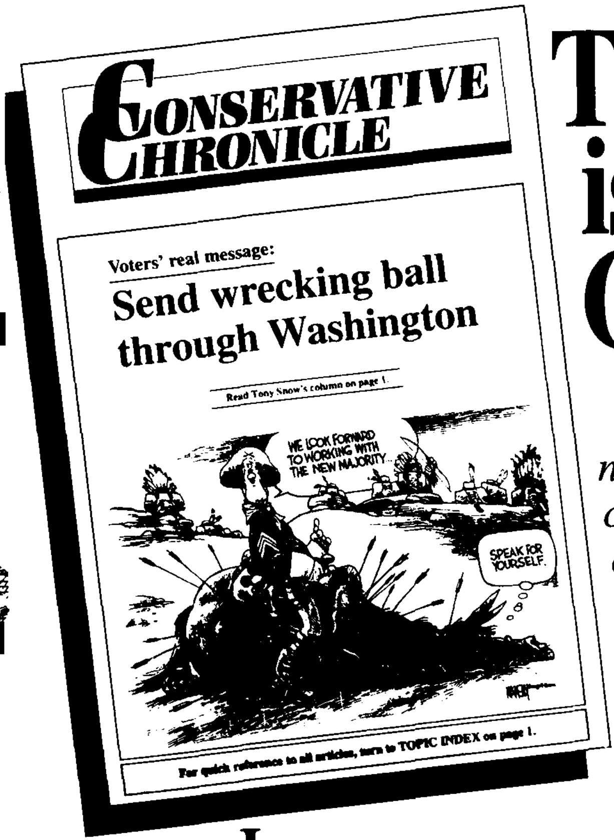

CONSERVATIVE CHRONICLE

Voters' real message:

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Read Tony Snow's column on page 1

For quick reference to all articles, turn to TOPIC INDEX on page 1.

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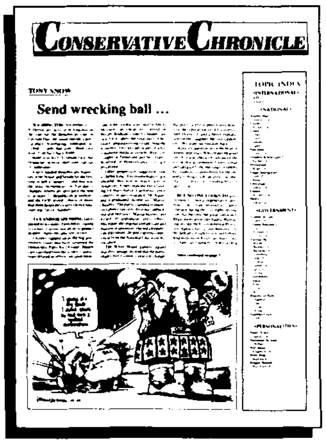

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among spending priorities, and between raising spending and keeping tax burdens down.

President Clinton's rhetorical capitulation to Republican demands for a seven-year plan to balance the budget puts serious tax and spending cuts within reach. It does not, however, make them inevitable. A political stalemate preventing the passage of a balanced budget remains a distinct possibility—the more so since Clinton and the congressional Democrats believe they are winning the PR battle by linking "Medicare cuts" to "tax cuts for the rich."

The only way Republicans can disprove the scare talk about their agenda is to enact most of it. If a year from now most Americans are enjoying their (meager, to be sure) tax cut and seeing that spending can be cut without social calamity, they will be willing to vote for more. Voters who are currently skeptical that the GOP will make good on its promises—four-fifths doubt it will actually balance the budget—will be excited again. The rationale for Perot, that the two parties are identically irresponsible about the nation's future, will evaporate. And Democrats who still care about limiting government will abandon a party that will have abandoned them. If Republicans cave in on key issues in negotiations, however, Democrats will be able to campaign as the saviors of children and the elderly, and energize their base. Republicans will have cast tough votes on Medicare for nothing.

For that reason, the proposal that both parties agree to fund the government through a year-long continuing resolution rather than a budget, and to make next year's elections a referendum on the budget—an idea first bruited by James Carville but appealing to some conservatives—is fraught with risk. The elections will be a referendum on the budget anyway. But under a continuing resolution, those elections would take place in the absence of structural changes to shake up the entitlement status quo: choice within Medicare, or funding Medicaid and welfare with block grants.

Agreeing on a balanced budget will also focus attention on tax cuts. The "Blue Dog Coalition" of moderate Democrats has proposed a balanced budget without tax cuts, thus letting Medicare grow more than Republicans would permit. Republicans will face intense pressure to move toward that position. They should make it clear that their $245 billion in tax cuts (actually $221 billion if their proposed tax increases are subtracted) are non-negotiable. Taxpayers deserve a break after seven years of Bush–Clinton.

The GOP should use this opportunity to explain and sell its tax cuts to the American public for the first time. If the Democrats want to be the party that offers less budget pain but no tax-cut gain, let them. Sen. Phil Gramm, as usual, is taking the hard line—he will vote against any deal that reduces the tax cut or eases spending control. But if the hard line proves unsustainable, it would be better to give ground on spending than on taxes. Since the GOP's proposed spending cuts mostly come from trimming programs rather than eliminating functions of government, they are more a matter of accounting than of principle: a program once cut can always grow back. But a dollar not taken from a taxpayer remains his, to spend or invest.

Despite tactical blunders, especially on Medicare premiums, Republicans have played their hand to date with aplomb. Sen. Trent Lott (Miss.), Rep. John Kasich (Ohio), and above all House Majority Leader Dick Armey (Tex.) deserve enormous credit for the progress of the negotiations so far. They have done a marvelous job of keeping the establishmentarian tendencies of Sens. Bob Dole (Kan.) and Pete Domenici (N.M.) in check, with an assist from Sen. Gramm's presidential ambitions. They will need all their skills and nerve to win an eventual victory worthy of their efforts.

Reckless Rubin

THE TREASURY Secretary is sworn to uphold the full faith and credit of the United States Government. Yet Robert Rubin has devoted himself in recent months to doing the opposite. Mr. Rubin told Wall Street repeatedly that hard-line Republicans were risking "a default on the full faith and credit of the United States for the first time in the history of our country." He predicted in a publicized letter to the Republican leadership on October 24 that "even a short delay of the [Treasury's] multi-billion-dollar auctions could cause us to incur substantial losses . . . This is no way for a great nation to conduct its financial affairs."

Rubin's scare tactics—the equivalent of a corporate CEO predicting that the firm's stock price will fall and urging investors to put their money elsewhere—did have a short-term effect. In late October, foreigners grew uneasy and began to pull out of U.S. Treasuries. The Federal Government's cost of borrowing temporarily rose by 12 basis points. Yet later the financial markets tuned out Mr. Rubin's rantings—fortunately so, because he has proved wrong in every gloom-and-doom prediction. One week after the President's veto of the Republican debt-ceiling bill, bonds rallied, and interest rates on 30-year T-bills *fell* by 10 basis points. As the government shut down, the stock market responded by soaring 120 points. CNN referred to it as a "blockbuster week on Wall Street."

Despite the failure to lift the debt ceiling (resulting from President Clinton's veto of a debt extension), there has been no government default. Nor will there be. The Treasury Secretary has suddenly discovered that by making a few bookkeeping changes, he has the authority to borrow from government retirement trust funds in a way that will allow the government to meet its interest payments for months. Are we to believe

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60	$ 2,645	$ 3,525	$ 4,149
65	$ 4,705	$ 5,885	$ 6,819
70	$ 8,285	$ 9,980	$11,645

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that Mr. Rubin was unaware of this three weeks ago? Undaunted, he continues to warn of the "risk of default" down the road. But as AEI's John Makin points out: "The truth is that the government is not going to default on any interest payments, and Mr. Rubin knows it." Fortunately, so does Wall Street.

The only plausible explanation for this behavior is that Mr. Rubin is trying to gain political advantage for the White House in the budget fight by spooking the financial markets. This is no way for the Treasury Secretary of a great nation to conduct its financial affairs. He should resign.

Nevertheless, He Wobbled

To those who wonder why he sent
A staffer out to buy cement,
Then mixed the bag with H_2O
And poured the stuff from heel to toe,
Recall that one more wobble would
Have fixed him and the wife for good,
So, on advice from Morris, he
Cemented each extremity.

—W. H. VON DREELE

Sorry Yet?

THE billowing dust of congressional battle joined now obscures the progress of immigration-reform legislation. The House bill introduced by Lamar Smith (R., Tex.), having survived a misguided attempt to split off its illegal-immigration provisions (*NR*, Nov. 27), awaits a Gingrich/Armey decision to bring it to the floor. Betting: maybe after Christmas. The Senate bill introduced by Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.) is still struggling through mark-up—and it's ominously weak already.

NR believes that next year this dust will be abruptly dispelled by a rude electoral wind. Immigration will be an issue in the presidential race, not least because of the likely presence on the Florida ballot of a measure even stronger than California's Proposition 187, which attacked the manifest absurdity of taxpayer subsidies to illegal immigrants (and so has naturally been overturned by a federal judge).

Meanwhile, immigration enthusiasts Left and Right continue to add to the confusion. Their role reminds us of the tag-line from the Erich Segal romance *Love Story*: "Being in love means never having to say you're sorry." Being an immigration enthusiast means never having to acknowledge contrary facts, analyses, or arguments. Moral self-regard conquers all.

In the *Washington Post* (November 4), Stuart Anderson of the Cato Institute rebukes Rep. Smith for citing economist George Borjas to the effect that immigration has negative consequences for American wage rates and employment. "Perhaps Smith did not see Borjas's article in the Spring '95 issue of the *Journal of Economic Perspectives*," Anderson sneers. He then quotes a passage apparently saying the opposite.

Problem: this passage nowhere appears in Borjas's article. And Borjas in fact concludes that negative consequences can be detected when the *national* labor market, rather than specific metropolitan areas, is studied. The whole point of his *Journal of Economic Perspectives* article was that *only* when immigration drives down wage rates does it generate a measurable benefit (still nugatory) for native-born Americans overall.

In *Time* magazine's attempted exorcism of immigration critic and Republican presidential specter Pat Buchanan (November 6), Robert Wright cites the much-misquoted Borjas as estimating that unskilled immigration accounts for "one-fifth of the widening of the wage gap between workers with different levels of schooling." But Wright then triumphantly announces that "these differences in educational level account for less than a third of the overall growth in wage inequality. And one-fifth of one-third is one-fifteenth."

Problem: Borjas's estimate is actually that one-*third* of the increase in the "wage gap" between skilled and unskilled workers is caused by immigration.

And anyway, this "wage gap" is a completely different phenomenon from "wage inequality," which is the term of art used by economists to describe aggregate income differences among all workers, regardless of skill levels. Education does account for about a third of this aggregate difference. But the balance is caused by other factors, such as worker experience. And immigration may well contribute to the differing impact of these other factors too. As usual with this taboo subject, no economist has dared to ask.

In *Reason* magazine (November), amplified by the *Wall Street Journal*'s Notable and Quotable echo-chamber (October 18), editor Virginia Postrel claims that "even in the nativist 1920s . . . the U.S. did not close its Southern border. Until 1965, there was no numerical limit on immigration from the Western Hemisphere . . . the border was essentially open."

Problem: it wasn't. Although the Western Hemisphere did not have an absolute numerical limit, immigrants were required to meet various criteria including, as a practical matter, a job offer. This choked off Western Hemisphere immigration during the 1924–1965 Great Lull. Only some 299,000 Mexicans immigrated legally during the entire decade of the 1950s. About the same number now enter every year.

Journal editor Robert Bartley presumably knows this, because *NR* senior editor Peter Brimelow pointed it out in contesting Bartley's objection to the *NR* cover

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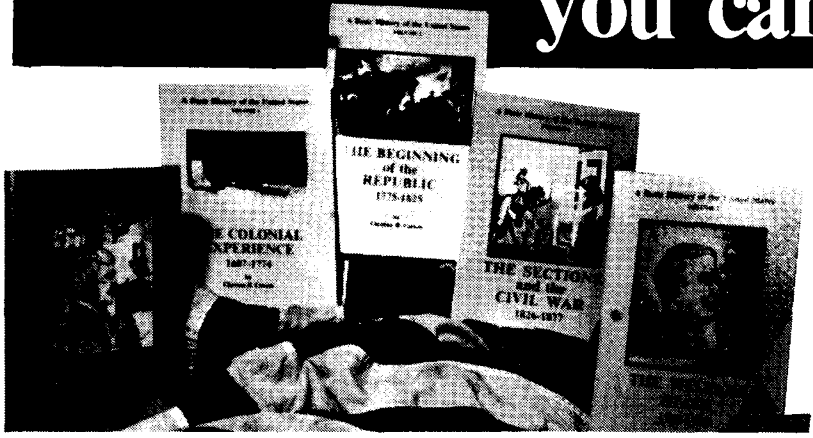

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story that led to Brimelow's *Alien Nation* (June 22, 1992; February 1, 1993). Maybe Bartley was attending a Dow Jones executive seminar on managing diversity when Miss Postrel's Quote was Noted.

Still, although Miss Postrel got her facts wrong, we applaud her attempt to introduce them into the rarefied theoretical atmosphere of *Reason*. For libertarians, discussions of how many immigrants might dance on a national identity card in principle have replaced any serious consideration of Washington's highly interventionist immigration policy in practice. Now that Miss Postrel has noticed the 1924 Immigration Act, perhaps *Reason* will address the workings of the disastrous 1965 Act—sometime around 2036.

While we're on the subject, immigration enthusiasts continue to claim that immigrant welfare and education levels are not troublesome, citing the Urban Institute's 1994 report *Immigration and Immigrants* by Michael Fix and Jeffrey Passel. But *NR* has shown without contravention, not once (August 29, 1994) but twice (April 17, 1995), that Fix and Passel had eliminated the immigration problem by the ingenious expedient of eliminating problem immigrants. For example, all Mexicans were excluded from its education calculations because many are illegal. But Mexico is also the largest source of legal immigrants.

Yo, Urban Institute (fax: 202-452-1840)! What about setting *this* record straight? You have nothing to lose but your moral self-regard. And those Ford Foundation grants.

Man of Plastic

THE victory of Alexander Kwasniewski, the former Communist minister, over Lech Walesa, the Solidarity hero, in last week's Polish presidential election should have surprised no one. Given Mr. Walesa's erratic record as president and Mr. Kwasniewski's excellent campaigning skills, it is a mark of how anti-Communist the Polish people still are that Mr. Walesa's defeat was so narrow.

The result nevertheless closes a heroic age of Polish, and indeed European, history. Mr. Kwasniewski has been dubbed "man of plastic"—an ironical reference to the anti-Communist heroes in Andrzej Wajda's films *Man of Marble* and *Man of Iron*. But he is neither better nor worse than the current crop of Western leaders—most of whom can easily be imagined joining the Communist Party as opportunist young hacks if the West had had the misfortune of living under the system of progress. If Poland is now to be ruled by a careerist in the mold of Bill Clinton or John Major, that is a triumph for a normality of sorts.

Former Communists now rule virtually the entire former Soviet bloc from the Oder to Kamchatka, yet to say this obscures more than it reveals. Some are ruthless Mafiosi, who recaptured power in bloody coups. Others never lost their grip on power and have now nominated themselves "presidents for life" like African satraps. Some long for the return of Soviet power. Others have exchanged internationalism for rabid xenophobia. A few, mostly in Central Europe, are genuine, if corrupt, democrats. But there is one country in post-Communist Europe where no former Communist is even a minister, let alone has the cheek to aspire to the highest office. The Czech Republic, where Prime Minister Vaclav Klaus boldly carried out privatization and de-Communization, proves that the pace and scope of reforms, far from being too daring elsewhere, were far too timid. Had Solidarity governments in Poland done what Vaclav Klaus did, Mr. Kwasniewski would not even be a member of parliament. It would have been more fitting if he had had another few years to ponder and repent the mistakes of his Communist past.

Speaking ex Soapbox

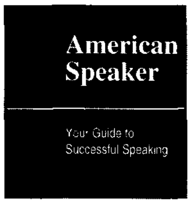
AS IT does on the eve of every presidential election year, the United States Catholic Conference (USCC) has issued a political manifesto in the name of the bishops. The new one is titled, "Political Responsibility: Proclaiming the Gospel of Life, Protecting the Least among Us, and Pursuing the Common Good." One can hardly object to such noble purposes. Also unexceptionable, indeed admirable, is the bishops' declaration, "The challenge for our church is to be principled without being ideological, to be political without being partisan, to be civil without being soft, to be involved without being used." The bishops want it understood that "Our moral framework does not easily fit the categories of Right or Left, Republican or Democrat."

It may not fit easily, but it certainly fits the Left more easily than the Right. Consider this passage: "We stand with the unborn and the undocumented when many politicians seem to be abandoning them. We defend children in the womb and on welfare. We oppose the violence of abortion and the vengeance of capital punishment." Although some bishops may say it is not what they meant, the form of these pairings clearly suggests a moral equivalence among four questions: abortion, illegal aliens, welfare reform, and capital punishment. On three out of four questions, liberals are right, whereas conservatives score only on abortion. The message of the USCC is that the moral framework of Catholic social teaching is rigorously non-partisan, on the side of the Democrats.

One need not defend single-issue politics to question the impartial evenhandedness with which the bishops condemn 1.5 million abortions per year on the one hand, and the execution of a few dozen murderers on

Applause, Applause

Anyone can win over a tough audience, says hailed speechwriter. Just ask Lee Iacocca.

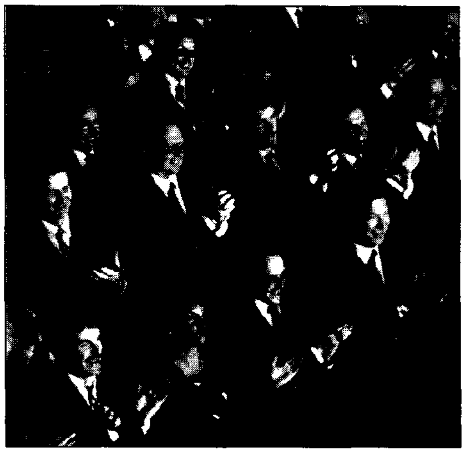


THE AMERICAN SPEAKER
Your Guide to Successful Speaking
Aram Bakshian, Jr., Editor (600 pages; Georgetown Publishing House)

By Leah Thayer

The difference between success and failure, writes Aram Bakshian, Jr., in this remarkable new resource for public speakers, is the ability to communicate clearly and effectively. Never has this been more true than in today's intensely competitive business climate.

Bakshian should know. Speechwriter to "The Great Communicator" himself, Ronald Reagan, as well as to two other former presidents and the heads of several major corporations, Bakshian has witnessed the rise and fall of international leaders based on their ease — or lack of ease — on the podium. Anyone can master the art of speaking in public, Bakshian says, "In the last analysis, the spoken word is still king."



The chairmen of Fortune 500 companies like Coca-Cola, IBM and General Motors make more speeches in a year than most politicians do. And not just on television. They speak all the time in the workplace and to colleagues, customers and the media.

Fear and loathing of the rubber chicken circuit have long plagued public figures. "No one knows how I hate making speeches," President Calvin Coolidge once complained to a friend.

Bakshian tackles head-on the challenges of public speaking in American Speaker. "As with alcoholism," he writes, "there is no known cure for stage fright. You're either a 'chronic' sufferer or a 'recovering' sufferer." In either case, it's easy to minimize that suffering — or even turn it into an advantage. As Carroll O'Connor, the legendary "Archie Bunker," put it, "A professional actor has a kind of tension. The amateur is thrown by it, but the professional needs it."

Perhaps the best contemporary example is Lee Iacocca, who saved the Chrysler Corporation by using his enormous talent as a speaker to win the support of the Congress, the White House and the American people for the biggest corporate bailout in history. Iacocca himself attributes his business success to speaking. In his autobiography, he writes: "I've seen a lot of guys who are smarter than I am and a lot who know more about cars. And yet I've lost them in the smoke. Why? Because I'm tough? No ... You've got to know how to talk to them, plain and simple."

Business is the single biggest rhetorical arena. From simple retail sales spiels to sensitive boardroom presentations, speech keeps the wheels of commerce turning. In making a first impression, Bakshian writes, "Your appearance can raise expectations, but what you say and how you say it will determine how people evaluate you." A good speaker is always in demand. At events from business conventions to weddings, "a good speaker not only adds to the occasion, he also benefits from 'free advertising' that adds to his stature in the community and attracts future business."

Unusual for a book or periodical of any kind, American Speaker is more of a personal mentor — a do-it-yourself guide designed to save hours or days of preparation time, or, conversely, an enormous bill from a professional speechwriter or "coach."

It's a clever, accessible concept: a three-ring binder crammed with hundreds of pages of material on every imaginable aspect of public address: body language, delivering an inspiring eulogy, antidotes to nervousness, using humor, developing a powerful speaking voice, or engaging the audience in a positive question-and-answer session. Bakshian offers sensible, uplifting advice for every occasion, from the Thanksgiving toast to a defense of your industry before a hostile audience.

Arranged alphabetically, American Speaker is easy to navigate, highly entertaining and loaded with good ideas. In the calendars section, for instance, Bakshian compiles thousands of speech pegs for every day of the year in three calendars: celebrity birthdays, today in history and the months at a glance. "Every audience gathered to share a common interest or celebrate a specific occasion has a built-in common bond," Bakshian writes. "A good speaker doesn't just know this; a good speaker takes advantage of it." He demonstrates how a shared reference can warm up the audience, draw a favorable analogy or build a bridge from past to present.

What about actual speeches? They're all over American Speaker. A section on acceptance speeches includes as an example Winston Churchill's masterful appearance before Parliament in 1954, on the occasion of his 80th birthday. To illustrate the business address, Bakshian quotes nine speeches that used humor and anecdotes to deliver serious messages to several very different audiences. In the education section, Bakshian shows how cartoonist Garry Trudeau hilariously defused the "political correctness" time bomb in speaking to a graduating class at Yale University. And so on.

But here's what really makes American Speaker stand out from the crowd of business publications. In addition to the basic 600-page volume, readers also receive timely updates, transcripts of recent, powerful speeches and a free consulting service with Bakshian, to resolve those last-minute speaking challenges. Best of all, the entire package is guaranteed. Review American Speaker for 30 days. If it doesn't meet your expectations, return it to Georgetown Publishing House for a complete refund.

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the other. The implied equivalence between abortion and putting a welfare "cap" on out-of-wedlock births does little for the credibility of what the bishops, never mind the Pope, have said about the absolute evil of abortion. Such welfare-reform measures are eminently debatable. We don't know whether a cap would increase or decrease the incidence of abortion; but neither do the bishops. Welfare reform is imperative—not primarily to save money or to reduce the size of government but rather to move the poor into the mainstream of American opportunity and responsibility. Surely a moral concern.

Then there is the implied equivalence between the unborn and illegal aliens. The unborn have not broken any law. Illegals broke the law of this country in getting here, and are breaking the law by staying here. Where is it found in Catholic doctrine that it is all right to break the law in order to get what you want? The bishops can say that illegals include vulnerable children and old people. True enough, but there are children and old people also among law-abiding folk who stay in their own country, and among the hundreds of thousands who apply for legal entry to this country. Must they, too, break the law in order to warrant the sympathy of the bishops?

"Political Responsibility" was issued by the bishops' executive committee and probably written by liberal USCC bureaucrats. The document is radically out of tune not only with the political realities of 1996, but also with Catholic social doctrine as presented by the *Catechism of the Catholic Church* and the present Pope. No doubt some bishops are embarrassed by its partisanship, and by its trivializing of abortion. But we will never know how many until they find the nerve to speak in their own names.

We Have Come Through

FORTY years ago Bill Buckley thought he could locate, somewhere out there, about 25,000 conservative intellectuals who would constitute the audience for a new journal of opinion and ideas. The term "conservative intellectual" at that time was almost a cultural oxymoron. Since the French Revolution most European intellectuals had been on the Left. The same had been true of American intellectuals, at least since the Progressive Era. The Left position was validated by a large body of theoretical literature supporting the centralization of power in the cause of a Left agenda. Herbert Croly, Walter Lippmann, and the rest wanted a *new* republic.

The task of NATIONAL REVIEW in its initial phases was to locate and expand its original core constituency, and it did so with a special emphasis on college students. Toward that goal *NR* provided a hospitable venue for the gorgeous variety of conservative thought: traditionalists, libertarians, economists, anti-Communists, skeptics, constitutionalists, philosophers, even monarchists. Bill Buckley was a kind of impresario, understanding that conservatives are indeed a various lot, unlike liberals, who can always be found along the single vector of statism. He excluded racists and other fever-swamp kooks and thus defined a civilized core of conservative discourse. In one of his most delicate formulations he saw that an atheist could be a conservative (Santayana), but a despiser of religion could not (Ayn Rand). The controversies within conservatism were many and profound, and through those controversies the various conservatives tended to arrive at terms of practical amity, in the meantime generating a rich literature of political thought.

From the beginning *NR* had a distinctive voice: perhaps "American aristocratic" would define it. This voice could be playful and even outrageous (*"Mater, Sí; Magistra, No!"*) but never vulgar. It seemed to represent an alternative and idealized Ivy League of the Mind, making all those other political magazines sound narrowly journalistic.

Forty years after its founding, *NR* occupies a very different circumstance from that of 1955. The term "conservative intellectual" is no longer a cultural oxymoron, and the conservative position in one form or another now commands a majority in the nation. Can anyone name a fresh young liberal columnist? What presidential candidate carried 49 states? For that matter, what is the "L-word"?

Of course history continues to present us with a mix of problems, as history always does. The agenda necessarily includes clearing away much of the liberal detritus, as well as applying principle to new circumstances as they arise. What follows in this anniversary issue of *NR* represents a rich adumbration of what lies before us as the millennium approaches.

And, finally, today *NR* is no longer the only conservative magazine. They are legion, including those on the university campuses.

And yet, mirror, mirror on the wall, which is the fairest one of all?

NOTES & ASIDES

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Several weeks ago you published a letter of mine in which I asked, "How can a person be both a Christian and a capitalist, in view of Matthew 6:19-21, 24?" The gist of your response was that "nothing that asserts the relative value of heavenly treasures over earthly treasures . . . gets in the way of capitalism."

I now regret my original choice of words, in that by "capitalist" I did not mean one who supports capitalism as an economic system, but rather an individual who ambitiously pursues material wealth. Since Christian faith and the ambitious pursuit of wealth both seem to be valued by many of the writers for NATIONAL REVIEW, there must be a way in which the two can be reconciled without contradiction. Sadly, as you say, I do not see how this can be done. Jesus states quite explicitly not to accumulate treasure on earth, and furthermore that one must either love God and despise money or vice versa. Liking money and liking God even more is not presented as an option.

So please allow me to re-state my original question: How can a person be both a Christian and a pursuer of wealth, in view of Matthew 6:19-21, 24? I don't mean to pester you, but this question is weighing heavily on my mind.

Sincerely,
Bruce Larson
Burlington, Vt.

Dear Mr. Larson: The accumulation of wealth can result from virtuous habits, hard work, husbandry, and the desire to accumulate a surplus with which to exercise charitable impulses. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Bill:

In order that you might recover faster from the flu or perhaps be put out of your misery, I enclose what may be proof positive of either the death or the renaissance of Western civilization: a pop quiz I gave to 16 upper-classmen last week.

As they've paid for their tickets, students may come to my classroom show or not, but I reserve the right to give small who's-buried-in-Grant's-tomb quizzes when attendance falls off. Test-takers get six points for signing their names and one point each for the questions. Some recent questions and results are as follows:

Question 1: Within a thousand feet, how high is Mt. Everest?

Answers: 1) [blank], 2) 12,000, 3) 26,022, 4) 1,000,000, 5) 18,000, 6) 5,000, 7) 34,000, 8) 8,000, 9) 15,946, 10) 12,000, 11) 10,000, 12) 4,000, 13) 12,000, 14) [blank], 15) 1,000, 16) 57,000.

Note that two people (12.5 per cent) got within 10,000 feet of the correct answer of slightly more than 29,000 feet (exact height depends on snowfall).

Note that one person placed its peak higher than some orbiting spacecraft, higher even than the Clintons' self-approval ratings; note that one person placed its peak slightly lower than the highest hill in Florida (or, if you like, Clinton's actual approval rating).

Question 2: Who's buried in Grant's tomb?

Answers: 1) Mr. Grant, 2) U.S. Grant, 3) Grant, 4) [blank], 5) Grant, 6) Grant and his wife, 7) U.S. Grant, 8) Grant, 9) an unknown soldier, 10) Grant, 11) Ulysses S. Grant, 12) U.S. Grant, 13) Mr. Grant, 14) Grant, 15) Grant, 16) Grant.

Question 3: Who is William F. Buckley Jr.?

Answers: 1) [blank], 2) Old V.P., 3) Popular speaker, 4) [blank], 5) Works for the government, 6) [blank], 7) A columnist, 8) William F. Buckley Jr., 9) One of the wealthiest men in the world, 10) [blank], 11) [blank], 12) Political activist, 13) Author, lecturer, Watergate lawyer, 14) [blank], 15) [blank], 16) The host of Masterpiece Theater.

Note all kinds of things, but note especially the following:

—Your name generated more creativity than any other answer.

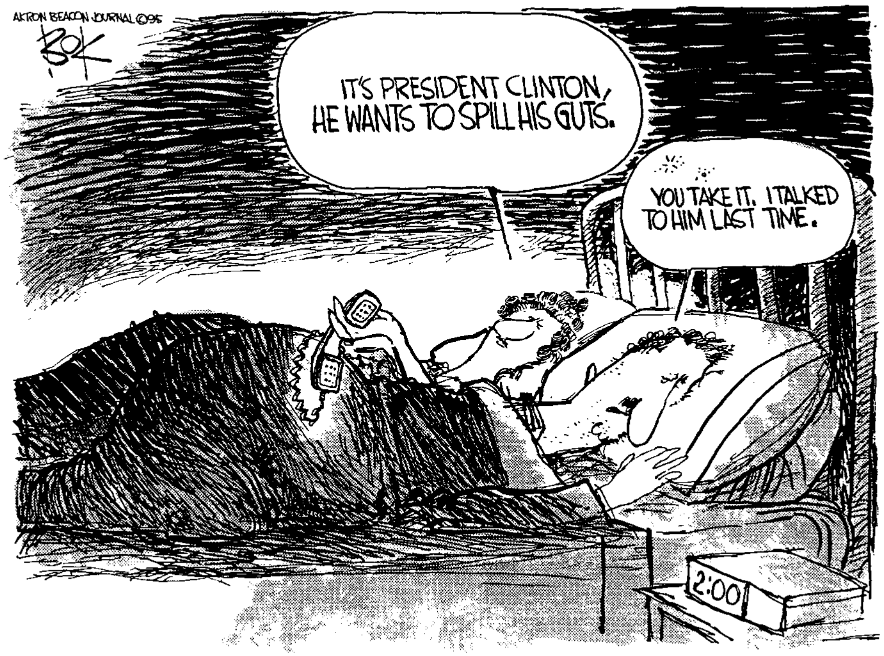
—You are better known to American college students than are Mrs. Grant and Mt. Everest.

—You are almost as well-known under the pseudonym "Alistair Cooke" as under your own name.

I would appreciate your not revealing the name of my university. My students might sue me for violating the Buckley Amendment. Suffice it that this place has a much better reputation these days than does CCNY. One recent rating ranked us somewhere around 15th best in the country. Poor students. Poor country.

Warmest regards,
Anon.

Dear Mr. Anon: Dear me. I wonder how it goes with Eastern civilization? Within a thousand feet, how high is Kilimanjaro? Next question: Who was Gandhi? Warmest, Bill **—WFB**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BOK
IT'S PRESIDENT CLINTON, HE WANTS TO SPILL HIS GUTS.
YOU TAKE IT. I TALKED TO HIM LAST TIME.
2:00

ON THE SCENE

The Red-Ink Blues

STEPHEN MOORE

Roberto Parada

WASHINGTON, D.C.

LORD knows the GOP's seven-year balanced-budget plan which Bill Clinton condemns as "bad for America," has many flaws, but those should not overshadow its one shining virtue: it is infinitely better than Clinton's bogus budget alternative. We might as well be comparing Pavarotti with the Beastie Boys.

The White House, of course, doesn't see it that way. "We are deeply committed to balancing the budget," says the President. This is what we hear in every interview with Leon Panetta, Robert Rubin, Robert Reich, and Alice Rivlin. Apparently the White House believes that saying this over and over again will somehow make it true, or at least credible. The strategy has so far worked with the Washington media, which seldom challenge the veracity of the President's "deep commitment." Hence, Clinton can attack the "extremist Gingrich forces" who want to "gut education, training, the environment, and health care," while promoting his own kinder, gentler "balanced budget."

The Administration's rhetoric is very nice except for one inconvenient reality. If Bill Clinton is for a balanced budget, where is it?

During his Presidency so far, Bill Clinton has proposed four budgets (including two so far this year). His first budget back in 1993 contained the largest tax increase in American history. That fiscal plan did not, will not, nor was ever intended to balance the budget.

The budget deficit *has* been trimmed in the past two years, not because of the 1993 Clinton budget but primarily because of 1) sharp declines in defense spending in the wake of America's victory in the Cold War and 2) the end of the savings-and-loan crisis which temporarily inflated the deficit in the early 1990s. In fact, under the Clinton budget now in place, the deficit will rise to nearly $300 billion by 2000 and more than $450 billion by 2005.

Clinton's second and third budgets (released in January 1994 and January 1995) were punts. They essentially proposed to leave the government on automatic pilot and ignore the deficits looming ahead. In fact, the Clinton budget this year was such a monument to fiscal irresponsibility, even the normally sympathetic Washington establishment treated the document with justifiable disdain. David Broder of the *Washington Post* dubbed the Clinton budget "a failure of presidential leadership," lacking "even a hint of a long-term plan for stopping red ink." Broder highlighted the embarrassing reality that for all the President's talk about progress on the deficit, under Clinton the national debt will rise by $326 billion a year versus $234 billion a year under Reagan.

So where, then, does this fairy tale of a Clinton balanced budget come from? The answer is that back on June 13, just days before the Republicans were to approve their seven-year balanced budget—thereby defying all the cynics who had confidently predicted the GOP's self-destruction—the White House announced it had a ten-year proposal to balance the budget. But the White House did not produce a new budget plan. Instead, the administrators resorted to a time-honored Washington gambit affectionately known as Miss Rosy Scenario. They tortured the economic assumptions until they got their desired balanced-budget results. Predicted economic growth was pushed upward, interest rates, unemployment rates, and health-care inflation downward—and the deficit magically disappeared on its own.

The irony here is that the perpetrators of this scam are many of the same people—Leon Panetta and Alice Rivlin, for example—who routinely trashed the Reagan budgets (with some, though much less, legitimacy) for magic asterisks and fanciful economic assumptions.

THE Congressional Budget Office (CBO)—which President Clinton sanctimoniously argued in 1993 should be the official scorer of all White House and congressional budget plans—essentially admits that the Clinton budget plan is a fraud. The CBO calculates that Clinton's new plan would balance the budget by—well, *never* to be exact. In fact, the CBO predicts that under the Clinton revised budget plan, far from falling to zero, the annual deficit will rise by $50 billion (to $210 billion) by 2002. By contrast, the CBO says that the Republican budget plan would produce a small budget surplus by 2002.

President Clinton pontificates that he is "opposed to cutting spending on education, training, the environment, research, and health care on principle," but his record shows that he is opposed to cutting much of anything out of the budget "on principle." For three years his Administration has fought every proposal to trim spending. In 1993 he opposed the bipartisan Penny–Kasich plan to cut $100 billion from the budget. In 1994 he opposed the bipartisan Andrews–Zeliff A to Z spending-restraint plan. Earlier this year this same Administration which now trumpets its "deep commitment to a balanced budget" furiously lobbied Democratic Senators to oppose the Balanced Budget

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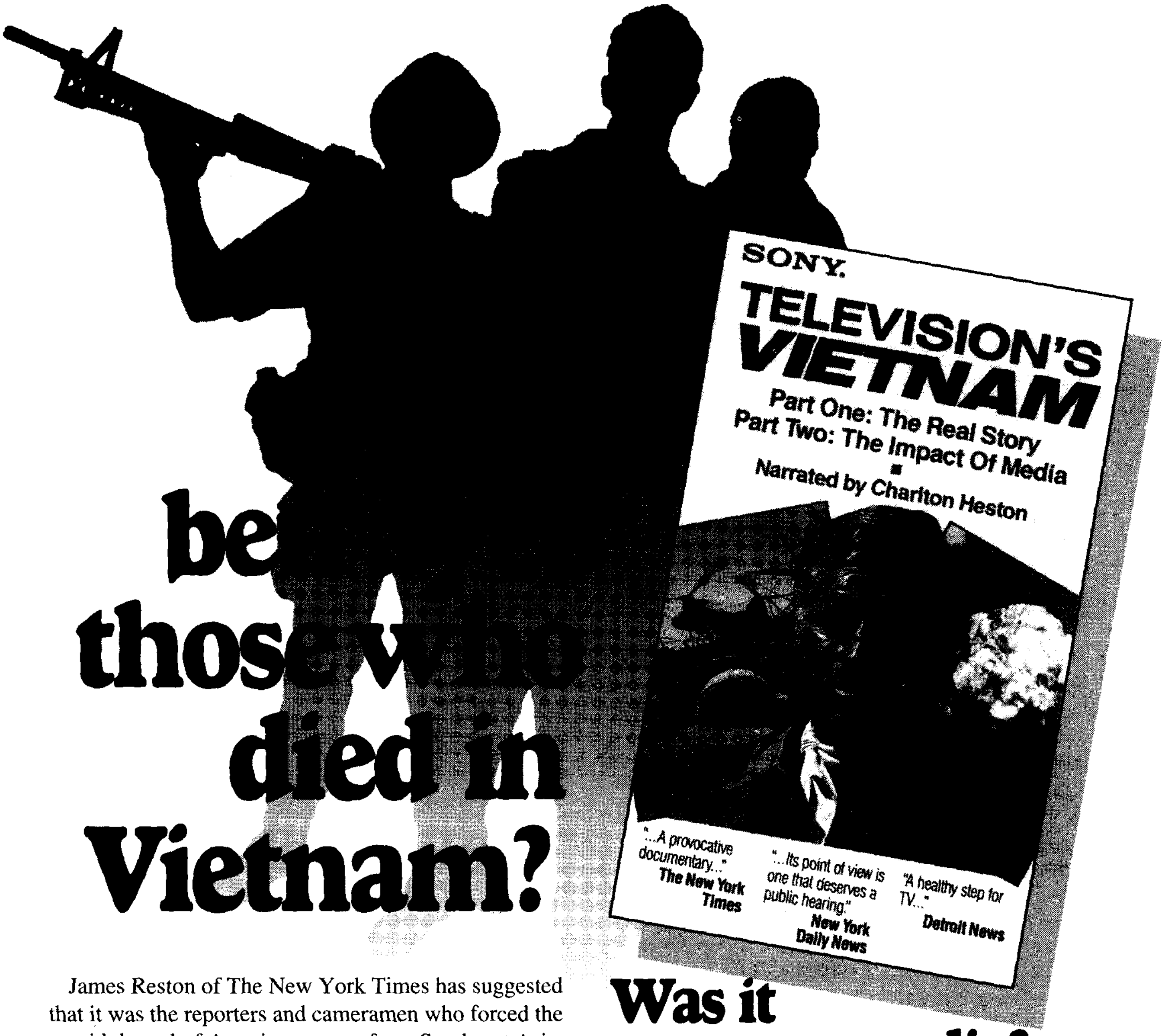
Mr. Moore is director of fiscal-policy studies at the Cato Institute.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be
those who died in Vietnam?

James Reston of The New York Times has suggested that it was the reporters and cameramen who forced the withdrawal of American power from Southeast Asia.

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Amendment. Thanks to White House efforts, the amendment failed by one vote.

The Administration's war rooms this year have been dedicated to fighting even the most non-controversial Republican budget proposals. Energy Secretary Hazel O'Leary is putting together an Energy Department "enemies list" to silence the opposition and save her Carter-era agency. Ron Brown, when not fighting off indictments, travels around the country demanding that the Department of Corporate Welfare—sometimes known as the Department of Commerce—be spared the budget knife.

The picture that emerges from a review of the Clinton Administration's fiscal record over the past three years is indisputable: this White House is about as deeply committed to a balanced budget as Mark Fuhrman is to racial harmony. In fact, the one Clinton appointee who inadvertently speaks the truth on these matters is Labor Secretary Robert Reich, who said earlier this year: "The President is against simply balancing the budget." Exactly.

Clearly, the White House wants it both ways—and the press has so far been willing to oblige. On the one hand, the President wants to spend most of the next four weeks savagely attacking the House Republicans for throwing widows, orphans, and grandmothers out in the street. On the other hand, he wants to pretend that balancing the budget can be achieved through inaction. And they called Reaganomics voodoo economics.

The unavoidable truth is that balancing the budget does involve tough choices. Clinton is being truthful when he says that the current budget brawl between himself and Republicans is "a fight over the future direction of our country." Probably no one agrees entirely with the priorities and choices the Republicans have placed on the table. And maybe Clinton's gamble will pay off. Maybe the public doesn't really want to make the necessary sacrifices in order to eliminate the deficit. Maybe balanced budgets are desirable only to voters in the abstract.

But the Gingrich revolutionaries deserve credit and praise for laying out a credible plan to do so. It's not just a falsehood, but a disservice to the effort required, to suggest that Bill Clinton has done the same. ☐

The Red Blues

ADRIAN KARATNYCKY

Moscow

WELCOME to the wild world of Russian politics. It is a world in which rumors about cancellation of the December 17 legislative elections abound. It is a world in which democratic and hardline parties are capriciously stripped of their places on the ballot. It is a world in which many seek to return the country to its aggressive and repressive past. It is a world dominated by money, criminals, and crime.

Yet it is also a world in which—despite its imperfections—something akin to a democratic process is taking place. But the proof of Russia's adherence to democratic process may well be the election of parties that pose a threat to democratic values.

In late October, the Russian State Duma (lower house) voted to keep in place the immunity from criminal prosecution for all candidates for parliamentary office. As a result, there are over 80 known criminals running for office—among them dozens of members of organized crime. On average 5,000 signatures in an election district (1 per cent of eligible voters) is all it takes to get on the ballot; the going price is 50 cents to $2 per signature. According to free-market advocate and current Duma deputy Irina Khakamada, "more than one-third of the seats . . . in the new Duma will be occupied by representatives of criminal structures."

With the criminalization of electioneering has come the debasement of political culture. Lev Timofeyev, a prominent democratic colleague of Andrei Sakharov, says that "catfights in a communal apartment" have replaced the heroic images of Yeltsin standing on the tank, or Dr. Sakharov challenging Mikhail Gorbachev at the Congress of Peoples Deputies, as the emblems of political life. Still, the future of a nuclear power is at stake. In the atmosphere of high comedy, it is easy to lose track of the fundamental fact that Russia's near-term future—if not its long-term fate—is being determined.

Over 52 parties and blocs have each submitted more than 200,000 signatures in a bid to join the electoral fray. Of them, 38 have been registered and can compete. But electioneering has gotten very expensive. For a country whose average wage is $110 per month, a typical party needs to plan for a campaign that costs millions of dollars.

The high costs of campaigning suggest that far more will be spent than the official ceiling of $2.4 million per party. It also means criminals and special interests, especially the banks and industrial groups, will exert inordinate influence. Still, nothing can take the place of grassroots organization—and that is the particular strength of the Communist Party and its trade union and Agrarian allies. In the signature-gathering process, it was the Communists who gathered the most signatures—over 2 million. But democratic groups have proved to be no slouches. Russia's Democratic Choice, the party of Yegor Gaidar, collected over half a million signatures and the pro-reform Yabloko party submitted over 420,000.

Already the election's effects are being felt. The growing popularity of Communists and ultra-nationalist hardliners—and President Yeltsin's recent heart attack—have provoked a pitched battle between the Presidential Administration and the team of the increasingly nervous Prime Minister Viktor Chernomyrdin, whom many in the opposition regard as personally corrupt.

In this context, tensions between Russia and the West have been on the rise in recent days. Nowhere was this more clear than in President Yeltsin's address to the United Nations, in which he warned that "NATO's eastward expansion . . . today . . . means a new confrontation tomorrow." Though Mr. Yeltsin's speech was delivered before an audience of world leaders, its contents were tailored for the audience of voters at home.

Still, all signs today point to the waning of President Yeltsin's power and support and the growing power of the nationalists and the Communist-led left. The Communist Party looks likely to capture as many as a quarter of the seats in the next parliament. They will be

---

Mr. Karatnycky is president of Freedom House.

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>
> *– Dan Rather,*
> *CBS Evening News*

> “Look, America is in a heartless mood. They would throw all those babies in the snow if they could. We will see how they feel after it happens, but the impulse right now is to just take away all their benefits and kick them out. Now, four years from now, after people are dying in the streets, we'll have a different debate.”
>
> *– Evan Thomas, Newsweek*
> *Washington Bureau Chief*

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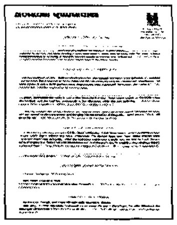

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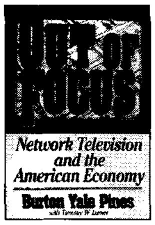

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joined by two other neo-Communist groups, the Agrarians and the Women of Russia, and together the three left groups may command as many as 40 per cent of the seats in the next Duma.

The Communists no longer sound like their Soviet-era counterparts. They are much worse; included in their ranks is the August 1991 coup plotter Aleksandr Lukyanov and other determined advocates of the restoration of the Soviet Union. Under the skilled leadership of Gennady Zyuganov, the Communists advance a tough-minded version of Russian nationalism; promote coordinated action to rebuild a unitary state among Belarus, Ukraine, and Kazakhstan; tout their strong support among bishops from the Russian Orthodox Church; and preach the virtues of "correct moral decisions" while asserting that "a person conceived in his mother's womb has the right to see the light of day and live out the time he has allotted to him." But they equivocate by saying a ban on abortions can come only when a revived socialism eliminates the economic reasons why parents seek abortions. Smart enough to meet recently with Western businessmen and promise fealty to market principles, Communist leader Zyuganov has also railed against the "transnational corporations" that seek to destroy Russian industry and attain global economic hegemony by making the country a "raw material exporting appanage."

The pro-Orthodox, pro-imperial, Great Russia party line means that the Communists may be able to find a modus vivendi with many of the ultranationalists competing for the sympathy of the electorate. Foremost among these is the Congress of Russian Communities, headed by General Aleksandr Lebed and industrialist Yuri Skokov. The Congress is expected to win about 10 to 12 per cent of the seats with a slightly lesser amount going to Mr. Zhirinovsky's ultranationalists.

The balance of support will go to groups with some commitment to further reforms. These include Prime Minister Chernomyrdin's "Our Home is Russia" bloc, which represents the entrenched state and industrial nomenklatura and expects to garner 10 to 15 per cent of seats. The anti-Yeltsin, but pro-reform Yabloko bloc, headed by economist Grigory Yavlinsky and foreign-policy hardliner Vladimir Lukin may capture 10 per cent of the seats. And, the pro-Western, pro-reform Russia's Democratic Choice of former Prime Minister Gaidar and human-rights leader Sergei Kovalev, expects to gain between 5 to 7 per cent of the seats in a new legislature.

The inescapable conclusion of polls conducted in November is that the forces that supported the aims of the August 1991 coup against Mikhail Gorbachev and/or second, October 1993 coup against President Yeltsin, are likely to be in the majority in the Russian Duma. Moreover, anti-reform hardliners are poised to offer up from their ranks a powerful candidate for Russian president in June 1996. Indeed, if there is any welcome political trend, it is the precipitous decline of support for Vladimir Zhirinovsky. A short 24 months ago, Mr. Zhirinovsky's party captured nearly a quarter of the votes cast for political parties. Now, his endless buffoonery has left its toll on the formerly popular movement. As his extremist allies have forsaken him, Mr. Zhirinovsky has recruited candidates who walk through the door of his Moscow party headquarters. As quality control, he has suggested that they be screened for drug addiction and criminal records.

Roberto Parada

A new crop of hardline parties, led by more dangerously rational and calculating leaders is emerging to capture the Zhirinovsky electorate. What accounts for the popularity of hardliners of both the Communist and ultranationalist stripe? One factor is the growing wave of crime that has washed over post-Soviet Russia. Russia today has a murder rate nearly double that of the United States. Reports suggest that more than a third of all businesses pay extortion money to racketeers. Another factor is the strong sense of anger among many voters over the loss of Russian global power and influence. A third factor is the horrible Chechen misadventure, launched by the Yeltsin forces.

Moreover, the very process of economic reform and privatization has contributed to the popularity of the Left and the populist nationalists. The economic reforms supported with U.S. and Western donor funds have not contributed to the emergence of a new middle class of private owners. Rather, they have led to a Russia ruled by a wealthy elite of privileged managers who have pillaged the economy. Capitalism now is identified in many voters' eyes with economic dislocation, a widening gulf between rich and poor, and the enrichment of the incompetent old ex-Communist directors.

If as a result of public discontent the ultranationalists and Reds capture the Duma, what will it mean for us? Since Russia is a Presidential republic, the chief of state names the prime minister and can rule, if necessary, by issuing decrees. Thus, Russia need not change fundamentally until a new President is elected in June. The current front-runner is retired General Aleksandr Lebed, a hardliner who suggests NATO's eastward expansion will trigger a Third World War.

Until June, there'll be plenty to worry about in terms of rhetorical excesses from the new Russian Duma. Moreover, a shift in Russian electoral preferences is likely to lead to changing allegiances with Russia's administrative, local government, media, and industrial elites, which are likely to orient around those they believe will control their destiny by the summer. And there's a real possibility that a physically and politically weak President Yeltsin—encouraged by hardliners in his inner circle—may decide to make peace with parts of the opposition by offering key appointments and adopting a more nationalist and anti-Western tone. Such a chain of events would be more likely if Prime Minister Chernomyrdin's bloc does poorly in the Duma elections.

One salutary effect of Russia's drift toward political excess will be a greater focus on international affairs in the U.S. A combination of neo-isolationism and cynical opportunism reigns in both parties, as symbolized recently by a strange coalition of Senator Daniel Inouye and Senator Trent Lott, who have sought to raid the funds of Radio Liberty to fi-

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nance domestic maritime programs. Their action is all-the-more short-sighted, even dangerous, in light of the coming sea change in Russian politics.

Nevertheless, it is important to keep in mind that Russia is now only half the Soviet Union. There are many new allies and friends of democracy and free markets in the region—among them Poland, the Czech Republic, and Hungary, as well as pivotal Ukraine. While a tougher-minded Russia will heighten anxieties along Russia's European rim, Russia's new Communist and nationalist leaders will not war with their larger neighbors. They can, however, pursue a damaging three-track policy of: a) destabilizing states—especially those from the former Soviet Union—through economic pressures, particularly the withholding of oil and gas; b) supporting movements that back the reunification of the former USSR; c) backing ethnic separatist groups and then offering Russian assistance to resolve conflicts.

This means NATO expansion eastward remains essential to European security. If Russia's rhetoric becomes more belligerent there is a compelling reason for us to help stabilize the sense of security of countries adhering to democratic rules.

Has the Clinton Administration been wrong in pursuing a "Yeltsin first" policy? One look at the current crop of likely successors to President Yeltsin makes it clear the Administration has had no other choice. The one thing for which the Administration can be faulted is failure to exert sufficient pressure on Russia earlier in the game, after Mr. Yeltsin opened the door for the revanchists by playing to right-wing sentiments with tough anti-NATO talk and by launching the war in Chechnya.

Is Russia going down the tubes? The short and mid-term picture certainly looks bleak. Fortunately, the last four years have created a different Russia and a different world. The hardliners who may capture the Russian Duma in December must face certain facts. One fact is that Russia today has an emerging civil society of independent businessmen, free-trade unions, political parties, and a courageous press. And despite rampant crime and poverty, and an admittedly messy privatization, there is a market and a private sector in Russia today. Reversing privatization would be a difficult and dangerous task. Similarly by the time a hardliner like General Lebed or Communist leader Zyuganov is elected President, Russia's neighboring countries will have had nearly five years of independent statehood and will be more resistant than ever to rule from abroad.

This means that a prudent U.S. policy that stabilizes post-Communist democracies and preserves the independence of key non-Russian states like Ukraine can keep Russian ambitions in check while democratic forces in Russia attempt to stage a future political comeback.

A more aggressive and nationalist Russia and a neo-nationalist and increasingly assertive China, suggest that the 1996 U.S. Presidential campaign may well mark the end of the post-Communist interregnum of alternating euphoria, disillusionment, and disorientation. If we're lucky, it may signal the emergence of a new, coherent geopolitics. □

Eating His Words

WESLEY J. SMITH

LODI, CALIF.

ONE morning two years ago, Robert Wendland, age 42, came home from an all-night drunk. He was confronted by his wife Rose, and his brother Mike. An argument ensued. Rose told him that if he continued drinking and driving, he would end up dead, would kill someone else, or spend the rest of his life in a hospital, and the family would all have to suffer for it.

Robert replied that if such a thing happened, if he could not live as a full man, he wanted to die.

One week later, Rose's worst fears came to pass. After a terrible auto accident, Robert was in a coma.

Robert remained unconscious for 16 months. Then, last January, he unexpectedly began to wake up. According to court testimony by his nurses and therapists, confirmed by the medical records, Robert has since learned to maneuver a motorized wheel chair on command, avoid obstacles, and has even wheeled himself outside the hospital. He responds to requests, such as "Hand me the ball," between 80 to 100 per cent of the time. He can retrieve and return colored pegs from a tray, when asked to do so by a therapist, evidencing sophisticated neurological function. He knows people when they come into the room. He can now support up to 100 pounds on one of his legs, which means his muscle tone is returning. He shows emotional responses to his environment. For example, he has reached out and kissed his mother's hand.

True, he cannot communicate well, and he remains profoundly disabled. But, according to the therapists, he has been steadily, if slowly, improving since awakening.

In early July, Rose approved an intensified regimen of therapy for Robert. Two weeks later, his feeding tube came out of his abdomen. Unexpectedly, Rose decided not to have the tube replaced. Robert would no longer receive food and fluids. In other words, Robert was to be starved and dehydrated to death.

A temporary naso-gastric tube was placed in Robert for feeding, while Rose and the doctor in charge of the case, lung specialist Dr. Ronald Allen Kass, brought the matter to the hospital ethics committee seeking its imprimatur to let Robert die. The committee unanimously approved the withdrawal of food and fluids, with the additional support of the San Joaquin County Ombudsman, who had been assigned as Robert's patient advocate.

However, a close look at the committee's approval reveals some disturbing facts. As far as is known, no one argued on behalf of saving Robert's life. The nurses and therapists, the very people who spend the most time with Robert, were never asked to appear before the committee. They could have told the committee, as they later did a judge, that Robert is cooperating with his therapy, at least an implied statement that he desires to live. Nor were family members, who were later to oppose the dehydration, allowed to appear. Indeed, Robert's sisters and mother were not even told his killing was being contemplated. (Robert's brother Mike, who supports Rose, was aware of her decision.) The ombudsman, whose job is to advocate on Robert's behalf, wasn't even aware that Robert was able to ma-

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Mr. Smith is an author and consumer advocate, and an attorney for the International Anti-Euthanasia Task Force.

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nipulate a motorized wheel chair, when she decided to support Rose's plan.

Had it not been for an anonymous phone call to one of Robert's sisters, he would be dead now. But the phone call was made, and as a consequence, Robert's mother, Florence Wendland, and his sister, Rebekah Vinson, obtained a restraining order preventing Robert's dehydration. Now, a divided family has squared off in court. On December 18 1995, Judge Robert W. McNath will decide whether Rose will be empowered to continue to make Robert's medical decisions and if so, whether she will be permitted to order Robert's food and fluids withheld.

“THIS IS stealth euthanasia,” says Dr. William J. Burke, Professor of Neurology at St. Louis University. “The deaths of these patients are a dire warning about the increasingly perilous state of our medical ethics.”

The patients about whom Dr. Burke speaks, like Robert Wendland, are the cognitively disabled men, women and children whose nutrition and water, supplied by feeding tube, is almost routinely being cut off in hospitals and nursing homes around the country. The intentional killing of these patients, most of whom are quietly dehydrated behind closed doors because no one objects, began with those diagnosed as permanently unconscious. In a classic application of the slippery slope, it has now spread to the disabled who are without doubt conscious and interactive.

These pages previously have chronicled attempts to starve cognitively disabled but conscious people to death. In Vermont, there was the case of Ronald Comeau, a drifter whose court-appointed guardian got a probate court to agree to withholding Comeau's food and fluids based on “quality of life” considerations. His life was saved because a local minister found Comeau's relatives, who called off the killing. (“The Right to Die, The Power to Kill,” *NR*, April 4, 1994).

Then there was the Michael Martin case. Mr. Martin was conscious and interactive and appeared content with his life. Despite this, a trial judge and the Michigan Court of Appeals ruled that he could be dehydrated to death. (“Better Dead than Fed?” *NR*, June 27, 1994). The Supreme Court of Michigan saved Martin's life, but not because they ruled that it is wrong to dehydrate a conscious, interactive human being. Rather, they determined that there was insufficient evidence that Martin had expressed a desire to die if ever in his current condition.

What is going on here? When did we decide that it is ethically and morally permissible—not to mention legal—to starve and dehydrate people to death because they are disabled?

Blame it on a radical notion of patient autonomy and basing medical decisions on the subjective concept of “quality of life,” both of which are increasingly encroaching on the traditional sanctity-of-life ethic. These concepts work in tandem like this: If someone has indicated through an advanced medical directive, or even during casual conversations or arguments, that he would not want to live in a dependent state, his wishes will be obeyed, even if it means cutting off food and fluids. If no such wishes were ever expressed, a surrogate will make the same decision based on the “best interests of the patient.” Either way, the answer to cognitive disability is increasingly seen as death by dehydration.

Dennis Dittrich

Yet, according to psychologist Carol J. Gill, President of the Chicago Institute of Disability Research, “Most people are able to adjust to being disabled, despite expressing a previous desire not to live in such a state.” Indeed, Gill asserts that many, “flourish in a way they would not have thought possible before they were disabled.” This includes people like Michael Martin and Robert Wendland who are cognitively disabled.

As to the “best interests” analysis leading to withholding food and fluids, Gill believes that such decisions are based on prejudice. “Disability has supplanted death in people's minds as the worst thing that can happen to you. Consequently, doctors and bioethicists often have a hard time identifying with disabled patients and may see killing the patient as doing the patient and the family a favor.”

As if that weren't disturbing enough, it appears that courts are willing to permit disabled people to be dehydrated based on pre-injury statements, even if they later change their minds. In the Michael Martin case, there was strong evidence presented in court that he had expressed a desire to live. Yet, the evidence was disregarded, with the trial court placing total reliance on his pre-injury statements.

Martin's life was ultimately spared. Majorie Nighbert was not so fortunate. Nighbert had signed a durable power of attorney giving her brother the authority to cut off food and fluids if she became terminally ill. After she was disabled by a stroke, her brother ordered her food and fluids withheld. But, Nighbert seems to have changed her mind about being starved, evidenced by her asking nurses for food. When she was refused nutrition anyway, one distraught staff person blew the whistle, which resulted in a state investigation. (This person was later fired for his act of humanitarianism.) After a rushed investigation, Okaloosa County (Florida) Circuit Court Judge Jere Tolton determined that Nighbert was not competent to alter her power of attorney (in other words, to ask for food), and allowed the starving to proceed. Nighbert died on April 6, 1995.

This ongoing killing of conscious people has raised storm warnings, even among some bioethicists who have supported withholding food and fluids from those deemed permanently unconscious. Speaking of the conscious cognitively disabled, Daniel Callahan of the Hastings Center said, “Even if a patient had expressed an opinion before he was hurt, I would still argue that the person should be kept going, especially if there is no particular indication that the person is trying to die, and if he seems to be living with his condition.” In other words, every benefit of the doubt should be given to life, not death.

BY cooperating with his therapy, by reaching out to kiss his mother's hand, by maneuvering a wheel chair through hospital corridors, Robert Wendland is getting on with his life.

The question is: Will Judge McNath and his wife Rose permit him to continue to do so? ☐

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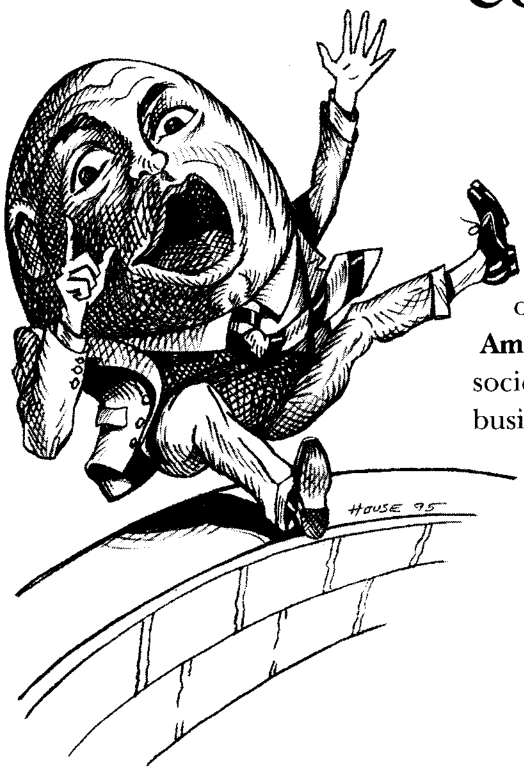

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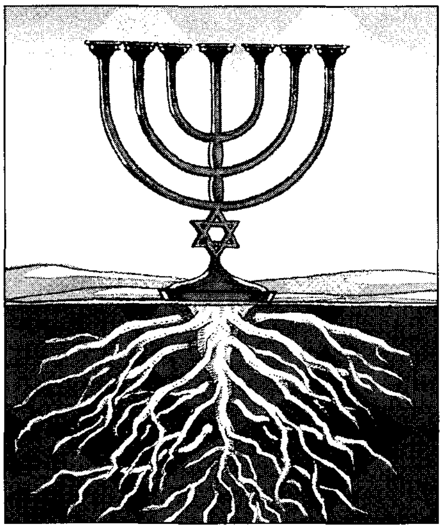

Frederick H. Carlson

IN THE DESERT

ELI wakes me at five with a kick that's as painful as it is unnecessary; I've been awake all night. He has on steel-toed combat boots, which leave a damp spot on my blanket. This turns out to be blood. Worse yet, it turns out to be mine, seeping from the size 10 injury he's just delivered to my side. I say nothing. In exchange for the privilege of observing Eli and his fellow settlers, I've taken what amounts to a vow of silence. I am not permitted to ask questions or make comments that might antagonize my host as he works to derail the Middle East peace process from their West Bank settlement.

Two minutes later I'm sitting blindfolded in the back of Eli's Ford, crammed in with four other settlers and several large steel boxes. What the boxes contain I can only guess, but they stink of cordite. Sunrise is still forty minutes away, but to avoid discovery by military patrols we're cruising at forty miles per hour with the headlights off. At one point the car drifts off the road and pitches violently on the same blasted terrain that confounded Israeli tanks back in '67. There is a moment of panic as my seatmates scramble to keep the boxes from overturning, a moment of shouts and gasps and squealing tires. When somehow we skid back onto the road, Eli screams at the driver, "Are you now working for Hamas? You want to blow us all over Judea?"

We reach our destination intact if unnerved; thirty minutes in cramped quarters with high explosives will rattle even the hardiest Sabra, to say nothing of a Western journalist. When I'm hauled out of the car and told to remove my blindfold, I'm treated to a spectacle as surreal as any in the Middle East. In a valley half the size of a football field some forty orthodox Jews are practicing paramilitary maneuvers for the so-called Day of Reckoning—the day when the Israeli Defense Force (IDF) will attempt to resettle them and their families to locations behind the Green Line.

In addition to flak jackets, camouflage pants, and combat boots they wear skullcaps, black hats with brims of improbable circumference, and prayer shawls. Many have untrimmed beards and the curled *payas* that distinguish members of the Lubavitch and Haredi sects. Maneu-vers are halted every few minutes so the recruits can adjust their hats, pull hair out of their eyes, or untangle their *talises*.

Having spent the better part of their existence in study, the settlers are overweight and weak. Barely half manage to heft their M-16s at the shoulder arms command, let alone march with them any distance without falling over themselves. I find myself thinking, Give them handlebar moustaches and billyclubs and they'd do for Keystone Kops.

Eli does not share my criticism. "This is most impressive," he gushes. "When I see these men I am confident of victory. I *know* we will destroy our enemies and defend the land that God has given us." I suspect his enthusiasm derives less from the settlers' skills than from the fact that they're training at all. Just after the Hebron massacre of 1994 , in which fifty Arab worshippers were gunned down by a Jewish settler, the Knesset outlawed all extremist political parties headquartered in the West Bank. The IDF arrested hundreds of settlers suspected of plotting against the peace process, confiscated thousands of weapons belonging to anti-Palestinian settlers, and forbade citizen militias.

Vilified and isolated, the radicals have nonetheless managed in recent months to rebuild their arsenal and increase their membership, largely by clandestine means. The IDF believes that every settlement now supports an underground militant group. Sympathizers and confederates in Israel proper routinely smuggle weapons out to the settlements, while families and religious allies abroad raise funds for the settlers' struggle. American Jews alone channel an estimated $12 million into militant settlements each year. Although Israel's intelligence services characterize the settlers as more of a nuisance than a threat, a Shin Bet official described the militants' arsenal as "potentially devastating . . . one of the largest and most sophisticated in private hands."

With Yassir Arafat's Palestinian Authority scheduled to gain control over large sections of the West Bank in 1996, hundreds of settlers are participating in covert paramilitary exercises. Says Eli, "The more this government of traitors does to jeopardize Israel, the more we will do to ensure our survival."

Some settlers have already put their training to use. Since June, the IDF has intercepted eight highly coordinated attacks by Jewish militants against Palestinian civilians. The settlers were armed with a bewildering array of war materiel, including grenade launchers, mortars, land mines, and assault rifles. "The idea of this kind of advanced weaponry in untrained hands is particularly distressing," says a Mossad [Israeli Intelligence Service] director. In recent weeks there have been reports of settlers sabotaging IDF facilities near settlements that will be handed over to the Palestinians. Along with Israel's politicians and Palestinians, IDF soldiers tasked to assist in the resettlement of Jews have received death threats from anonymous organizations. "We are at war not only with Arabs," read one typical threat, "We are now forced to do battle with all who oppose God's will, including the common Israeli soldier. If you execute the lunatic orders of your superiors, we will in turn execute you."

FOR all their murderous talk, the militant settlers were as stunned by the assassination of Prime Minister Rabin as was the rest of Israel. Eli assures me this is not a sign of weakness or of doubt in the opposition

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Mr. Silvers reports frequently on international affairs and human rights.

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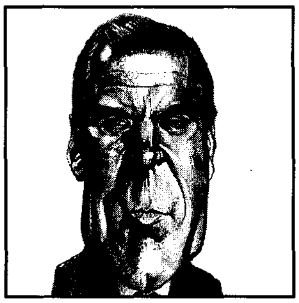
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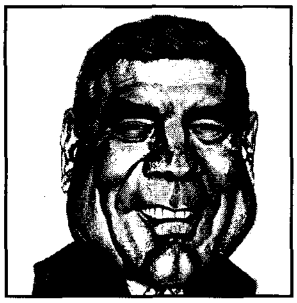
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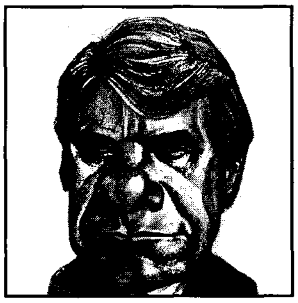
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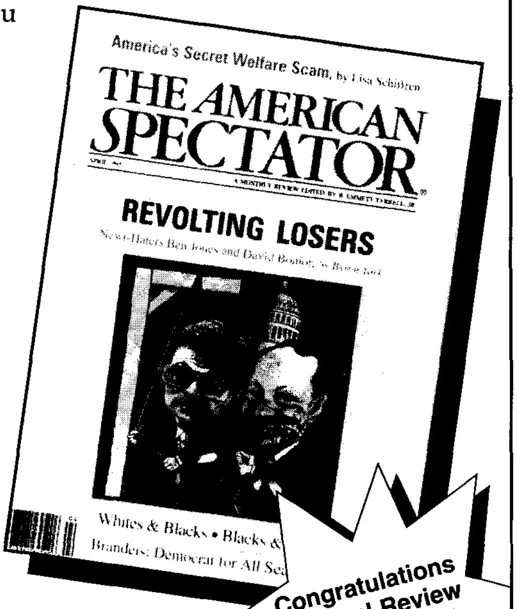
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movement he leads. "We do not mourn Rabin's death—no one mourns a traitor. On the contrary, we're awed by our own strength. Our influence is greater than we imagined. We've reached the point where we can get to anyone we want. We do not take lightly our role in altering the course of history." □

EcoTopia

ADAM J. FREEDMAN

Dennis Dittrich

COSTA RICA

ON my first morning in Costa Rica, the world capital of "ecotourism," I awoke to find a maid diligently spraying insecticide just outside my window. Poor thing, she did not realize that a good ecotourist enjoys a healthy biodiversity in his hotel room.

She'll learn. Ecotourism, which began as a left-wing offshoot of the adventure travel business, is the fastest growing sector in the tourism industry, worth well over $200 billion a year. It is loosely described as tourism which has a "low impact" on the environment and which contributes to the local economy (and what kind of tourism doesn't?). Ecotourism has therefore grown to encompass everything out of doors, save blood sports. If you like a good walk in the woods, you may be an ecotourist too.

The success of ecotourism is fueled by that endlessly renewable resource, liberal guilt,. in this case caused by the fact that people occasionally need to take vacations even while the rain forest is dying. Smart hotel and tour operators have created packages that offer tourists a chance to "do something" about the environment while on vacation. In response, thousands of busybodies are marching south, like a parade of army ants, in search of a guilt-free holiday.

Fun-free too, by the look of things. The dismally purposive activities on offer include researching the habitats of blue whales, experimenting with herbal remedies for AIDS, and testing water samples in the Bahamas. Perhaps the greatest irony is that the liberal classes, who pioneered the idea of paying people not to work, are so thoroughly opposed to any form of unbridled leisure.

Third World governments, from Indonesia to Ecuador, are actively promoting ecotourism as a source of foreign exchange. Costa Rica, a country the size of West Virginia wedged between Nicaragua and Panama, is the undisputed leader of the field.

Costa Rica's eco-chic must be attributed in part to the Left's adoration of that country's politics. Army-less (thanks to the U.S. guarantee of its neutrality), democratic, and perennially incapable of hosting a decent coup, the country has been described as a slice of Scandinavia in Central America. Costa Rica also happens to be, as the scientists say, a "biological bridge" between North and South America, hosting a tremendous variety of wildlife. It is, in fact, a country of great physical beauty (if one may impose a value judgment).

Monteverde is an obligatory stop for all ecotourists in Costa Rica, because it is in a "cloudforest," which is what you call a rain forest on a mountainside. Monteverde was founded by American Quakers who refused to subsidize the Pentagon with their tax dollars (but evidently had no objection to the tax-free benefits of the Monroe Doctrine). Their lasting legacies are a cheese factory and a strict left-wing party line.

Which is the first problem with ecotourism: wherever it holds sway, you can bet that a perfectly pleasant vacation will be spoiled by incessant liberal proselytizing. For example, during one tour of Monteverde the guide announced: "I am sure that *you* do not agree with the philosophy of a certain Mr. Reagan, who said 'seen one tree, seen 'em all.' " One tour participant delivered a heartfelt apology simply for *being* American.

The ecotourist orthodoxy combines superficial sensitivity with a profound contempt toward the local population. All roads to prosperity, other than ecotourism, are suspect. The ecotourists particularly condemn Costa Rica's growing agricultural sector because crops and grazing lead to deforestation. However, ecotourist-driven land speculation has raised the price of pastureland to the point where grazing may cease to be a "problem." The country is now more dependent on the whims of left-wing trendsetters than on its banana exports.

Of course, there is another, larger problem with ecotourism: it is counterproductive. It is, after all, a trend which encourages economic development of the wilderness. And not just any old wilderness. You won't get proper ecotourists to stay unless you set up shop in a virgin rain forest that is chock-a-block full of endangered species—precisely where you'll do the most damage.

For example, in Nepal, one village alone has had to cut down a hectare of virgin rhododendron forest each year in order to heat the meals and baths of eco-trekkers. This, in turn, causes soil erosion, landslides, and floods. Not long ago, a ship carrying 300 ecotourists ran aground off Antarctica. Because it was deemed too expensive to salvage, the ship was abandoned and has spilled 250,000 gallons of oil into an area where some 20,000 penguins nest. In Kenya, obliging guides take their jeeps off trail so that ecotourists can get a better look at the animals they're saving. The practice is now blamed for the decline of the cheetah population in at least one wildlife park.

MEANWHILE, back in the rain forest, Costa Rica's Manuel Antonio Park is getting 1,000 tourists a day—who unwittingly turned the famous howler monkeys into garbage foragers. On top of this, Costa Rica has one of the fastest rates of deforestation in the world, ranking first in Latin America for percentage of deforested land.

The inescapable fact is that ecotourism, even when tastefully advertised on recycled paper, is intrusive. Naturally (so to speak), the ecotourists cannot appreciate that the wilderness—like the economy—is best left alone. □

Mr. Freedman is an attorney practicing in New York.

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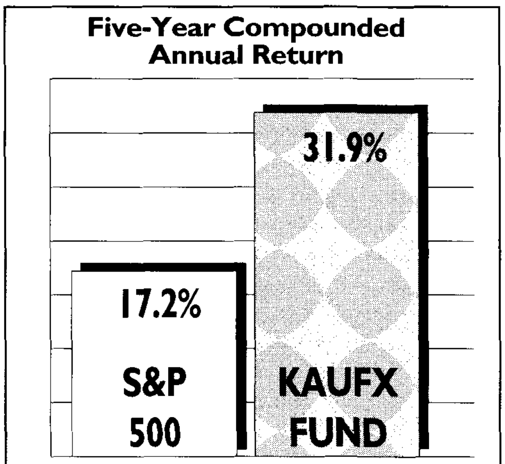

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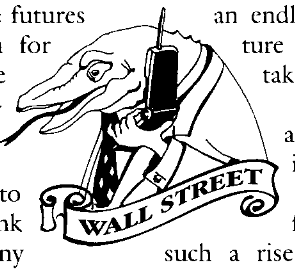


THERE is a low, loud rumbling sound under the flat surface of the gold market. The actual price of gold is hovering in the mid 380s on the spot market and the active futures contracts, where it has been for months. Even the prospective default of the U.S. Government barely nudged it to $392 before Secretary Rubin made clear he was going to break the trust-fund piggybank to make the payments. As for any less dramatic news than that, forget it.

So how come in the past couple of weeks the rates for borrowing gold have leapt to all-time highs? In the week before Thanksgiving, the interest rate on gold borrowed for 3 months rose 60 basis points—half a percentage point—in one day to 3.5 per cent. That amounts to a lot of people who are borrowing gold, likely to sell it short. Or, the goldbugs say, it amounts to one institution doing so, the Brazilian central bank. "They're speculating to protect their speculation," says one of the fraternity. "They may have sold short as much as a thousand tons."

That requires a little explanation. It is presumed that the gold being leased in London is almost immediately sold into the cash market. The borrower hopes that when the gold loan must be paid back, the gold price will have gone down, so he will have made a speculative profit by making the repayment with cheaper metal. Also, the sale of the gold just after it is leased will at least momentarily depress the gold price.

The theory among some dealers is that the Brazilians, or whomever they are acting for, are protecting this short position from a price rise caused by the strong demand for physical gold among newly rich Asians. But sellers are accumulating an ever larger, and riskier, short position.

Oddly, among the most prominent sellers of gold for future delivery are the gold-mining companies. After a 15-year bear market in gold, the mining-company finance executives have given up on the idea that their product will ever have a sustained rise in price. So they protect themselves against what seems to be an endless decline by selling future production, in part by taking out gold loans.

In doing so, they are also giving up the possibility of profiting from any sustained price rise in the future, and are making such a rise even more likely. One Australian producer has sold forward ten years of its production. Others have sold two to five years' production. Weirdly, a gold mine that did that could go bankrupt in a future inflation, if its costs went up with the general price level while its sales receipts were limited to a price from the relatively noninflationary present.

But they're doing it, and so far this year worldwide producer forward sales have jumped from a 1994 level of perhaps 130 tons to more than 700 tons, or over $9 billion worth. Some producers, such as American Barrick's Peter Munk, publicly assure the markets that they are aggressively selling forward. Others, such as Homestake, are holding back to take advantage of any price increase. So if you are buying a gold stock in the hope of profiting from a future price rise, you had better find out if the company has already sold much of its production forward.

■ As Canada-watchers are now aware, while the separatists lost their referendum last month by a narrow margin, the issue has not been settled. Or, rather, it has been. Without much public acknowledgment, even members of the federalist political establishment have now come to the conclusion that some form of separatism for Quebec is inevitable. Wall Streeters who had previously dismissed the whole question as absurd are now totting up what the effects will be.

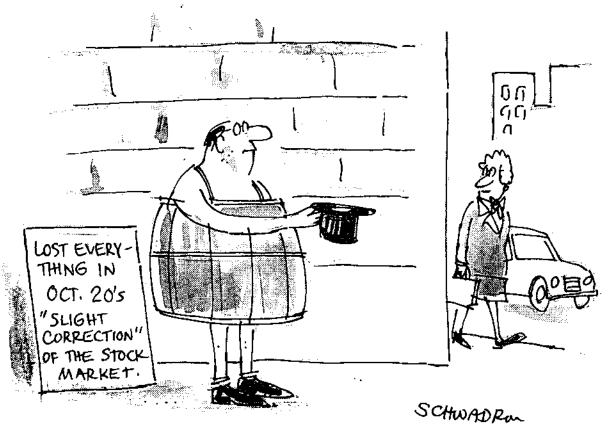
Given that the appeals for loyalty to a common culture have a pretty hollow ring, most of the arguments given to the Québecois for staying in Canada have come down to the proposition that they can't afford to leave. And, indeed, the numbers aren't very good. An analysis prepared earlier this year by the Fraser Institute of Vancouver showed that if the province went into the world on its own, carrying its debt and its share of Canada's accumulated debt, "an explosive and massive retrenchment and lower living standards will be imposed by the market."

Yet every day, many people in unhappy marriages face the same cruel arithmetic, and pack up anyway. In fact, the current quiet period in Canadian politics is like that moment in a failed marriage after the inevitable is clear, but before the papers are filed.

The immediate question for Wall Streeters is whether the Canadian government will attempt to bribe Quebec in the next federal budget to stay. The answer appears to be no.

So the federal budget to be presented in February will result in further cuts for the Québecois, especially in such sensitive areas as unemployment benefits. That means that the separatists will have an issue on which they can call another referendum/election. The Ottawa government isn't going to make a better offer.

Actually, Quebec would have to make these budget cuts in the end anyway, and they may be more politically acceptable if it's an independent state. The rest of Canada will be noticeably better off without the inefficiencies of bilingualism, and with a more enterprise-driven culture. So while you can expect a lot of pressure on Canadian markets for the first half of next year, this may be one divorce that actually is for the best for both parties. —JOHN DIZARD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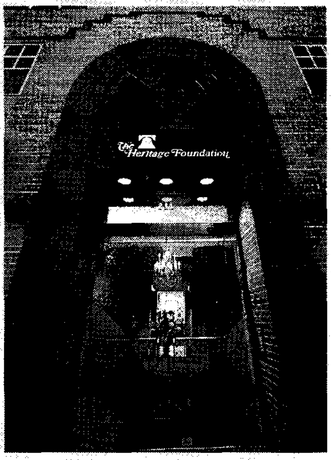

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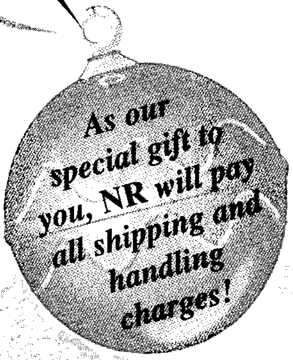

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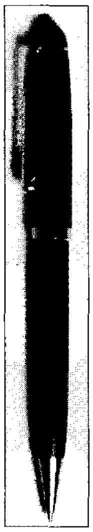

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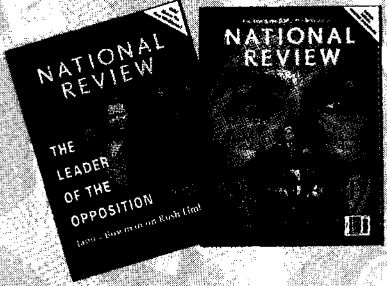

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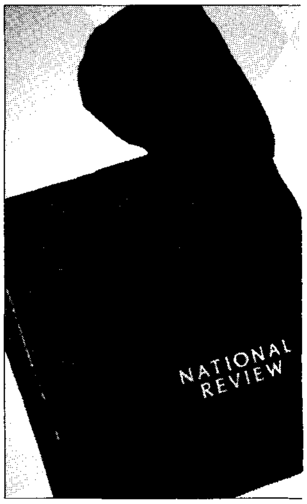

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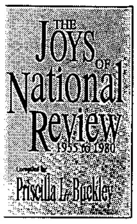
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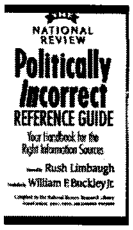
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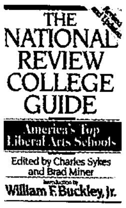
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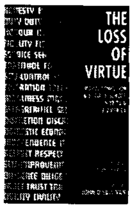
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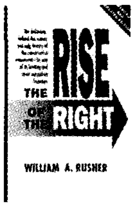
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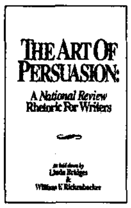
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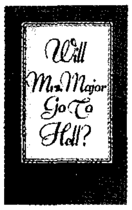
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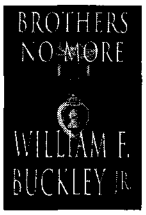
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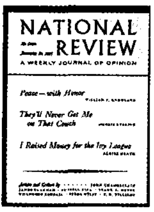
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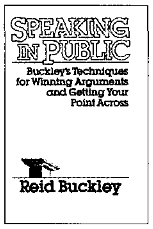
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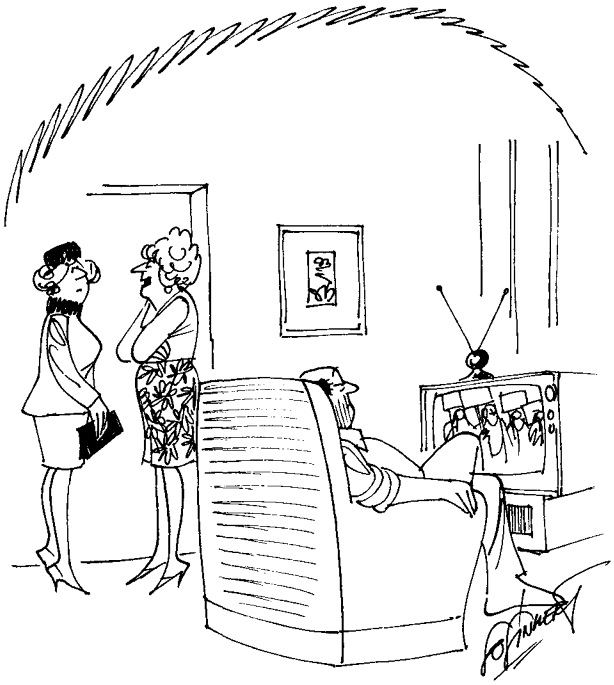
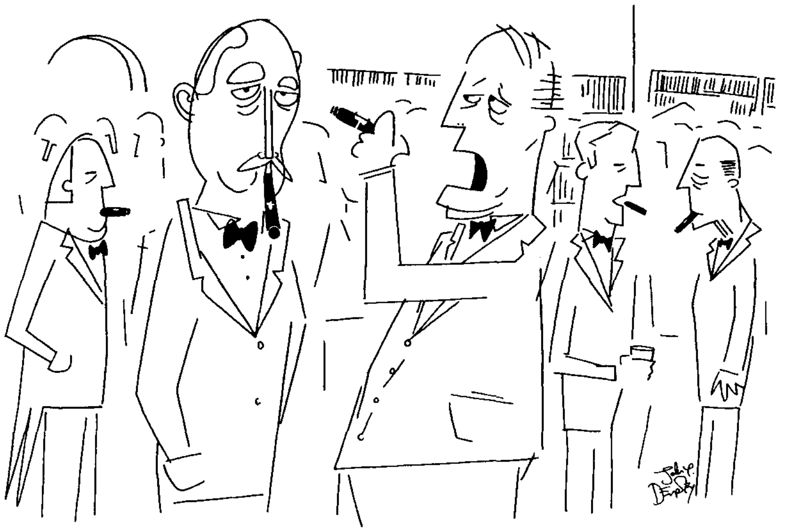
Before the Turkey

Let's say a silent prayer for Newt,
Who's down in D.C. in pursuit
Of balanced budgets by '02,
A thought that turns the Clintons blue
As Gephardt shades from mauve to puce,
While Schroeder, honking like a goose
About to fly or lay an egg,
Could fool a flock from Winnipeg.

W. H. VON DREELE



"I'm worried about him—TV doesn't insult his intelligence anymore."



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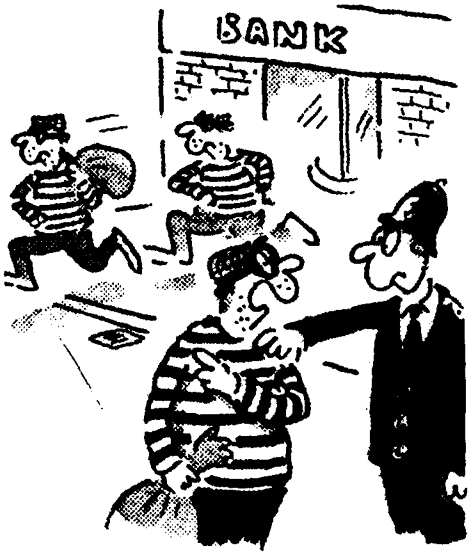
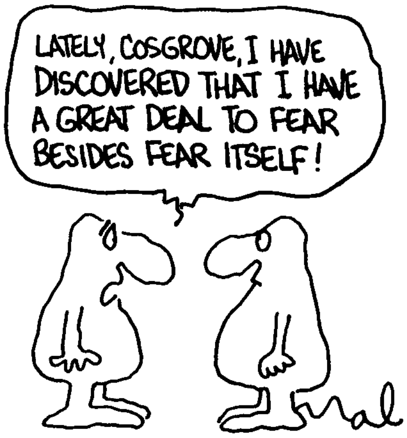


"I was more involved in the policy side—they ran the day-to-day operations."


LATELY, COSGROVE, I HAVE DISCOVERED THAT I HAVE A GREAT DEAL TO FEAR BESIDES FEAR ITSELF!
Mal

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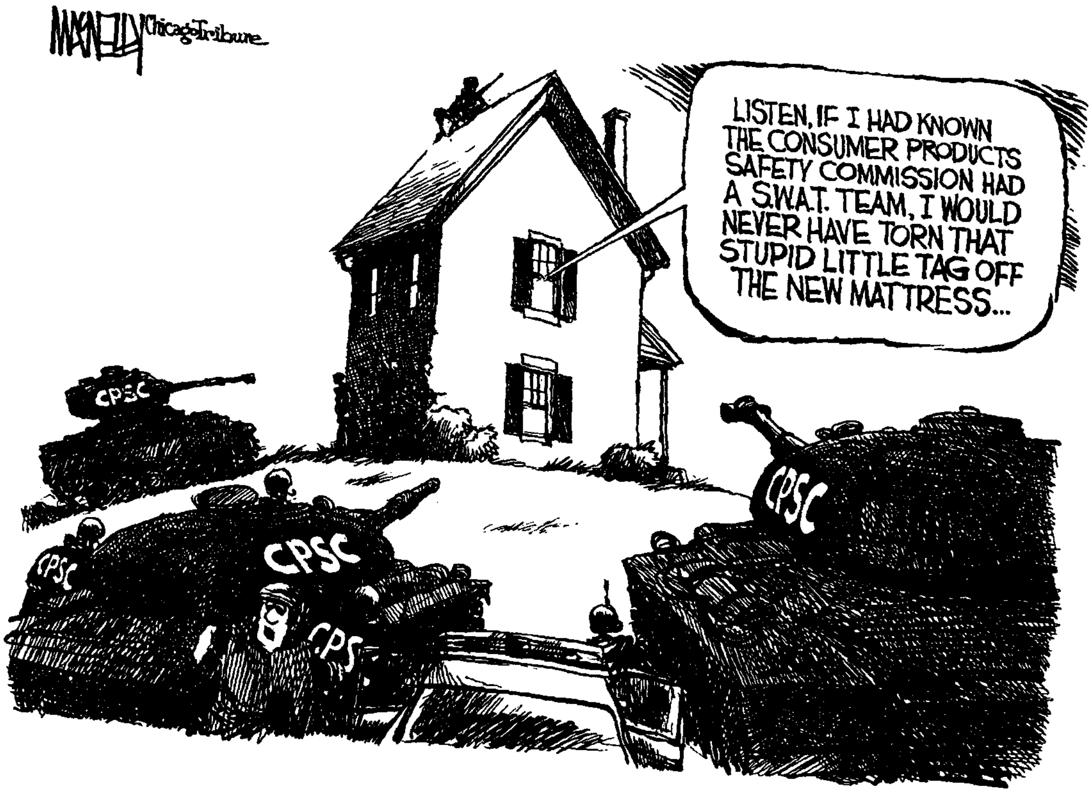
MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
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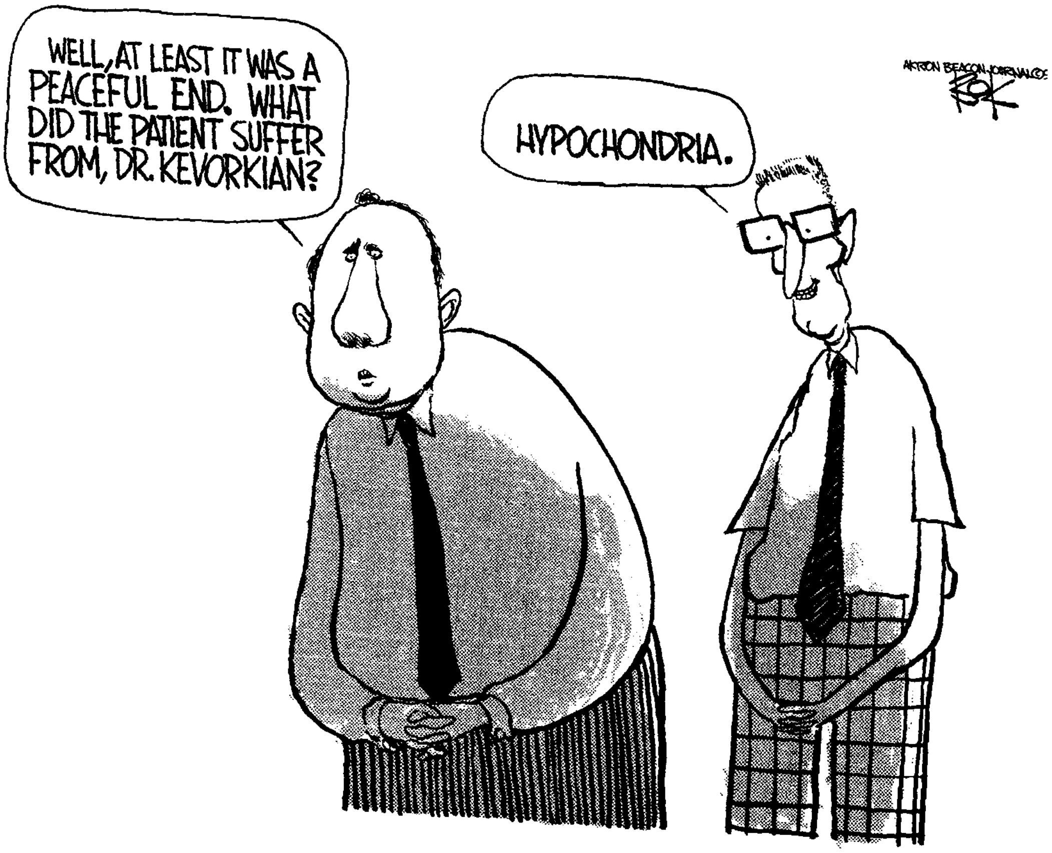
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WELL, AT LEAST IT WAS A PEACEFUL END. WHAT DID THE PATIENT SUFFER FROM, DR. KEVORKIAN?
HYPOCHONDRIA.

1914–1991

After History's Detour

In 1914, history took a wrong turn toward totalitarianism, statism, and moral liberalism. Despite the crackup of Communism in 1989–91, we remain saddled with the destructive legacy of three-quarters of a century. How shall we cope?

Standing Athwart

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

IT has been suggested to me by NATIONAL REVIEW's management that it would be appropriate for the author of the injunction that we stand athwart history, yelling, Stop! to give fresh instructions to history, on the order of: Proceed!

An interesting suggestion. In 1955, history was indeed the ideological prime mover of the Soviet enterprise. The theorists of Communism had vowed that they saw in history ineradicable impulses which after a time would empty the sources of human tension and, in the ensuing social tranquillity, bring on the blissful absence of government.

The death of Stalin three years earlier had not brought the surcease Winston Churchill had openly spoken of in 1949 when, lecturing at MIT, he recalled the death of Genghis Khan, the ensuing demoralization of his invading armies, and the salvation of the West.

There had been factional struggles after the death of Stalin but none in which a contender for power spoke from outside the Marxist orbit. Almost immediately ahead, in the few years after 1955, lay the suppression of the freedom fighters in Hungary, the launch of the first satellite, the angry theatrics of Nikita Khrushchev at the UN and in Paris. Blustery stuff, without so much as a hiccough's interruption from history, save that little, overnight ignition in Budapest, so conclusively crushed. In those days, NATIONAL REVIEW began its struggle, seeking at once to restrain history and to help to sharpen a better view of it, a view of history that harmonized with political, economic, and philosophical impulses largely dormant during the struggle for the world, as James Burnham had called it.

At odds, but not at daggers drawn, were two liberal traditions. One of them was anti-statist, pure and simple. This was the patrimony that engrossed senior editor Frank Meyer, sharpened by his own immersion in the Communist movement, within which he had seen the ultimate exercise of state power. He devoted his important lifetime to the libertarian cause.

But there was also the other conservative world, which spoke of traditional values. It called for respect for the adjudications of our forefathers, a qualified reverence for those institutions that mediate between the individual and the state: the family; the church; the courts, little and larger, often organs of compromise and justice. Russell Kirk was this conservatism's primary exegete, and the two schools came together in NATIONAL REVIEW, which gave enthusiastic shelter to advocates of both.

What gradually happened was a felt acknowledgment that the two strains were not mutually exclusive. Frank Meyer was persuaded that tradition was important to the good health of libertarian mores. The prescriptive wisdom celebrated by Dr. Johnson bequeathed, among other things, an instinctive skepticism of state activity. Civil discourse, foreign to the Communist tradition, was essential in democratic circumstances, which meant that Frank Meyer *had* to talk to Russell Kirk (even if they avoided each other's company), just as Edmund Burke and Adam Smith saw no problem in each other's view of things.

And Russell Kirk was persuaded, without observable difficulty, to single out the state as the presumptive enemy of useful social energy, as the predictable obstacle to liberal progress. This meeting of minds grew to be known as Fusionism; and little fusionists were born and baptized from coast to coast.

BUT inevitably the question would arise: The hegemony of Communism having been challenged and defeated, what will history, resuming its normal gait, tell us of special interest to conservatives?

Mr. Buckley is editor-at-large of NR.

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THE MEASURABLE DIFFERENCE

Primarily, in my view, history will advise us whether the great gamble that inaugurated democracy will work, will prove out, in the very long haul. Abraham Lincoln was asked, on his return to the White House, whether, when wondering out loud whether rule by the people, for the people, and of the people could long endure, he was doing anything more than loosing a resonant rhetorical challenge; so to speak, one more fusillade in the cause of Unionism. His reply to that question, put to him by his young secretary, John Hay, was that by no means was Lincoln serene on the question of democratic longevity. *He* knew about the value of self-government, he said, because his parents had taken part in the Revolutionary War. His own generation would know, because they had risked their lives for true self-government among men created equal. But what of his grandchildren? Or *their* grandchildren? Would the experiences of those of their forefathers who had fought in the Revolution and in the Civil War continue to animate their desire for freedom through self-government?

Lincoln made his point. At Gettysburg he was asking a *serious* question. And we are right to ask, to wonder, whether history is on our side in this matter. And if so, whether we should egg history on, and if so, how.

WHAT would it take to loose the rein on history? Answer: A very careful opening of books once thought settled. Take Social Security. That institution, in America, is almost universally revered. Irving Kristol has celebrated it as the enduring benefaction of the New Deal. But that much of history that is acquisitive and induces torpidity has seized Social Security and made it more untouchable than Christian dogma. Here and there one feels free to ask for holy orders for women, marriage for homosexuals, the de-divinization of Christ. But there is no corresponding heterodoxy in respect of the Social Security program. President Reagan, freshly in office, proposed a minor amendment and was turned down by the most thunderous senatorial vote since the Gulf of Tonkin. If history were to oblige, a serious examination might be made of social security as promulgated in Chile, which has given us a model that would seem greatly preferable to what we now have, while securing the ends desired by theorists of social security.

Social security is here a synecdoche for major reforms that might be made in other areas of social life, and the question whether history would oblige us in this matter hangs on the fate of freedom under self-government. One end of self-government is satisfaction by those who are governed. If governed by their own laws, the people are generally assumed to be satisfied. But if government, even popular government, endorses forms and practices and conventions that suppress creative impulses in human beings, self-government can induce not so much satisfaction, as a sullen acquiescence. And of course as latent dissatisfaction festers, what is induced is contumacy and, potentially, insurrection. The bill of particulars written by Thomas Jefferson against George III would not require much editing to describe today's excesses by the Federal Government, never mind that it is the creature of the ruled, by the ruled. Already, self-government, as widely practiced, is an exercise in self-deception. Ask the people (calling Mr. Gallup!), Do you believe in equal treatment under the law? and the overwhelming majority will record their enthusiastic assent. Ask the same people whether they believe in progressive taxation and they are likely to record the same enthusiasm. It is not widely noticed that the two positions are mutually exclusive. The Fourteenth Amendment, guaranteeing equal treatment, and the Sixteenth, authorizing a progressive income tax, are irreconcilable. Yet a self-governing people is apparently indifferent to the philosophical conflict.

Our self-governing Republic appears to be reconciled to a form of separation of church and state which is a decoction from the First Amendment done by fanatics whose secularist sensibilities have transformed traditional practices. Up until the late 1940s, there was no impediment to a community's prescribing what role should be played in its public schools by religion, and no signs, anywhere, of any movement to unite church and state. The Supreme Court, in this situation as in many others, has asserted its own power and, in doing so, diminished self-government. It is by now a cliché that the enthusiasm for an activist Court shown by liberals in the past generation has to do with their recognition that they cannot activate their agenda by legislation. Accordingly, they rely on the Court to transform their program into law.

History, then, suggests a gradual impoverishment of genuine popular sovereignty. Can history, accelerated, have the effect of doing the opposite? History finally allowed in the Soviet world the crystallization of opposition to the whole structure of Marxism–Leninism. Elsewhere, in Britain and in Sweden and in New Zealand and in France, there is evidence of popular perception of the depredations of statist economics woozily justified by the imperatives of redistribution. What is difficult to know is whether an acceleration of the historical process will take us into a better world, with reduced government, or whether history will take us to a kind of Orwellian transcription of democracy.

From all of which, surely, we learn that history triumphant awaits the crystallization of an informed public intelligence seeking maximum human freedom. The easiest way for history to take its cue is to maintain its subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW. Our job is to keep the flywheel in working condition. ☐

After Liberalism

DAVID GELERNTER

LIBERALISM today is a spent force, morally and intellectually. And so the question before us is "What can the Left do now?" and I really don't know. Perhaps it could open a restaurant. Leftists do have a flair for food. Among serious historians it is generally agreed that the one towering contribution of American liberalism over the last 25 years is the Great Puffy Muffin, which was developed by a team of leading experimental chefs in Madison, Wisconsin, circa 1977. Great Puffies couldn't exist without woodsy leftist cafés that serve two hundred kinds of coffee, are papered with posters about alternative holistic community medicine, and have waitresses who spend all day trying to outglower one another.

Liberals have also done important work on Carrot Cake, against daunting odds. Albert Weinstein is widely reported to have believed that carrot cake was impossible. It is to the profound credit of the Left and its stalwart determination never to let common sense stand in its way that the first edible carrot cake was announced in a press conference at Harvard in 1969—a development that still shines as one of the outstanding, Nobel Prize–winning events in Harvard's history. Speaking of physicists and the Nobel, Joseph Rotblat and his sainted Hogwash Conference (excuse us, *Pig*wash conference) have strenuously opposed Great Puffies from the very first; their literature points out that, if dropped from high altitudes by military aircraft, such muffins could very possibly prove fatal to passersby on the ground, especially if they were laced with small nuclear bombs instead of blueberries. And as Professor Rotblat probably says, "One can't put anything past the Americans, can one?"

Should the Left not be interested in the restaurant business, there are (come to think of it) no end of other activities to which it might direct its formidable talents. Liberals might devote themselves to new legislation transferring assets on a broad scale from cigarette smokers to spotted owls, might lobby for expanded career opportunities for lady sumo wrestlers, might devote themselves to leftism in its purest form and just walk around and annoy people.

And yet, despite all these ready options, there are deeper issues at stake as well.

"Liberal" used to mean progressive—morally restless, spiritually imaginative, and ambitious. "Conservative" tended to mean complacent. The corresponding personality types are clearly defined: the energetic, idealistic, driven progressive who can be overbearing and get on your nerves; the relaxed, wry conservative who has a decent capacity for enjoying life. Of course, progressives nowadays are almost guaranteed to be right-wing Republicans and conservatives to be left-wing Democrats. Merely compare the former Speaker and the present one. Thomas Foley seemed like the epitome of the nice guy, wry and relaxed to a fault, and he didn't see anything much wrong with America just as she stood—and *nothing* wrong that more

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Mr. Gelernter is a professor of computer science at Yale.

Congratulations, National Review, for 40 years of leadership. Even leaders look somewhere for guidance. Thanks.

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Bob Dole
Senate Majority Leader

Newt
Newt Gingrich
Speaker of the House

Trent Lott
Trent Lott
Senate Majority Whip

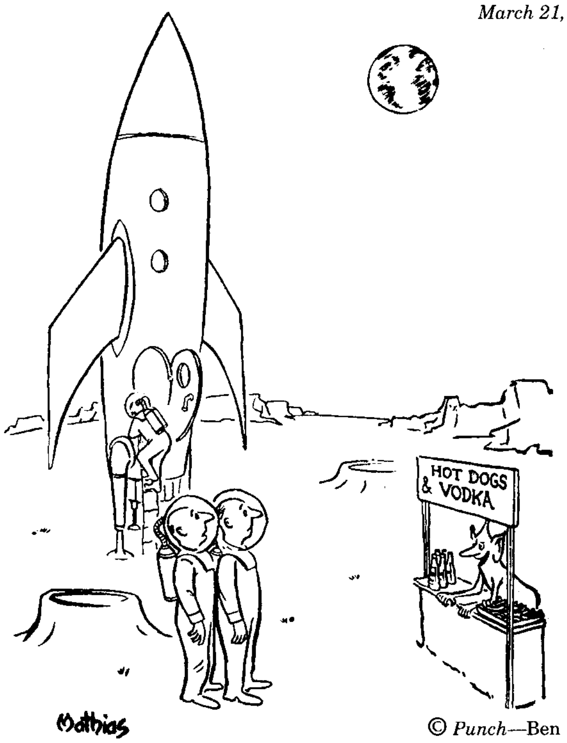
Dick Armey
Dick Armey
House Majority Leader

high taxes and spending, high-handed legislating and regulating wouldn't fix. Gingrich, on the other hand, has the hungry style of the progressive and is (you would guess) at least ten times smarter and a hundred times more irritating at dinner parties. He can't believe what a mess we have made of this country, wants to straighten things out, is cocksure of himself, and loves the sound of his own voice—all in the classic progressive mode of a Teddy Roosevelt, Wilson, Brandeis, La Guardia.

You can see the same dramatic role reversal on campus and in the intelligentsia at large. At the modern university, Republicans are a small embattled bunch, but they are also the intellectual vanguard; they are the progressives pushing for change against entrenched reactionary leftists. Apropos of which, the Career Achievement Award for Most Asinine Position by a Major Newspaper goes to the *Wall Street Journal* for editorializing consistently against the institution of tenure. Tenure does today exactly what it is supposed to do: protect the intellectual freedom of people like your author against the dictatorial power of the majority. That's right, tenure protects *Republicans*, and in today's intellectual climate that protection is a deadly serious affair. Who do you think will be the first to go after we abolish tenure?—the Madam Professor whose courses in "Bad Lesbian Poetry of Revolutionary Salvador" or "The Polychlorinated Biphenyls: A Feminist Perspective" are packing them in, or the poor shlemiel who is trying to teach the great books?

Once we have got our terminology clear and the political landscape straightened out, the Conservative Left opposition has an honorable and important role to fill. That role is, of course, to challenge the progressives, make them justify each step they take, and prevent the delicate mechanism of political reform from being gummed up by hubris. However, there is an obstacle in the way. A political party built on a cover-up has no future in this country. When Gingrich praised liberal Democrats in his maiden proclamation for making the civil-rights revolution, he implied that many Republicans had been wrong. Now it is the Democrats' turn at the microphone. For years, many leftist Democrats (of course not all—nor did all Republicans oppose the civil-rights movement) denied that Communism was evil. That was always a callous and indefensible position, and the American public won't (or shouldn't) allow Democrats to get away with tossing it out the window like a spent cigarette butt while we aren't looking. Moral regeneration for the Democratic Party starts with admitting to a grave mistake. I hope Democrats will be up to it, and see no reason why they should not be.

March 21, 1957



© *Punch*—Ben Roth.

"We've been half expecting you."

THE next decade or so belongs to the Republicans; beyond that, I'm not so sure. A moral crisis is looming, and neither party understands it. In the end the Progressive Right is more likely to step up to the plate merely because it has a corner on brainpower and moral seriousness at the moment. But the crisis will also be the Conservative Left's chance to redeem itself.

As Progressives hack energetically at government, Conservative Leftists need to point out that government has done some fine things and should go on doing them. Both parties have unclear, internally inconsistent positions on government funding of basic science and technology. But Democrats should remind U.S. taxpayers that they have realized (for all the nonsense and garbage that inevitably accompany any federal handout) a magnificent return on their investment in university research.

Meanwhile we are informed in a futurist manifesto by such leading lights as Alvin Toffler and George Gilder that, thanks to computer networks, the Third Age is beginning and "the last days of industrial society" are upon us. And when you think about it, who even *needs* cars, chemicals, medicine, electricity, or clothing any more now that we all have PCs with really big hard drives right on our desks? Toffler doesn't, anyway. His PC is powered directly by the force-field of his sheer *prescience*. But the rest of us are still stuck in the industrial age and will remain there for at least another century or two.

The Federal Government took a hand, once, in building dams, bridges, and interstates that made industry and life in general run better. It has an important role still in maintaining and expanding America's noble-but-decaying man-made landscape. Democrats should be arguing for a new era of great public works. There are legitimate reasons to oppose that idea, but the debate would be interesting. Might science and public works not add up to a marginally more edifying message for the Left than lying about Medicare cuts?

And throw in, then, the fate of our public universities. The combination of huge costs and intellectual rot which private schools have come to symbolize offers public institutions a remarkable opportunity. Imagine a new City College in Manhattan, authorized to admit a tiny and talented class (perhaps fifty students), charge no tuition, support no campus. Classes might be wedged into odd

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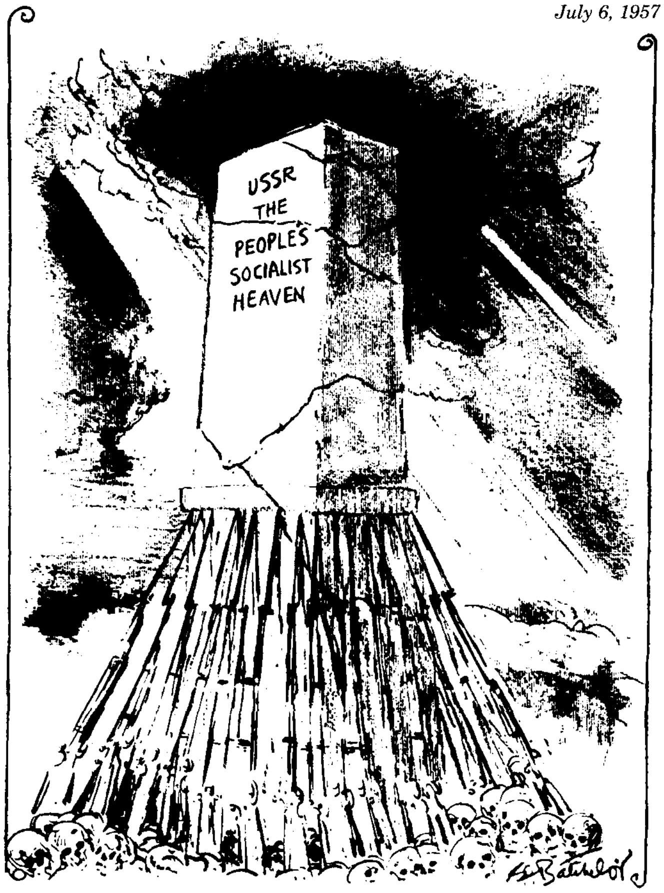
corners of the Fifth Avenue Library. Every student to study history, art, music, literature, languages, philosophy—all to be taught seriously by people who love learning, each to be served with no mound of tendentious ideological chili sauce to suffocate the intellectual hot dog. Every student to study biology and physics, mathematics and computation. Could a 200-student college with no basketball team, no Vice President for Diversity, no Dean of Whining turn American college education around? Yes, because the entire educational establishment would be watching the new college with bated breath (hoping it falls flat, but at any rate paying close attention). Of course it is arguable, again, that private and not public institutions are the right weapons in the crisis. But the Left might mount a vigorous, enlightening, socially valuable campaign on behalf of public institutions if it chose to.

Today's grand Republican vision consists of cleaning up after the Democrats' vision. "In the future, by George," say the Republicans at their visionary best, "the Federal Government of these great United States will be significantly less of a parasitic nuisance." That's fine and important, but it is not inspiring. Once a decent amount of cleaning up has been accomplished, welfare will be less of a mess, taxes will be lower, the IRS will be dead and buried, prejudice of all sorts—"affirmative" or otherwise—will be illegal, the arrogant destructiveness of environmentalists and tort lawyers will have been checked. And our deepest problems will remain basically untouched. Education, crime, the quality of public culture and public life are issues that Washington can't do very much about.



July 6, 1957

Only a large-scale spiritual revival can turn the tide. American visionaries in past generations talked inspiringly about a Utopian Future; we ought to talk today about a Utopian Past. Many young people don't grasp that an America with good public schools and admirable governmental institutions, no street crime to speak of and strong public morals and morale, is even possible. Yet, in 1940, we had all those things. We also had black urban neighborhoods that were safe, clean cultural centers and governing elites that treated religious impulses with respect, and there was no debate over how to instill family values because they were taken for granted.

ONLY a fool would turn back the clock to 1940; we are an immensely richer, more powerful, more comfortable nation today. In many ways we are a more just nation too. But it is clear, painfully clear, that we have lost priceless spiritual treasures in the process of accumulating unheard-of riches and power. The visionary leadership we need today (listen up, Brother Gingrich) doesn't have a damned thing to do with the Internet or laptops for city children. It has to do with reclaiming the spiritual greatness that once belonged to this country—that was our dearest communal possession. Whichever party can put over an inspiring spiritual vision will emerge as the dominant one over the next generation. And I can't say which party that will be.

The heart of the matter is simple: There is broad agreement that our children's lives are in rotten shape. But the Left and the Right have both struck the same Devil's pact not to breathe a word about the root cause. An important book by education professor William Damon tells us at length how "the news about the climate and prospects for youth development in our society is bad." "Practically all the indicators of youth health and behavior have declined year by year for well over a generation." "Let us start with youth violence . . . Drug use among the young . . . The quieter indicators of apathy and indolence among today's youth . . . Our students are less literate, and far less mathematically competent, than students were a generation ago . . . How do our young people spend their free time? During the week, the average U.S. child watches between four and five hours a day of television." And here is the question no one wants to ask: *Where are their mothers?* What can we expect in a society that confirms daily that it values careers over child-rearing?

In the late Sixties, young opinion-makers discovered to their sly delight how women could be pressured by Enlightened Opinion into a degree of promiscuity they mostly didn't want and men did. ("You mean, I get to have loads of empty sex and no strings attached? Great, sign me right up!" Wouldn't that be any young lady's reaction?) These same innovative thinkers went on during the Seventies and Eighties to demonstrate how women could also be pressured into a degree of careerism many didn't want. Men, it used to be thought, are opposed to their wives working. Indeed your average man is deeply (deeply!) disturbed when he witnesses his wife shuffling off to work, leaving the kids to their destinies—although it is probably not quite so bad a scene (thank goodness!)

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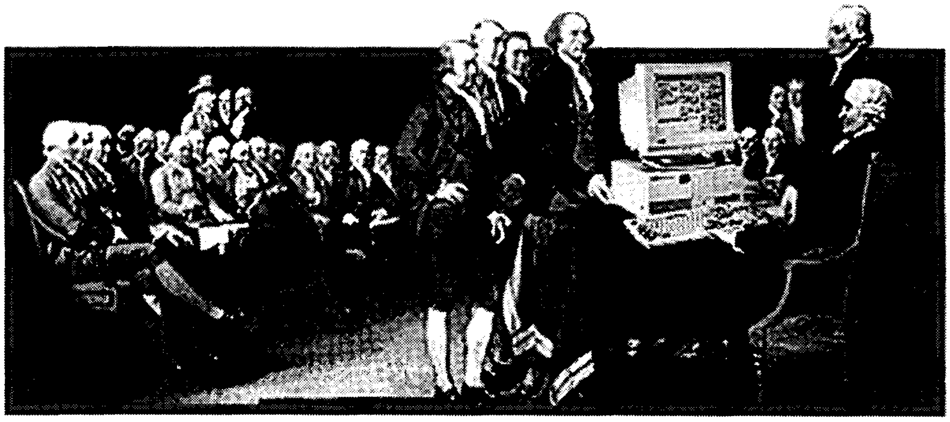

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as in the old days when he'd wake up every few mornings next to a different girl who refused to get serious about marriage. Your average man grows richer as his wife works, and loses nothing that he tends to care very much about. It is ironically feminists who have finally drawn attention, in their weird clammy way, to the fact that Enlightened Liberal Society takes its prizes out of women's hides. That is the message of their "date rape" campaign. It might conceivably be left-wing feminists who point out, finally, that mothers *do* and fathers *do not* tend to care more about the fine points of their children's happiness than about prestige or money. It might be left to them to tell this society that its endless, earnest talk about education and family values is so much tripe so long as we continue to show by our deeds how little we value children.

Republicans have a better claim on the message than Democrats, but there is little hope of their taking it up either. When it comes to family values, Republicans talk a good game and check their children at the door. Values Republicans are eager to show that they are Female-Friendly. Growth Republicans understand clearly that economic disaster would be the consequence were American mothers to walk off the job. We'd all be poorer. Standards of living would drop to what they were in (perhaps) 1965. And so the idea that rearing children and not generating wealth might conceivably be society's first responsibility is orphaned, without a friend anywhere on the mainstream political spectrum.

It is the Left's great opportunity. For the good of us all, I hope they grab it. ☐

Back to the Future

FAREED ZAKARIA

THE End of History looks a lot like the beginning of this century. The dominant trend in politics and economics then as now was liberalization. Regimes across the globe were moving toward freer markets and more representative governments. World trade was booming, and standards of living were moving up steadily. National economies were getting increasingly intertwined; perhaps even more so than they are today. Using a simple measure of economic interdependence—exports plus imports as a percentage of GNP—we see that late nineteenth-century Britain, France, Germany, and Italy ranged between 33 and 52 per cent, slightly higher than comparable figures today. Borders were permeable and travel seamless. Today you do not need visas to move within Europe; then you did not even need a passport. A. L. Rowse has called that age of truly borderless commerce "the belle epoque of interdependence."

To be sure, this growth brought with it turmoil, fear and uncertainty, as change always does. Certain nations, and certain sectors and sections within nations, did better than others. On the whole, however, it was a time of progress on several fronts. Between 1870 and 1900 world industrial production quadrupled. Every day a new invention or advance in health or technology would dazzle the world. Even so gloomy a writer as Emile Zola hailed "a century of science and democracy."

It was possible to look at this world at the dawn of the century and assume it would continue forever. As John Maynard Keynes wrote, most observers "regarded this state of affairs as normal, certain, and permanent, except in the direction of further improvement, and any deviation from it as aberrant, scandalous, and avoidable." The British liberal intellectual Norman Angell explained that Europe's economies had become so dependent on each other, technology so powerful, and stability so important to everyone, that war among the advanced nations was unthinkable, impossible, and obsolete. His book, *The Great Illusion*, was published in 1913.

World War I is commonly believed to have brought this world tumbling down. It did not. The decline of British power, hastened to be sure by the war, was the larger cause. The system of liberal economics and politics rested on the massive edifice of British power. Britain played the role of balancer in Europe, producing a century of political stability, and its immense navy spread that stability beyond the continent. By practicing unilateral free trade, with the repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846, Britain created the first (relatively) open world economy. The City of London, the Bank of England, the pound, and the gold standard provided the financial stability that allowed international transactions to flow freely and capital to move where it was most needed. The collapse of British power by the 1920s, and the refusal of the United States to take Britain's place, unhinged this global economic system. Depression, mercantilism, xenophobia, and war followed almost inevitably.

The world we are living in now, with an open economy, free trade, liberalizing regimes, and increasingly borderless travel, is also undergirded by political stability and power—American power. The centerpiece of this world is the Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development, made up of countries that were once warring enemies and are now trading friends. They have produced the greatest economic miracle in human history—one that makes even the Marxist historian E. J. Hobsbawm term 1945–89 "the golden age of capitalism." This golden age has rested on five pillars: the political unity that resulted from the Soviet threat; America's security guarantee, which made unnecessary separate (and possibly competing) national defense policies; the free-trade system, sponsored by the United States; the dollar's pivotal role in the international monetary system; and American public and private investment abroad.

This world is under some strain. The Soviet threat provided a glue that held these rivals together; that glue is fast thinning. In the cultural, political, and military realm, American power is utterly preeminent in the world. But American economic power, though still unrivaled, has

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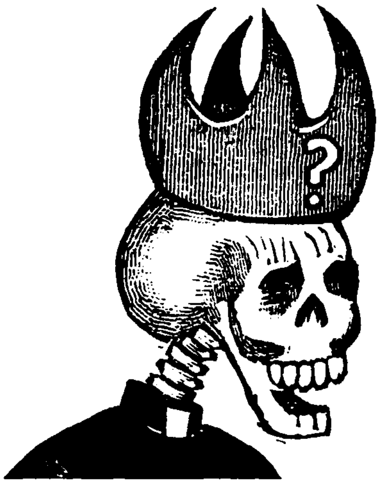
Mr. Zakaria is managing editor of Foreign Affairs.

Why Liberal Catholicism Is Suicidal



The liberal, anti-doctrinal spirit is poisoning the Catholic Church in America. Liberal Catholics don't like to talk about sin and its consequences. But then why did Christ bother to get crucified? And what are we saved from? Liberal priests are silent about Hell — but if there's no Hell, why be good? Indeed, why go to church? Not surprisingly, church attendance has dropped dramatically. Liberals are forever bellyaching about the "sexist, homophobic, oppressive" Church. Thus they're unable to attract many converts. Liberal clerics excuse their people from the Church's high sexual standards. No wonder certain of them would excuse themselves too, hence so many sex scandals among the clergy. Liberal priests don't explain Catholic teaching to their flocks. No wonder Catholics are being won over by fundamentalists, cults, and New Agers, who *do* know what they believe and why.

Liberal Catholicism denies the binding character of Scripture, tradition, and Magisterium: One need only "follow one's conscience," which amounts to doing only what's convenient. Why belong to a church which preaches *that*? People instinctively do what's convenient, without any coaxing from the clergy. Liberal Catholics are just imitators of liberal *Protestants*. By making Christianity comfortably ambiguous, have liberal Protestant churches been flooded with converts? No. They're actually dying! Why? Because they offer *no authoritative answers* to life's big questions: why am I here? what is true religion and virtue? how do I get to Heaven? By essentially turning themselves into debate clubs and therapy centers, they've failed to offer people anything unique and unsurpassable. They elicit no commitment and little interest.

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been eroding for 25 years from forces largely beyond the government's control—the rise of newly industrializing countries, the pace of technological change, etc. But some American policies have hurt. For most of its modern (post-Civil War) history the United States was a high-savings-and-investment economy. By the 1960s it was consuming more and investing less, and the massive Keynesian state spending of that era, coupled with the Vietnam War, accelerated this trend. By the 1970s American productivity rates, once the envy of the world at 3 per cent, were down to 0.8 per cent. Today America leads the world in consumption and lags it in investment.

This shift in power has had economic effects. The world monetary system came apart in 1973 and is now patched together by ad hoc arrangements and summit meetings. The global free-trade system is in danger of being subverted by regional blocs like the European Community, bilateralism among the newly industrializing countries of East Asia, and rising protectionism in every major industrial country, including the United States.

Rather than sketch what the world will look like in the future, let me suggest what it could look like if the United States pursued a policy consciously designed to sustain and widen the post-1945 world that it created.

First, the United States would put its fiscal house in order. Structural budget deficits that arise from ever-increasing entitlement spending would be narrowed and eliminated. Perhaps there would even be a surplus some years! The Federal Government would become more effective at its core functions while shedding the accumulated baggage of tasks it has taken over from local governments, the private sector, and civil society over the last thirty years. American tax policies would be altered to reward once again savings and investment and restrain consumption. Productivity rates would start rising again.

These structural shifts in the American economy would inevitably affect the trade deficit with Japan, easing pressure for foolish protectionist policies toward the second largest economy in the world. The shifts would also inevitably have a favorable effect on the value of the dollar and strengthen its role as the world's reserve currency.

The United States would invite Germany and Japan—as the two other economic superpowers—to join with it and take ambitious steps to halt the deterioration of the open world economic system. It would invite them to help strengthen those international economic rules, regimes, and institutions that are fraying. They would totally restructure organizations like the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank that need new missions in a new world, and junk those that were obsolete.

Peace can be kept only by power and not by international law or some mechanistic system like collective security. America would maintain the world's largest armed forces and maintain its security guarantees to Western Europe and Japan and Korea. It would try to organize a loose concert of great powers. This system would make the same assumptions the nineteenth-century concert of Europe did—that while each great power has its own, distinct interests, they all want to avoid a general war. America would particularly try to integrate the two outsiders, Russia and China, into the international system. But were either power to make bids for hegemony in the vital areas of the world they inhabit, the United States would help neighboring countries to deter or contain this threat to international stability.

The newly industrializing nations of East Asia and Latin America would increasingly integrate themselves into the world economy and the international community. Not every country's economy would grow, but many would, and the resulting global prosperity would provide the funds to tackle some transnational problems like environmental degradation. The post-1945 world has had many problems, but on the whole it is one that has resulted in extraordinary progress toward peace, democracy, material well-being, and civilized conduct.

This is an optimistic but not utopian view of the future. Poverty, disease, conflict, and war would all persist, but this system would prevent the two largest tragedies that could afflict the world: a great-power war and a massive disruption in the global economic system. Putting it this way might make it sound less ambitious than it is. But peace among the great powers is rare in history. A functioning world economy is rarer still. The United States built this uncommon world. It is the best one we've known. It would be a tragedy if it were to founder because the United States lost faith it its own handiwork. □

No Abiding City

DIGBY ANDERSON

THE collapse of Communism and the rediscovery of the market both teach a more general lesson that has not been much noticed. It is quite simple: the clock *can* be turned back. It is not easy, but it can be done.

This is very important, because there are a lot of people who do not believe that clocks can be turned back. Confront them with some well-argued suggestion for remoralizing society with "Victorian values," redeploying old-fashioned stigmas such as shame or embarrassment, or rediscovering the socially cohesive effects of good manners, and they will smile as if sympathetically, humor you with a few subjunctives about what might be nice if it were possible, then conclude as if it ended all discussion that clocks cannot be turned back.

Curiously many of these people believe *new* societies can be engineered. We can and we must go forward. Some believe in creeping cautiously forward, rather like taking your foot off the brake as the lights go green and yielding to the inevitable creeping-forward force of first gear. Others are

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Mr. Anderson's latest book, This Will Hurt: The Restoration of Virtue and Civic Order, *is available from National Review Books. Professor Lence's analysis of the modern city, quoted here, appears in it.*

big-booted enthusiastic accelerator men. So why do they not believe in reverse?

Belief is the right word, for their conviction of the inevitability of linear progress—no detours, no turnbacks, just occasional artificial holdups—is a religion. One assumption of this pagan religion is that as each year passes we know more. Knowledge grows. And the conviction that we know more than our fathers sustains the arrogance that is so characteristic of the age. Yet, while it is undoubtedly true that we know more about some things, a little thought shows we know less about others. Literate societies have whole bodies of knowledge that pre-literate societies did not have. But the most ordinary member of a pre-literate society had a capacity to remember way above ours, for the whole of that society's knowledge, its values, customs, religion, depended on being remembered in people's heads. So we can and we do lose, or at least forget, wisdoms, capacities to appreciate things, ways to handle problems.

IT IS IN this sense that we can speak of our society losing a sense of morality. And we can be quite confident in the possibility of putting the clock back and re-making the old moral order. It has been done before. The British sociologist Christie Davies and the American social historian Gertrude Himmelfarb have hammered home the point recently, he about crime, she about illegitimacy: the Victorians turned the clock back. And not the second or minute hand either. In the mid nineteenth century they inherited a society with significant crime, illegitimacy, and low moral standards. By the end of the century they had substantially reduced crime, halved illegitimacy, and produced a complex, powerful, and sophisticated moral order. And not only a moral order but a moral understanding and language. Virtue had been lost. Virtue was restored.

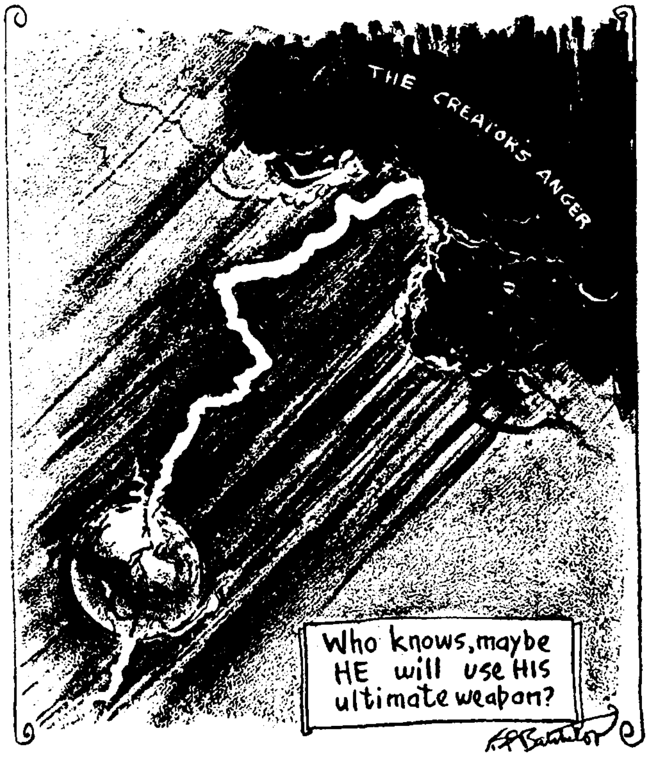
It has, of course, been lost again. Or rather virtuous behavior has been lost while the moral understanding of social problems has been deliberately censored and hidden. For there has been an assault on virtue. The loss is obvious in crime rates far higher than the Victorians inherited and thought dangerously high, in illegitimacy rates that dwarf the 8 per cent the Victorians thought disgusting. But the things that are most offensive in modern society are mostly trivial offenses and many not legal offenses at all. For every elderly lady who is viciously raped there are thousands of elderly people who are treated roughly, sullenly, rudely in shops, streets, and buses. The rise in crime is bad, but the decline in morality, in daily standards of honesty, loyalty, fidelity is worse. And the decline in manners is worse still because it is so frequent and ubiquitous. And because it destroys the predictability and smoothness, the ease in social relations.

The attack on morality and manners reached its height in the Sixties. They were denounced as a sham, as hypocritical, as motions gone through without genuine feelings of compassion, as restrictions on personal growth and authenticity. And the charges are all true. Of course manners are artificial. So are all social institutions, at least in the sense that they are not the acts of savage instincts. Of course they are not felt. Most habits are not felt. Society cannot be invented every day deliberately. It depends on mindlessly repeated acts. Of course, morals repress desires. And a good job too, given the brutish desires humans can have.

The attack was also on the social forces—for the most part informal social forces—that controlled people. The old society controlled its members, kept them not only law-abiding but orderly and polite, by deploying a whole armory of sanctions. Deviants were shamed, embarrassed, ridiculed, degraded, ostracized, branded, gossiped about, stigmatized. These sanctions and the lively fear of these sanctions plus the dinned-in habits plus the operation of conscience in every head kept society orderly—not the police. Of course, they sometimes went wrong. Of course they produced a narrow, trepidatious society. Of course they were stifling and could be worse, an institutionalized form of repression. But no society had ever tried to do without them. They are part of the thing that is a society.

However, the attack on the old society did not start with the 1960s. It is there in Bloomsbury, in the decadence of the 1890s, and most notably in the French Revolution. It is also to be detected in the growth of a rationalist science that replaced fault and responsibility with explanation and prediction. It is there in that sort of utilitarianism that made the pursuit of happiness the goal of social organization and made virtue a mere instrument to be employed or discarded according to whether it made men happy. It was there too in a contractarianism, the idea that my obligation to behave well to you is not absolute but depends on your discharging your obligation to me; how many marriages has that little quasi-morality ended? And most important, the attack on morality drew impetus from the attack on Christianity, especially Catholic Christianity. True, the Victorian virtues were a mixed bunch, some old pagan virtues of fortitude and stoicism, other merely prudential virtues of care with income, yet other cut-down, unheroic

November 2, 1957


THE CREATOR'S ANGER
Who knows, maybe HE will use HIS ultimate weapon?

virtues of respectability. Nevertheless they depended on religion. To be virtuous required effort and sacrifice, which religion made supportable and worth while. Religion made the virtues. It enfolded them in an anthropology and gave them a history and purpose. It also took care of them, promulgated and defended them and instructed in them, wove them into art and culture and law.

The attack on all these cannot be put down to the twentieth century, let alone the Sixties. In the end the forces that have undermined virtue are forces let loose by the Enlightenment—though not of course *all* the forces of Enlightenment. It can be argued that since 1789 we have been living off a moral and spiritual capital built up in the preceding centuries. If that is right, then not only will the immediate restoration of virtue and order be unlikely but the worst of the decline is yet to come.

So what is the significance of the new talk about virtue, the reassertion of personal responsibility, the ache for order, community, ease, and goodness? It is not trivial. Even the renewed use of moral language is very important. But it is not enough to put the clock back. That demands both an intellectual project and a revolution in human commitment. The project is to disentangle the strands of the Enlightenment legacy, to mark, for instance the proper limits of rationalist scientific understanding, to re-anchor law in morality, to make pleasure a by-product, not a goal, to reassert the moral aspects of social problems, to redeploy social sanctions such as stigma. That will hurt.

But what will hurt even more is a new human commitment. Professor Ross Lence, writing recently about the city in Western culture, argues that the city is the center of two things. It is the place of our problems, of crime, of loneliness, of fractured or merely instrumental relationships. That city we do not like, and we would flee for the community, the order, the friendship of the country village. Yet, the same Western city is the source of our pleasures, not only our vices but our restaurants, our operas, theaters, museums, public buildings, the best in Western high culture and the wealth to develop and enjoy it.

While modern man's voice declares loudly his wish to return to the village community, his feet tread steadily toward the city and its pleasures. The wish for community is not strong enough to put up with loss of the city's attractions. Whether or not Professor Lence is right about the city, his general point is surely both right and painfully apt. How much is modern man, even conservative modern man, willing to give up for virtue?

In the United States it is frequently noticed that while, for instance, church attendance is still high by Western standards, what those attenders are willing to do for their church declines. They give little to it. They suffer next to nothing for it. They do not let it interfere with their divorces, their ideas on the position of women, or their appetites. The significance of this is not that it represents a sort of hypocrisy. It is that men are no longer or not yet willing to pay the price of virtue and community. The problem does not lie with the clock. Its hands can be moved in either direction. The problem is whether men want to turn its hands back, want to do so enough to suffer the consequences. ☐

Going West?

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THE claim that history is written by the victors is a half-truth at best. Almost no historic achievement by dead white males is secure against academic revision. And though the victors in the Second World War and the American Revolution may have won the arguments as well as the wars, the losers in the Spanish Civil War and the 1988 presidential election have carried the decisive battles of interpretation. Belloc's principle still applies—*Whatever happens, we have got/The Maxim gun, and they have not*, except that the Macintosh substitutes for the Maxim in these battles.

The West's victory in the Cold War is already dissolving into ambiguity. Mr. Gorbachev was recently applauded by an audience of Western professors when he generously appealed for an end to disputes over who had won it. Lady Thatcher, having rashly suggested on the same occasion that Star Wars had decisively undermined the evil empire, received an urbane put down from Gerald Seib in the *Wall Street Journal*: "But Mr. Gorbachev offers a more compelling answer . . . the Soviet people simply would not let the [reform] process stop," etc. But why had the reform process begun in the first place? It was to enable the Soviet Union to catch up with the American technology that Star Wars symbolized. And, in fact, Mr. Gorbachev's own advisors had already conceded Lady Thatcher's point in a Princeton conference on the Cold War.

That concession had horrified their Western counterparts—surely Ronald Reagan would not turn out to have been right?—but not, one suspects, for long. A rat-tat-tat of revisionist fire from the Macintosh, and down will go Reagan, Thatcher, the Pope, and the rest of Western Civ.

But these are early days in the postwar struggle—a reflection brought home to me a few days ago when I was re-reading *Suicide of the West* by the late James Burnham, an *NR* senior editor, the author of such classics of political theory as *The Managerial Revolution* and *The Machiavellians*, and the most reliable cartographer of this century's detour into totalitarianism.

Burnham's thesis was a simple one rich in implications. He argued that liberalism was "the ideology of Western suicide," by which he meant not that liberalism *caused* the West's decline, but that it acted as a sedative reconciling Western man to it:

> It is as if a man, struck with a mortal disease, were able to say and to believe, as the flush of the fever spread over his face, "Ah, the glow of health returning!"; as his flesh wasted away, "At least I am able to trim down that paunch the doctor always warned me about!"; as a finger dropped off with gangrene or leprosy, "Now I won't have that bothersome job of trimming those nails every week!" Liberalism permits Western

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Mr. O'Sullivan is the editor of NR.

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> civilization to be reconciled to dissolution; and this function its formulas will enable it to serve right through to the very end, if matters turn out that way: for even if Western civilization is wholly vanquished . . . we or our children will be able to see that ending, by the light of the principles of liberalism, not as a final defeat, but as the transition to a new and higher order in which Mankind as a whole joins in a universal civilization that has risen above the parochial distinctions, divisions, and discriminations of the past.

Reading Burnham is in one respect like reading Dostoyevsky or the Burke of the *Reflections*. One thinks: How on earth did he know? How did he foresee the political follies of Nineties liberalism so acutely—the ethnic divisiveness, the hostility to scientific thinking, the reductionism that boils down every philosophical, legal, or linguistic question to a crude struggle for political power? Such foresight seems all the more remarkable when one notices that Burnham's targets were men like Chester Bowles, Hubert Humphrey, and Arthur Schlesinger Jr., gifted and worthy opponents, not themselves guilty of the moral and intellectual crimes that Burnham indicted. That, indeed, was soon to become clear. As liberalism spiraled downward into Sixties radicalism and beyond, so liberals turned on its early luminaries, contemptuously rejecting Vice President Humphrey as a tired party warhorse in 1968, and in recent years denouncing Professor Schlesinger's eloquent philippic against multiculturalism, *The Disuniting of America*, as little short of racist. Liberalism's irrational impulses are more visible now. But Burnham had logically posited the worm in the apple when Mr. Schlesinger was still munching merrily away.

TODAY, we are left with a very little apple and a very large worm. The current liberalism, from which even President Clinton distances himself at intervals, is very different from that of FDR and JFK. Its support is no longer rooted in labor unions or blue-collar workers, but in a coalition of ethnic pressure groups and ideological factions (gays, feminists, etc.). It is devoted less to economic issues than to cultural and social ones—to multiculturalism, ethnic quotas, "gender equity," welfare "rights," "reproductive rights," and so on. And it is frank, even aggressive, in pushing such causes, whether demanding academic speech codes, calling for limits on scientific inquiry, encouraging the official use of languages other than English, or imposing Afrocentric curricula in public schools. In liberal politics, the bohemian has decisively routed the bourgeois.

One piece of frankness is especially significant. Burnham had to argue by a long and subtle chain of reasoning that hostility to the West lay at the heart of modern liberalism; reviews of the book derided him for his pains. Members of today's multicultural Left declare an anti-Western stance as a matter of course. To be pro-Western in such company would be to admit oneself racist, sexist, patriarchal, or homophobic, and possibly all four.

Establishment conservatives are decidedly uncomfortable in confronting this new kind of opponent, who keeps raising topics they would prefer not to think about. Abortion? Maybe their daughter will want one some day. The National Endowment for the Arts? Every half-witted corporate wife in the country seems to be on one of its panels. The Legal Services Corporation? Ditto every lawyer; and anyway it doesn't cost much. Immigration? Well, *someone* has to look after the kids.

So they turn with relief to economics. There they have sensible ready-made theories at hand to guide them; support is widespread for smaller government and sound finance; and government overspending is a real-world problem that needs tackling. Shrinking government is thus a policy in which long-established conservative orthodoxy seems to fit the political needs of the moment.

In newer controversies, conservatives often have no ready-made answers, and are sometimes hampered by earlier attitudes that now run counter to conservative interests. For instance, a dangerous trend of modern politics is the transfer of power from democratic bodies, such as Congress, to unaccountable ones such as the courts, the bureaucracy, and even international gatherings like the UN conferences on the environment and women. In general, this has meant a transfer of power from conservative-leaning institutions to firmly liberal ones. Judicial review is now the principal constitutional device for nullifying conservative victories in elections and referenda—see federal-court decisions on Proposition 187, Colorado's gay-rights referendum, Arizona's English-only law, and Congress's flag-burning legislation. Yet conservatives, nurtured on an earlier suspicion of democracy as the province of the Mob and its Passions, tend to favor constitutional and legal restraints on democracy. They have simply failed to notice that the Mob is now a genteel liberal one which expresses its Passions in legalese. Earlier conservative attitudes allow it to riot on unchecked.

But it is on liberalism's encouragement of the West's dissolution that conservatism is most disarmed by past attitudes. And it is here, too, that foreign and domestic policy meet. Burnham saw America as a distinctly Western nation at the head of a more or less united Western coalition with common goals. At the opposite end of the political spectrum, there is today a similar, if unacknowledged, link between the liberals' attack on America's identity as a Western people (for which they would substitute a multicultural federation of distinct "peoples," or the world writ small) and their foreign policy of "multilateralism," which would subordinate American national interests to those of the world as a whole.

Both sets of policies would seem to be sitting ducks for any realistic conservatism. Yet, domestically, conservatives have been timid in opposing bilingualism, or resisting multicultural history, or asserting an inclusive American identity built on a common culture and history. Indeed, they are often surprised to discover that there are such things since they have been told that these are "nativist" heresies unsuited to "a nation of immigrants" that still needs immigration for its continued prosperity.

Yet such assurances, though they may once have served good purposes, smoothing the path of the immigrant millions needed to develop an empty continent, are not true in any universal sense, and they are damaging in the circumstances of today. Immigration is not needed economi-

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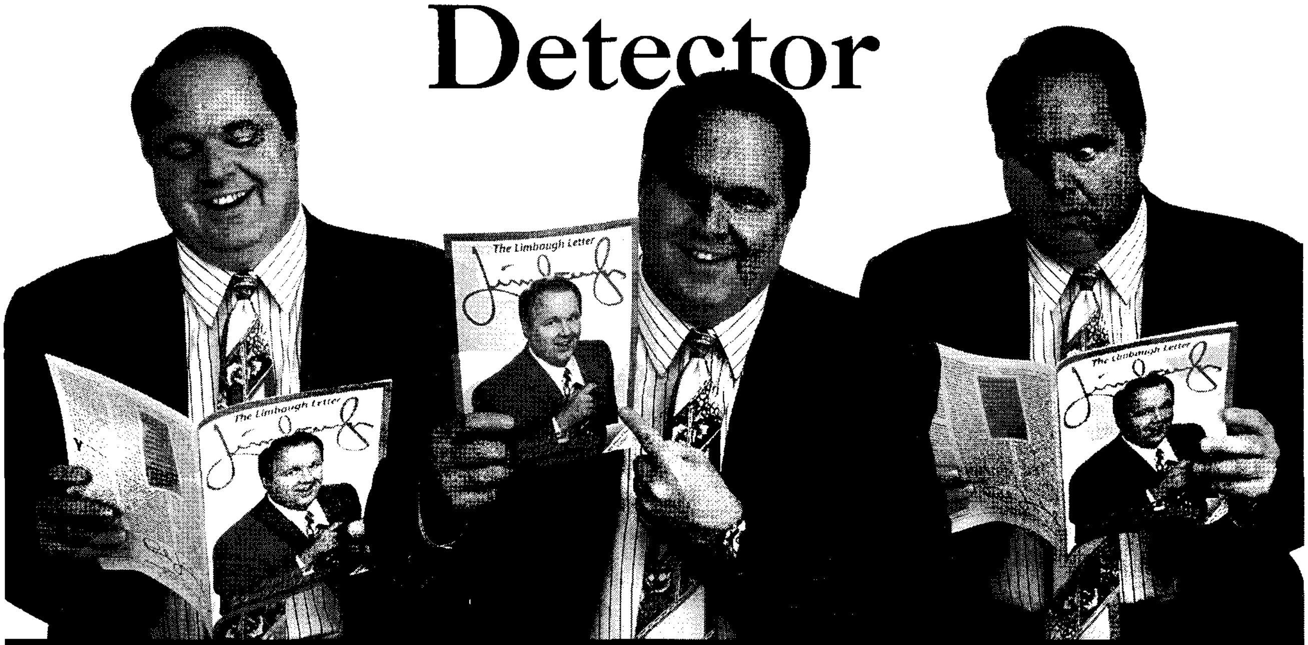

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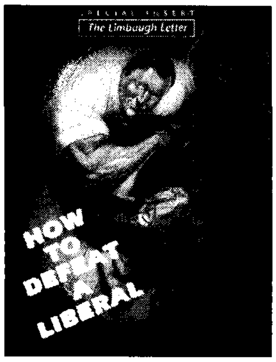

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cally; its contribution to the prosperity of native-born Americans is nugatory; and along with bilingualism, multiculturalism, and the cultural balkanization promoted by quotas, it helps to undermine the sense of a common American identity. Ditto the mythic phrase "a nation of immigrants," which is either platitudinous (all nations are nations of immigrants if you go back far enough) or false (America is a nation of assimilated ex-immigrants and their descendants, or it would not be a nation). As for "nativism," a word lovingly preserved and polished by libertarians, I am reminded of Dr. Johnson's remark: "There are ten thousand stout fellows in the streets of London ready to fight to the death against Popery, though they know not whether it be a man or a horse."

In foreign policy, this ideological confusion is still more pronounced. Some conservatives, misreading America's role in the Cold War as a globalist crusade, would like to spread democracy worldwide. Others, misreading America's pre-war role as splendid isolationism, would like to withdraw from all entangling alliances. In fact, the real history in both cases is of America in close alliance with European powers. "Isolationism" was for most of the time a tacit alliance between the United States and the British Empire, under which the Royal Navy would keep other Europeans at bay while the U.S. got on with the job of o'erspreading the continent. The Cold War had the U.S. at the head of a Western coalition to resist and defeat the Soviet threat to Western Europe. The rest of the world, including Vietnam, was a sideshow. What mattered was that American leadership and American ideas should be dominant within the West.

That has now been achieved—and the Western cohesion it undergirded will be needed in a world in which China, India, Japan, and perhaps an Islamic bloc graduate to great-power status in the next century. But it could be lost again if a European superpower becomes a rival to the U.S. and splits the West, or if the U.S. loses its sense of Western identity and seeks to pursue its interests *primarily* through non-Western multilateral institutions. Hence, the conservative approach is neither global democratic crusading nor neo-isolationism, but consolidating the West under American leadership.

But, even more than Burnham foresaw, that will mean making conservatism the ideology of Western revival. ☐

Passing Phase

RICHARD BROOKHISER

HISTORY may have escaped its detour, but can the people who were born during it? And if they can't, how clean an escape will history have? Americans born in the mid-century baby boom—including Bill Clinton (b. 1946), and me (b. 1955)—bear certain stigmata on their minds, their emotions, and their expectations. These wounds were not inflicted by Hitler or Stalin, nor (for the most part) by FDR, so they cannot be healed only by the fall of Communism, or the 1994 elections.

Thanks to our elders, we are quite ignorant. In 1944, Mortimer Adler said that the greatest threat to the United States wasn't the Axis, but its own college teachers. That wasn't a polite thing to say, given that we were fighting the Axis at the time, but Adler's point could be proved without dragging in Hitler. Seven years later, among college freshmen being tested for Korean War draft deferments by the Educational Testing Service, the education majors did worst, with barely a quarter passing.

But even if every one of our teachers had been an archetypal dedicated spinster, she would have been up against the power of television. "I have just returned from a visit to the United States," T. S. Eliot wrote the *Times* of London in 1950, "where . . . I found only anxiety and apprehension about the social effects of [television], and especially about its effect (mentally, morally, and physically) upon small children." So the author of *The Waste Land* saluted the electronic wasteland. Is there any doubt, 45 seasons later, that he was right? Television offered people who walked and talked, but who were at the same time tiny, two-dimensional, boxed, and utterly under the viewer's control. Television was the one medium that spoon-fed its audience a world, and let the audience knock the spoon away. It did this, whether the program was *American Playhouse Theater* or *The Man from UNCLE*. And we were the audience.

The key to the emotional upbringing of the baby-boomers was indulgence, and the best-known instance of it was the sexual revolution, which, like the fall in educational standards, was engineered by our elders.

I hear an objection from the audience: By *whom*? What about all those post-Woodstock photo spreads in *Life* and *Look*, of hippie chicks, naked as jay-birds, turning their unselfconscious smiles to the camera as if to say, "Clothes? We're beyond all that acquisitive lifestyle"?

But how old was the photographer? And the photo editor, and all the other editors who sent the image of Miss Unselfconscious winging into millions of homes? When the party got going, the hippie chick got photographed because her limbs had that Arcadian glow. Plenty of her elders, instead of joining the party, hung back in wrath and revulsion. But plenty of them went to the mat, and the mattress, with the baby-boomers, as cheerleaders, voyeurs, and co-participants.

My father grew up in a region where there was nothing but fields grazed by dairy cows, and factories that turned the cowhides into gloves (and dumped the dyes into the river). After Pearl Harbor, he became a pilot. The GI Bill sent him to college. He moved on to a white-collar job and a suburb hundreds of miles away, and when his two sons went to the Ivy League, it seemed like the most natural thing in the world.

That sense of prosperity and possibility also trickled down to us. It was as real as the money in our pockets. In

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Mr. Brookhiser has been an NR *senior editor since 1979.*

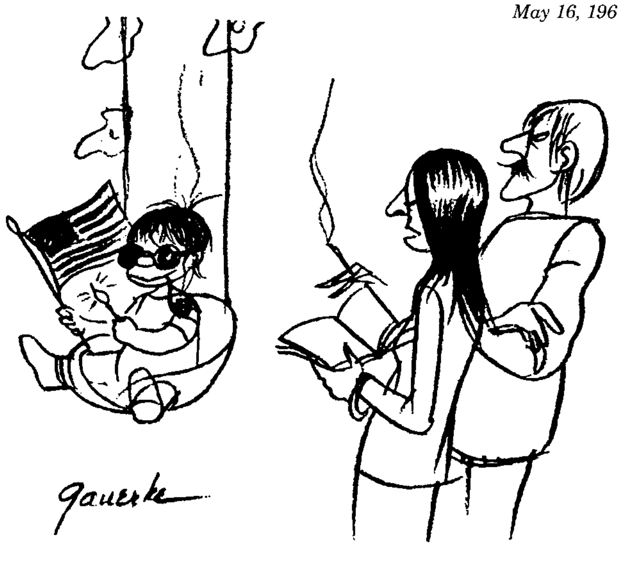
1964, to take a year, boys spent $120 million on hair cream, mouthwash, and deodorant; girls spent $12 million just on lipstick. Maybe we weren't so unselfconscious after all. But we could pay for it.

We grew up in the American's century, when the power of the state and the power of the individual seemed linked and unlimited. So whenever anything in our later lives went wrong, we were primed to react not with wisdom, or even a sense of rolling up our sleeves in the spirit of old-fashioned can-do, but with frustration, outrage, and suspicions of malignity on the part of the forces—the Establishment, or (for the Oliver Stones among us) the Conspiracy—that frustrated our will.

How can the damage be undone? It is too late to save baby-boomers, or Generation X, from television, but they can save their kids. Future historians may conclude that the great failure of the Constitutional Convention was its rejection of George Mason's plea that the Federal Government have the power to pass sumptuary laws. There went the last chance to make the tube illegal. Failing that, we'll just have to turn the things off. Maybe George Gilder is right, and personal computers, with their exponential increase in options and user control, will undo the damage. I hope so; they look an awful lot like televisions to me.

Morally, there has been the beginning of a solution in a revival of religious enthusiasm, amounting to a Fourth Awakening. Even baby-boomers began migrating back to the pews when they began reproducing. At the same time, we must resist the temptation to praise religion-in-general. Conservative Christians and Jews are not the only people waiting to clothe the naked public square. The Million Man March filled up the Washington Mall. Conservatives must be prepared to criticize pernicious views of this world and the next, and to criticize ourselves when we err. (Minister Farrakhan's reflections on Freemasonry were not much loonier than Pat Robertson's in *The New World Order.*) Given the history and the composition of this country, if we do our part, we can reasonably hope that the big battalions will be on the side of God.

May 16, 1967



"Dr. Spock says we should ignore it—it's just a stage he's passing through."

There have also been signs of a political awakening, later-blooming and as yet even more inchoate than the religious one, as Americans, baby-boomers included, come to believe that the government, which looked so good when it ran the GI Bill, is hardly able to run anything else. The firebell issue for us may be the rattle of change running out of the Social Security system. Moved by this insight, some of us vote Republican. Some teach their children around the kitchen table out of *McGuffey's Readers*. Some join the Michigan Militia. Given these disparate reactions, the ability to make distinctions, and to lead effectively, is as necessary in politics as in religion. Fortunately, changes in the system itself could encourage these qualities. A long-term shift in power to a reformed Congress could train voters to consider the politicians closest to them, and hence the issues, more carefully. If that occurred, then the system described by Willmoore Kendall in his essay "The Two Majorities," in which candidates for President addressed the chattering classes while candidates for Congress addressed real people and governed in their name, would be restored.

The greatest changes must be made in education—for the sake of baby-boomers about to join the AARP, as much as for kindergarteners. One of the most poignant publishing phenomena of the last few years was the seventy-month presence on the best-seller lists of William Bennett's *The Book of Virtues*. Who was buying that three-pound doorstop? Not kids. Clearly its purchasers were adults, many of them baby-boomers, who bought it to read to their kids—yet weren't they also reading for themselves? If they read Chapter One, on Self-Discipline, they found this, from Aristotle's *Ethics:* "Moral virtues come from habit. . . . These virtues we acquire by first exercising them, as in the case of other arts. Whatever we learn to do, we learn by actually doing it: men come to be builders, for instance, by building, and harp players, by playing the harp. In the same way, by doing just acts we come to be just: by doing self-controlled acts, we come to be self-controlled; and by doing brave acts, we become brave. . . ."

"So," we can imagine them thinking, "virtue comes from habit? Bummer. Why didn't someone tell me this in 1953?"

In constructing a new model of education, conservatives must refine one of their favorite slogans: the Canon. The Canon has to be studied with care, because many of the so-called Great Books are poisonous. Education at the highest level should not be conceived as an endless playoff between Rousseau and Nietzsche. This is multiculturalism of the intellect. America's Founders wanted education in republican virtue, not in all the wayward thoughts of brilliant minds.

We also need to educate our imaginations. Americans—especially those who would be leaders—need the example of great men, and we're not getting it. In the last years of his life, Washington Irving struggled against depression and asthma to finish what he called "the crowning effort" of his literary career, a five-volume biography of his namesake, George Washington. In our day, John Updike wrote a play about James Buchanan. Is it fanciful to suggest that recent Presidents might have been a better lot if writers like Updike had parceled out their attention more thoughtfully?

Not that I blame Updike, for conservatives, who should know better, have done little better at celebrating the great and the good. One sure way to help our country and our generation would be for fewer of us to go to Washington, D.C., or the op-ed pages, and more of us to go to our libraries, and our hearts. □

Beneath The Two-Party System

MICHAEL BARONE

CONSERVATIVES like to assume that politics is pretty much a simple thing these days. In this view, most Americans are conservative and Republican. All that remains to be done is to make sure the Republican Party nominates a reliable conservative, who will promptly win the election and set a conservative course for the country.

It is, I am afraid, not all that simple. I begin with a different proposition: in an increasingly segmented, fragmented America, it is an unnatural thing to assemble a majority for just about anything. In the America of many of our youths, the culturally more unified America of World War II and the generation thereafter, most Americans worked in or identified with the big units that won the war and seemed to build a prosperous postwar America—big government, big business, big labor—and politics was primarily a struggle to balance, within a fairly narrow range, the economic claims of the latter two. That was an America in which the two-party system reflected the character of the society and in which it was possible for one side or the other to assemble a majority.

Now we are in a different place. In important respects our post-industrial America more closely resembles the pre-industrial America of Alexis de Tocqueville than the industrial America of Franklin Roosevelt and the Big Three auto companies and Walter Reuther. Ours is a small-unit America that is culturally and economically decentralized, which has more self-employed individuals than private-sector union members. And in this kind of America a two-party politics does not come naturally.

To be sure, we associate two-party politics with Tocquevillian America. But the two-party system of those times proved ephemeral: Henry Clay's Whig Party disintegrated shortly after his death, the American Party rose and fell within a few years, the Democracy of Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren disintegrated into irreconcilable factions in the 1850s, and the Republicans who sprang into existence in one election cycle proved so unacceptable to large segments of the electorate that when they won an Electoral College majority in 1860 the Union promptly fell apart.

Today we do not expect civil war, but fragmentation and political divisions along economic and, even more, cultural lines—according to race, religion, region, ethnic origin, and, most of all, cultural values—mean that fragmentation is the norm and a functioning majority is exceptional.

To understand this fragmentation, pretend that our wonderfully ancient two major parties did not exist, and that instead our politics was structured, as James Madison expected it would be, around factions representing various segments of the electorate. What would those segments look like? How, if at all, would they be able to govern?

One possibility is suggested by a national survey we conducted at *U.S. News & World Report* earlier this year, from the results of which pollsters Ed Goeas and Celinda Lake identified seven different groups of voters, defined primarily by their attitudes on cultural issues, and to a lesser extent on responses to foreign-policy and economic questions. Current party identification was not used. Six of these seven groups of voters are about the same size, between 13 and 20 per cent of the electorate, and the seventh is about half that size; no one of them, or even two of them together, represent a majority. Only two of them are unambivalently partisan; the other five, totaling 65 per cent of the electorate, have significant differences with both of the major parties.

These groups, like strata of rocks, seem to provide a history of our last half-century of politics. Start with the most recent stratum, consisting of the Conservative Activists and the Liberal Activists. They track the two segments of the electorate that provide the greatest energy and enthusiasm and élan to the two major parties, the Religious Right and the feminist Left, and they dominate today's political dialogue. They are both relatively young and economically successful. Conservative Activists are traditionally religious and economically pro-market, family men and women; Liberal Activists are relatively secular, mostly female and often single, against defense spending and for more domestic government. In the cultural argument that seems to be raging across the country, Liberal Activists favor therapy, Conservative Activists, discipline.

But neither group has the numbers to prevail on its own. And both have difficulty attracting allies.

Consider the Stewards and the Ethnic Conservatives, who are more or less the descendants of the pro-management and pro-labor-union blocs of voters that polarized American politics half a century ago. Ancestrally the Stewards are Republicans, but while they dislike welfare recipients and unions they also dislike talk-radio hosts and the National Rifle Association. They gave Ross Perot and Bill Clinton most of their votes in 1992. Ethnic Conservatives were dissenting from the Democrats in large numbers long before the Stewards dissented from the Republicans. They are ethnically diverse—with the largest black and Hispanic percentages of any group—but are also highly religious and trustful of major institutions.

Or take the Populist Traditionalists and the Agnostics. These are the people who were on opposite sides of the culture wars of the 1960s, booing and cheering on civil-rights and anti-war demonstrators. Populist Traditionalists tend to be blue-collar, younger men, with many union members and gun owners. They are scathingly critical of most institutions, from the welfare system to the news media to large corporations. Enlisting them in any majority over any long

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Mr. Barone is a senior writer at U.S. News & World Report.

haul is hard work. The Agnostics are not easy to tether into a majority coalition either. They are mellower, averse now to controversy and seeking harmony, favorable to institutions from corporations to unions. They have lots of education, relatively high incomes, and little religious belief. The Populist Traditionalists find the Conservative Activists' economic conservatism suspect but like their cultural conservatism; the Agnostics are just the other way around.

The seventh, much smaller group is less vocal, but also ambivalent between the two Activist groups. These are Dowagers, mostly elderly, mostly female, with low incomes and low levels of information. They seem to be puzzled onlookers of a political debate that alternately confuses and disgusts them; they take negative views of lawyers, the National Rifle Association, immigrants, feminists, and gays.

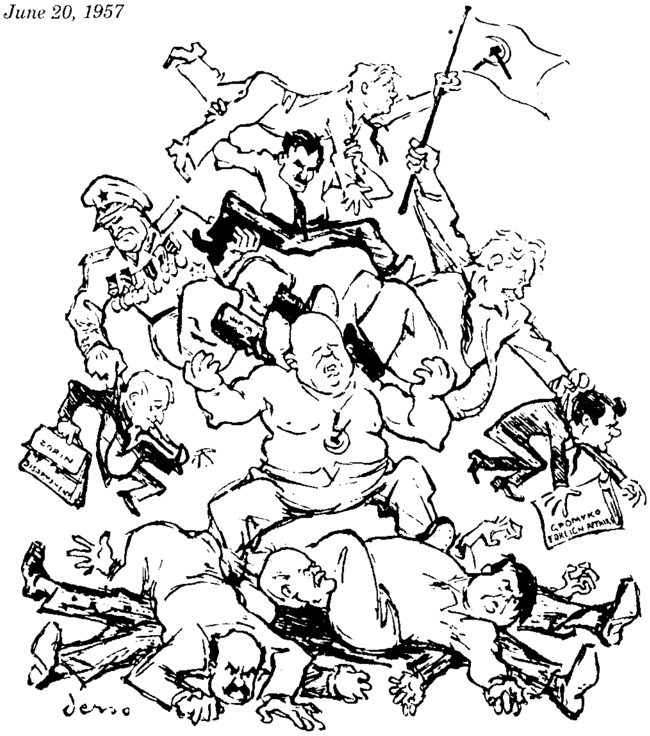
If American politics were structured around these seven groups, there wouldn't be any majority to endorse the Great Society, but there probably wouldn't be a majority to dismantle it either. Only three of the groups would tend to support business-oriented tax cuts; a different three would tend to support a children-friendly tax cut. Thus a Congress divided into these seven caucuses would have a hard time producing the tax cuts voted by this year's Republican Congress. A majority might be amassed for welfare reform, but watch those Dowagers when you start messing with Medicare.

At some point, of course, this analysis becomes too artificial to continue. But it does have significant implications for 1996, and beyond.

The first is that it really is hard to amass a majority. I am pretty sure that the Democratic Party is a minority party in America today. But I am not at all sure that the Republican Party is a majority party.

The Republicans now have in congressional elections all the institutional advantages that helped Democrats maintain control of the House for so many years. But victory is not automatic, and especially not in a presidential race. Assembling and holding together that majority is tough.

June 20, 1957



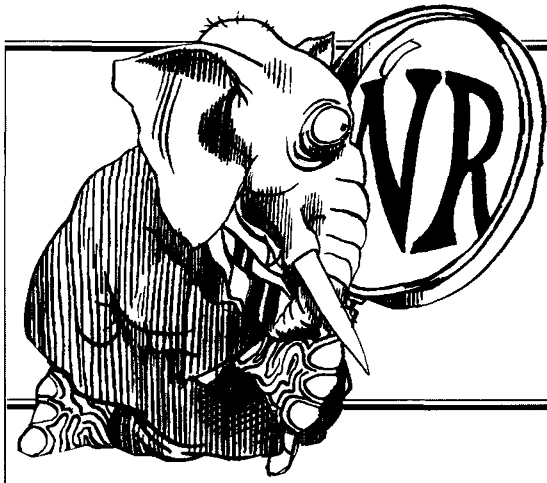
"Long live the unflagging vanguard of the Soviet people—the monolithic, granitelike Communist Party of the Soviet Union! Hurrah, comrades!"

MOREOVER, the choice in a presidential race is always a personal as well as a policy choice. Bill Clinton has terrible personal weaknesses, and the polls as I read them tell me that most voters, given an acceptable alternative, would like to get rid of him. But it remains to be seen what are the strengths of a Republican nominee. It is not without significance that Bob Dole and other Republicans are running third in races against Clinton and a hypothetical independent; after all, William Howard Taft ran third in 1912, as the incumbent President and nominee of a Republican Party that clearly was a national majority party at the time. All things being equal, Americans today prefer a Republican to a Democratic President. But the Republican nomination guarantees nothing. Many conservatives assume that voters will readily accept a movement-conservative Republican nominee. But it also seems possible to me that they may be open to an alternative who depicts himself as a check and a balance against giving the minority of Conservative Activists seemingly total control over the Federal Government—a role Bill Clinton is obviously auditioning for, and which perhaps Bob Dole also could play.

The other implication of this analysis is that the performance of Newt Gingrich, Bob Dole, and other Republican leaders in holding together their majorities in the House and Senate has been a brilliant example of political leadership. Each week the press has been writing stories about how the Republican majority has been breaking up (very few of these same reporters wrote anything about how the Democratic majority was breaking up in 1994), not realizing that in a fragmented, segmented country, the legislative majority has to be created again and again on every issue.

This Gingrich and Dole and their lieutenants have done deftly. They have carefully calibrated how many concessions they must make to avoid losing too many votes. They have used the obduracy of the 73 House Republican freshmen as an effective counterweight to the dubiousness of the handful of Senate and House moderates who get such a good hearing in the press but who have usually not prevailed on the main things. They have maintained a nice balance of economic and cultural conservatism, using the tax cut with its capital-gains provisions and $500-per-child credit as a kind of glue holding the Republican majority together, reaching out to one set of constituencies with economic issues and to another with cultural causes.

The simple view of our politics treats all this as foreordained. But in a fragmented, segmented society like ours, politics need not produce a victory for one side or for the other; it can also, as Madison foresaw and hoped, produce no victory at all, just muddle and inertia and indecision. It seems to me that the alternative—oftentimes I find myself thinking the likely alternative—to the governing majority Republicanism Newt Gingrich foresees and has done so much to advance is not a governing majority Democratic Party, but no governing majority at all. ☐



’S GUIDE TO THE NEW MAJORITY

How the Right Rose

RICH LOWRY

WHILE other students at Harvard Business School were plotting their ascents into corner offices at Fortune 500 firms, the future head of Americans for Tax Reform (ATR), Grover Norquist, had his mind on something else: how to organize the troops. “I wrote a paper,” the anti-tax activist recalls, “on how to reorganize the Republican National Committee, and specifically how to organize College Republicans so that all the power would flow from the grassroots.” That, Norquist reasoned, would force the organization to be more activist and, hence, more conservative. “A top-down organization run by four people out of Washington could be a Bush Republican operation,” he explains. “But a mass-based college-student organization where all the power was in the hands of the people who organized it guaranteed conservative control.”

In the early 1980s, Norquist and a cadre of other reformers revamped the CR constitution to empower the grassroots while putting the organization on a hyperkinetic, “permanent campaign” footing. “Prior to those constitutional changes, liberals had been head of the College Republicans,” says Norquist. “Not since.”

Fifteen years later, as he leans forward at his desk in ATR’s suite near DuPont Circle, Norquist can survey a national GOP that to a large extent conforms to his old vision for the CRs: grass-roots driven, activist, conservative. Meanwhile, Norquist the gadfly has metamorphosed into advisor to the Speaker of the House, host of hot Washington parties, and subject of *Washington Post* and *GQ* profiles. Not, mind you, by “growing.” But by helping make the rest of Washington shrink.

In the 1990s, the grass-roots conservative movement has entered a new, high-powered phase defined by activists like Norquist. The movement is better organized, more far-flung and more powerful than was imaginable just five years ago. It has spawned savvy leaders—capable of working the media, finessing coalition politics, and maneuvering inside the Beltway—who march at the head of troops more sophisticated and better informed than ever before.

This is the postwar American Right’s third phase. The first, call it the Goldwater phase, began with NATIONAL REVIEW and the Foundation for Economic Education, *Human Events,* and ISI (formerly called the Intercollegiate Society of Individuals) waging a war for conservatism’s first principles; it found its political expression in the nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964. The second, call it the Reagan phase, came when the activist New Right and the intellectual neo-conservatives joined traditional *NR* conservatives in the late Seventies. It elected Ronald Reagan in 1980. Conservatism made progress both politically and institutionally—hell, it won the Cold War—but by the decade’s end had left much of its domestic potential unfulfilled.

Now, phase three, which we might provisionally call the Gingrich era. This kicked in in the late 1980s and early 1990s, when conservative taxpayer groups, think tanks, property-rights groups, and public-interest law centers began to spring up around the country. When the spent Moral Majority faded into the vibrant Christian Coalition. When talk radio blossomed into an alternative conservative medium rivaling in influence the news establishment it sought to balance. When, finally, President Clinton won election in 1992, giving a high-octane kick to both the membership rolls and the intensity of almost every conservative organization in the country. Dozens of high-profile leaders—and thousands of troops—form this new movement. What they have wrought is a conservatism that has, if not a hammerlock, then at least a formidable grip on the Republican Party, and that has achieved something even more important: institutional staying power.

TODAY’S movement really got its start in 1955, with the founding of NATIONAL REVIEW. At the time there was an intellectual/journalistic vacuum on the right. Books like Russell Kirk’s *The Conservative Mind* provided a foundation of weighty ideas, but there was no journal to carry them off the shelves and into the hurly-burly of American political life. An internal feud relegated the *Freeman*—at first a fortnightly—to the sleepier role of a free-market monthly. *Human Events* then was little more than a Washington-based newsletter. *The American Mercury* had slipped off into anti-Semitism. It fell to William Buckley, together with a cadre of distinguished anti-Communist intellectuals, to found *NR*, which in the early years steered a precarious, lonely path between the wacko Right and the dismissive liberal establishment. “No matter how responsibly we acted,” recalls Priscilla Buckley, *NR*’s managing editor for almost thirty years, “no one on the other side would recognize that. We were ‘fascists.’ ”

Although *NR* operated virtually un-

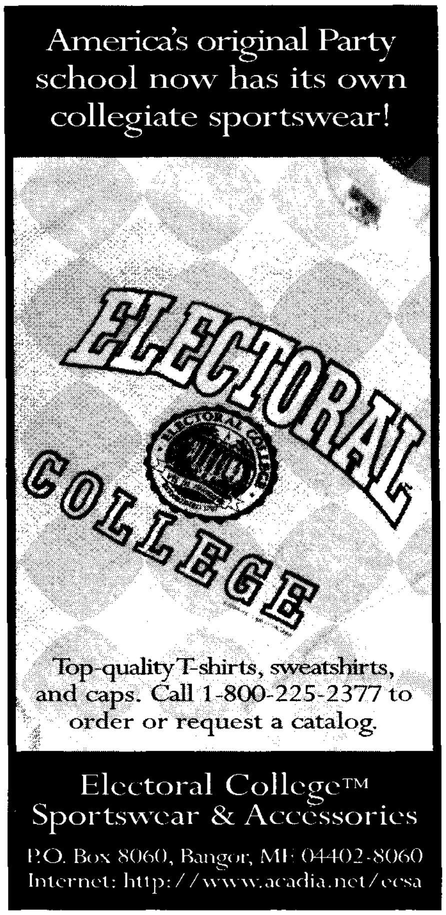
Mr. Lowry is NR’s *national political reporter.*

noticed by the larger journalistic and political community, Buckley had assembled in microcosm the movement that, soon enough, would compete for control of American politics. "He brought into NATIONAL REVIEW a highly catholic bunch of people," says former *NR* publisher Bill Rusher. "He made a lot of lions lie down with lambs and bears and tigers. He had libertarians, he had traditionalists, he had anti-Communists, he even had Max Eastman, an avowed atheist. He kept him on the board as long as he could, until Max finally said, I can't stand it any more, and left." The disparate influences were forged into one force in keeping with senior editor Frank Meyer's theory of "fusionism," combining conservatism's libertarian and traditionalist strands. It fell largely to Rusher, the former Wall Street lawyer and Republican activist whom Buckley made publisher in 1957, to carry the fight into the streets. Together with GOP operative Clifton White and other former Young Republicans, he formed the committee that would plot and effect the takeover of the Republican Party in 1964 by Goldwater conservatives (see Rusher's *The Rise of the Right*, recently re-issued by National Review Books, and Lee Edwards's biography *Goldwater*, just out from Regnery, for more thorough accounts). Goldwater's crushing defeat seemed a catastrophe for conservatives at the time; in fact, it told them that they had the numbers and enthusiasm to form a national political movement.

But this was just the beginning of the journey, as conservatives arriving in Washington in the late 1960s and early 1970s soon learned. Congress had its share of right-wingers, inspired by *NR*'s brand of conservatism, but they stood embattled and isolated. Ed Feulner, now president of the Heritage Foundation, arrived in 1965 and held a variety of jobs on the Hill and in the Nixon Administration before becoming chief of staff to Rep. Phil Crane (R., Ill.) in 1970. "We assumed," Feulner says from his comfortable office in Heritage's building near Union Station, "that John Ashbrook and Strom Thurmond and by this time John Tower must be having lunch every Tuesday, probably with the editor of *Human Events*. And maybe somebody from NATIONAL REVIEW came down and somebody from ACU [the American Conservative Union] and they'd be doing grand strategy when we got here. And, hell, nobody was talking to anybody." Long-time Senate staffer and conservative activist Jim Lucier agrees: "You never noticed the lack of [conservative] outside groups, because no one had even thought of outside groups. It's like in the 1940s, no one complained about not having television."

Paul Weyrich, whose Free Congress Foundation and National Empowerment Television has offices and studios just blocks from Heritage, remembers his tactical epiphany. His boss, Sen. Gordon Allott (R., Colo.), was invited in 1969 to a civil-rights coalition strategy meeting just as he was beginning to think the civil-rights movement had gone too far. Weyrich went in his place. "There before my eyes was unveiled how the other side operated," he says. "It was the single most important meeting I have attended in my political lifetime." The meeting drew together disparate groups from the Left—among them, the Brookings Institution, the liberal National Committee for an Effective Congress, the ACLU—to discuss how to pool their discrete resources into an effort to torpedo a Nixon Administration housing initiative. Weyrich left the meeting a right-wing version of the Ancient Mariner: "Nobody wanted to see me coming from that time after because [to] everybody I met I said, 'You've got to understand this is how they operate. And we don't have anything like that.' "

Weyrich, Feulner, Lucier, and others set about getting it. Funding was scarce, until one day Weyrich received by mistake a letter from a Coors representative soliciting advice from his boss about where to donate money. The young staffers arranged a meeting with Joe Coors, convincing him that conservatism needed a mechanism to coordi-



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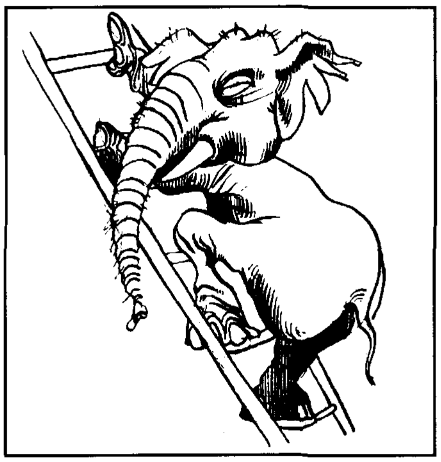
nate its attacks as effectively as the Left. The result was a joint venture with Coors called Analysis and Research Association (ARA), charged with beefing up the Right. Around the same time, Hill conservatives founded the House Republican Study Committee—a counter to the influential liberal Democratic Study Group—and the Senate Steering Committee to provide policy ammunition and internal coordination for the Right. Weekly conservative-coalition meetings were convened at the Capitol Hill Hotel (attendance at the first: six). ARA soon became the Heritage Foundation, with Weyrich its first president; Feulner took over in 1977 (and *NR*'s future editor, John O'Sullivan, joined as Director of Studies and editor of *Policy Review* in 1979).

In Weyrich's estimation the first small victory for these nascent conservative institutions was turning back a liberal land-use scheme in the early 1970s. By the time of the Carter Administration, the Right was organized enough to put up credible fights against the liberal tide. The Panama Canal dispute gave the conservative movement a popular cause. In a debate with Bill Buckley in 1978, a resurgent Ronald Reagan argued forcefully for keeping the Canal, and reinvigorated his presidential prospects. The dispute helped forge the connections between the Beltway and the grass-roots, strengthened especially by Howard Phillips's Conservative Caucus and by a newly energetic American Conservative Union (founded in 1964). Phyllis Schlafly, of course, whipped the troops into action against the Equal Rights Amendment, while Christian conservatives were activated by the IRS's attack on Christian schools, and pro-lifers by *Roe* v. *Wade*. At the same time, Terry Dolan's National Conservative Political Action Committee (NCPAC) and other direct-mail-funded organizations were picking up the slack from what the Right saw as a dormant Republican National Committee. The new grass-roots action contributed to what at the time seemed conservatism's crowning triumph, Reagan's election in 1980.

But, in some ways, it was a setback. "A lot of people came here," recalls the long-time journalist and activist Stan Evans, "and thought that the way to advance conservatism was to get a job in the Reagan Administration." As a result, he says, "our grass-roots effort withered." State- and local-level activists were—perhaps unavoidably—sucked into Washington. "Reagan had six thousand executive appointments," explains former Reagan official and current ISI president Ken Cribb. "There weren't that many senior conservatives in the whole country." Soon enough there was a noticeable hole in the movement. "By 1987," says Cribb, referring to the Bork fight, "we were punching the buttons we always used to punch and there was nobody at the other end."

One stalwart of the Reagan-era movement was Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority, just as its successor, the Christian Coalition, stands for conservative activism in the 1990s. Moral Majority, founded in 1979, grew out of the Christian school movement goaded into existence in the late 1970s by an overweening IRS. At least half of the Moral Majority's fifty state chairmen were drawn from fundamentalist churches that sponsored Christian academies. With little political experience and no grasp of deal-making, they tended to focus on the issues that concerned them most—abortion, homosexual rights, and pornography—and pursued them primarily through the weak reeds of direct-mail fund-raising and press releases. Grass-roots organizing, meanwhile, was neglected, and by the late 1980s Moral Majority had faded as a political force. "I would describe Moral Majority as the infancy of the movement," says Marshall Wittmann, formerly Christian Coalition legislative-affairs director, now with Heritage. "It broke new ground, [but] they were political neophytes."



The maturation of the Christian conservative movement would begin with Pat Robertson's presidential bid in 1988. "People actually got political experience in a presidential campaign, running caucuses, running primaries, and gaining a certain understanding of what it takes to actually win elections," says Wittmann. "That was a major turning point." Another came when in 1989 Robertson hired as the executive director of his new organization Ralph Reed, a hard-nosed operative who had been active in the College Republicans before becoming born-again. Says one fellow activist: "[He] was completely insufferable for about a year [after his conversion]. Because he was all full of the milk of human kindness, he wanted to forgive everybody. . . . Anyway, he got over that." Reed envisioned an organization that would get its muscle from organizing at the state, county, and precinct level, shifting from a social-protest to a mainstream political movement.

SIX YEARS later his vision is in many ways realized. The Christian Coalition voter guides, distributed in enormous quantities (7 million in 1990, 40 million in 1992, a projected 67 million in 1996), illustrate how the movement has widened its attention to almost every major political issue, and how it has become concerned with the nitty-gritty of influencing campaigns. The state chapters—20 of them have full-time staff, roughly 15 have budgets over $200,000—have teeth and can wage wars with the GOP establishment for the direction of state parties. "In many cases the state affiliate of the Christian Coalition is raising and spending more money annually than the state Republican Party," says Reed. Now the Christian Coalition is breeding activists so sophisticated they are crossing over to the wider political community. Judy Haynes, former deputy executive director, and Pat Gartland, former Georgia executive director, have been snatched up by the Dole and Gramm campaigns respectively. Its 1.7 million members, coupled with its sharpened political edges, make the Christian Coalition a vibrant new influence in Republican politics.

Together with Gary Bauer's Family Research Council and other groups, the Christian Coalition is at the center of a much larger bloc. With its lobbyists and media presence, this Christian Right has hardwired its activists into Washington in particular and the political process in general. In fact, what was arguably the first shot in the Republican revolution was fired by the one of the Christian

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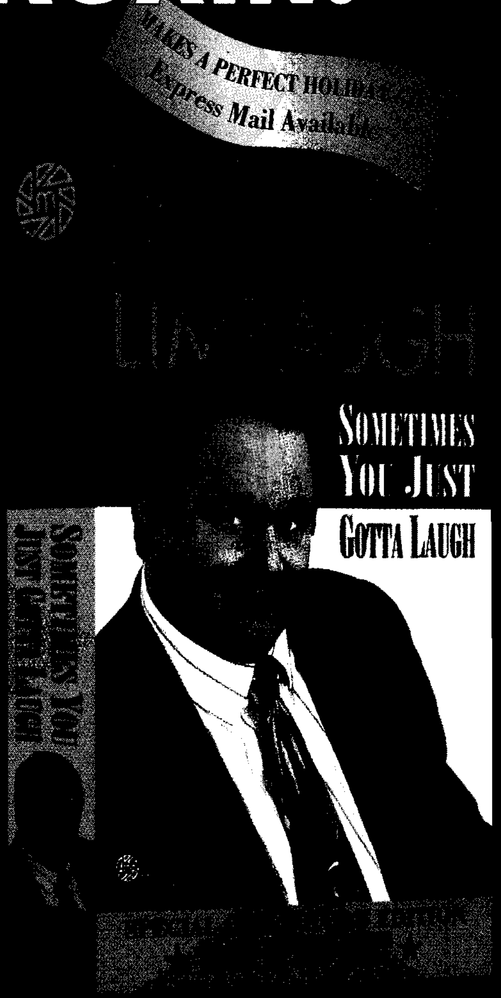
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Right's supposedly more Neanderthal groups, the home-schoolers. What had begun as a spare-time endeavor for former Washington state Moral Majority activist Mike Farris—defending and advising fellow home-schoolers—had become by 1994 a substantial enterprise. The Home School Legal Defense Association today has a staff of 40 and 50,000 members. So, from its perch in Purcellville, Va.—so far outside the Beltway you can't get same-day delivery of the *Wall Street Journal*—the HSLDA rocked Washington when in February 1994 Rep. Dick Armey's staff alerted it to a threatening provision in an education bill, HR-6.

HSLDA activated its fax network, which had been upgraded in response to the near panic Clinton's election produced among home-schoolers. "We just pumped the information down the pipeline to about 75 state organizations, who in turn pumped it to about 3,000 local support groups, who in turn pumped it to several hundred thousand families," Farris says. Calls started to pour into Congress. Then, Farris hit Christian talk radio (itself a burgeoning conservative resource), including Focus on the Family, the show run by James Dobson which reaches an estimated 3 to 5 million listeners a week. By the time it was all over, Farris estimates, about a million calls hit Congress. After the offending language had been stripped from the bill, HSLDA still had to wrestle—in a bit of what Farris calls "pinpoint" lobbying—to get Rules Committee Chairman Joe Moakley (D., Mass.) to allow the particular amendment it wanted to be offered on the floor; a morning of intense phone calls, activated in a matter of hours, persuaded Moakley to rule the HSLDA's way. A comedown for the chairman, no doubt. What good was it being a House Baron when you had to take your marching orders from the ranks of the uneducated and easy to command?

THE rise of the new Christian Right is a case of the conservative movement plowing fertile ground more effectively. Political pros took over from amateurs, and the grass-roots troops attained a truer view of what constituted political victory (passing laws instead of just electing Presidents). But the mark of the conservative movement in the 1990s is that it has been able to make deeper forays into the wilderness too, whether it be the environment (with property-rights groups and the work of think tanks like the Competitive Enterprise Institute and Political Economy Research Center) or the media (talk radio) or academia (the National Association of Scholars, Young America's Foundation, etc.). In numerous areas the tactics of the Left have been ripped off often, even improved upon, and then turned back against it. Consider the law.

Today what once was a trickle (the California-based Pacific Legal Foundation showed the way) has become a rush of conservative legal centers each with its particular specialty (the American Center for Law and Justice affiliated with Pat Robertson taking on religious-liberty cases, the Center for Individual Right taking on political correctness, etc.) The Institute for Justice, for one, consciously apes the litigation model of the Left. Says IJ President Chip Mellor, "The advantage they brought to it was a well-thought-through approach that viewed litigation as part of a much greater effort, a political effort, a public-relations effort, a grass-roots organizing effort." So, IJ too sets out certain strategic goals—generally reviving the Constitution's protections of economic liberty—and chooses sympathetic, mediagenic cases to reach them. In this vein, it recently took on the case of would-be Denver entrepreneur Leroy Jones, who was locked out of the taxi-cab market by monopolistic regulation; IJ lost in the courts, but the Colorado legislature was shamed into changing the law. Subsequently, IJ leveraged the Denver example to help pry open the taxi-cab markets in Indianapolis and Cincinnati; every case is considered a building block toward getting economic-liberty cases before the Supreme Court.

In addition, IJ can network with a growing number of state-based conservative public-interest law centers. Mellor notes his surprise when at IJ's second policy activist conference in 1993 he expected to see the same old faces, but instead "all these people came in that we didn't know." Indeed, the late 1980s and early 1990s have seen an explosion in conservative organizations at the state and local levels. Partly the state/local renewal is a result of what Ken Cribb calls the "diaspora," former Reagan officials reversing their rush to their adopted home of Washington, D.C. When Joe Morris returned to Chicago from his post as an assistant attorney general in the Reagan Administration he helped found the Lincoln Legal Foundation, a public-interest law office, and now heads the United Republican Fund of Illinois, a PAC and public-policy forum. "My experience was replicated many times over," he says. "A lot of young people were credentialed and had very important experience in those Reagan years. That in turn has spawned a lot of multiplier effects." The result, Morris says, is an organizational renaissance, "a phenomenal change from even just ten years ago."

THERE are a score of conservative public-interest law centers around the country. Groups like the Heartland Institute Chicago and the Independence Institute (Golden, Colorado) paved the way for state-based think tanks in the mid 1980s. Then in the late 1980s and early 1990s the idea really took off, until today there are roughly forty of them around the country. (The Heritage Foundation played an incubator role for many of them.) Meanwhile taxpayer groups burgeoned. The National Taxpayers Union pegs the number of state and local groups at about 1,000. "It was a steady growth in the early 1980s, followed by a drop-off in the mid to late 1980s, and then a resurgence in the 1990s," says Pete Sepp, NTU vice president for communications. As environmental regulation reached critical mass in the 1990s, property-rights groups exploded too, creating a influential network where none had been before. Says the Competitive Enterprise Institute's Jonathan Adler: "When their fax networks get going, there are few congressional phone systems that the property-rights groups can't shut down."

Meanwhile, back in Washington, the seeds planted by the likes of Feulner and Weyrich have grown into full-scale institutions. Weyrich's Free Congress Foundation (which he founded right after he left Heritage) has branched into the Third Wave with the 24-hour National Empowerment Television network, and its lobbying arm is host to weekly coalition meetings of the sort Weyrich once dreamed about; representatives of every major Washington conservative group regularly attend, as do House Majority Whip Tom DeLay (R., Tex) and Sen. Paul Coverdell (R., Ga.). Feulner's Heritage has a budget of

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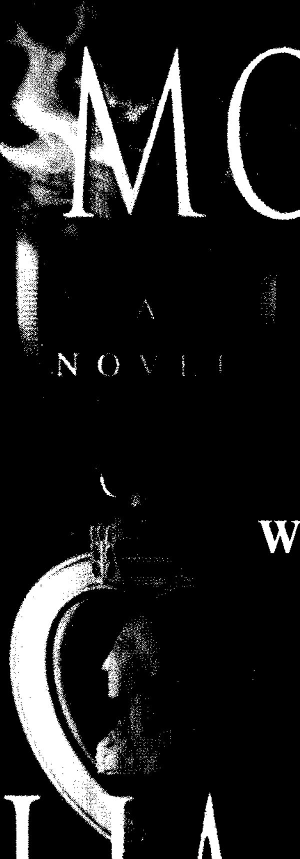

A NOVEL

"As ever, one celebrates Buckley as a novelist."

— *J. K. GALBRAITH*

"Irresistible."

— *PLAYBOY, September*

". . . an irresistible page-turner."

— *The Washington Times*

"There is only one William F. Buckley Jr. . . . Gratitude to him lifts our hearts."

— *RUSH LIMBAUGH*

WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

"thoughtful . . . tale that aspires to genuine greatness. The novel makes a grand statement about the naive heroism in the American spirit."

— *The Washington Post*

$25 million, a staff of 160, and, perhaps more importantly, competition. Which comes most prominently from the libertarian Cato Institute. Cato president Ed Crane spent the 1970s trying to wrest the Libertarian Party into viability—at libertarian events he would desperately search out those few activists “whose eyes tracked”—and then helped in 1977 to found the Cato Institute in California. When it moved to Washington in 1980, Cato was hopelessly outside the influence game. Now it has the ear of Republican congressmen and a new Massachusetts Avenue office building that oozes respectability.

An indispensable complement to all this grass-roots ferment and Washington institution-building has been conservative talk radio. Rush Limbaugh, of course, paved the way in the late 1980s and early 1990s with his radio and TV shows (660 and 240 outlets respectively); his model has been duplicated in markets across the country. “Local Rush Limbaughs . . . are everywhere, and they've all got hugely popular local radio shows,” says Brent Bozell, whose Media Research Center, in Alexandria Va., monitors the mainstream press. These are the conduits through which Beltway conservatives seek to send their message. The House Republican Conference, for instance, faxes out daily updates to hosts. Once Limbaugh and other conservative hosts begin hammering on an issue, they can help turn the national debate. But, perhaps more importantly, talk radio serves as a daily cultural affirmation of conservatism. “Folk music was a very powerful cultural tool for the Left,” says Marshall Wittmann.

Black and Right

“WHAT do you call a black man at a conservative dinner?” my friend Richard Miniter once asked. “Keynote speaker,” he laughed.

That quip used to bear more than a shred of truth. Thomas Sowell has said that if you put America's black conservatives into a room, they would be too sparse for a game of pinochle. But as the conservative movement has matured, those on the black Right have grown from mere curiosities at conservative functions into an increasingly active political force.

“For every person defending Louis Farrakhan, we have someone else on the other side,” CNN producer Susan Toffler said just days before the Million Man March. She named several guests she had booked to confront the pro-Farrakhan forces—Niger Innis, Michael Myers, Star Parker, Ezola Foster. Black conservatives are not just for dinner any more.

When NATIONAL REVIEW was founded in 1955, blacks voted Republican in numbers far higher than today. The Rev. Martin Luther King Sr., in fact, was a Republican. Despite Jim Crow, blacks hewed to the conservative virtues of intact families and entrepreneurship. All this ended, Jack Kemp argues, just as the 1960s began. He recently told black conservatives in Washington that Richard Nixon lost the White House in 1960 because he did not protest Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.'s incarceration for a parking violation that fall. John Kennedy, in contrast, offered Coretta Scott King his support. President Lyndon Johnson's embrace of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 and the Great Society tied blacks to the Democrats for a generation.

This knot has frayed in the last half-dozen years or so. Mounting numbers of blacks, burned out by social programs that tragically underdelivered, avoided the polls at election time. Black conservatives, meanwhile, grew from a handful like author Walter Williams and activist Robert Woodson into numbers large enough to fill hotel ballrooms around the country.

National Minority Politics, a monthly review of news and opinion written primarily by black conservatives, held its second annual leadership conference in Washington on October 7. Gwen and William Richardson, the energetic, high-profile Houston couple who launched the magazine, recently inaugurated Minority Mainstream, a grassroots, non-partisan lobby to promote “strong families, free enterprise, limited government, and community-based problem-solving.”

The Washington-based Project 21 is a sort of light assembly plant for conservative ideas as well as a PR firm to sell them to the media. It books black conservatives on radio and TV interviews and distributes their opinion pieces to some 200 mainstream and 250 black-oriented newspapers.

Market- and virtue-oriented black media have emerged over the last few years. Emmanuel McLittle's *Destiny* and Spencer Perkins's *Urban Family* have joined Elizabeth Wright's *Issues & Views* in providing black conservatives outlets in print. Armstrong Williams in Washington, Rev. Earl Jackson in Boston, and Larry Elder in Los Angeles have taken the cause to the AM dial.

Those on the black Right who have risen to power include U.S. Reps. Gary Franks (R., Conn.) and J. C. Watts (R., Okla.). The November 1994 elections saw black conservatives advance at the state level too. In North Carolina, Henry McKoy and Larry Linney won State Senate and House seats.

However, some on the black Right have grown cranky over the GOP's seeming lack of interest in making broad overtures to blacks. *National Minority Politics* invited every GOP White House contender to its meeting, but Buchanan and Dornan were the only ones who bothered to show up. Too bad for those who stayed away. As Governors Christine Todd Whitman of New Jersey and George Allen of Virginia can attest, even doubling the 10 per cent of blacks who normally vote GOP can crumble a Democrat's base like a Malibu hillside.

Black conservatives are becoming vital links between an ascendant, generally white GOP and 13 per cent of America, most of whom still feel largely alienated from the party of Lincoln. That cranny may be an ironic place to find an influential but outnumbered group of people who preach color blindness. This surely will be a staggering challenge—and perhaps their finest hour.

—DEROY MURDOCK

Mr. Murdock is on the National Board of Minority Mainstream and is President of Loud & Clear Communications.

NR *West*

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Terror Town

ED MOATS

PAUL Glassen is a mental-health professional with three degrees and 29 years experience in social work. He joined the Washington Department of Social and Health Services (DSHS) in Wenatchee, Washington, in 1991 as a child-and-family social worker. His clientele: children and families under court supervision. His job: keep these families intact if possible. Yet Glassen recently fled to Canada with his wife and five-year-old son to keep his own family intact. How this bizarre occurrence came about is a story worth relating.

An office luncheon at Wenatchee's El Abuela restaurant in June 1994 will serve as a convenient starting point. There Glassen witnessed a disquieting colloquy between Tim Abbey, Child Protective Services supervisor at the Wenatchee office of DSHS, and Wenatchee Police Department sex-crimes detective Bob Perez. The topic was local foster parent Bob Devereaux.

Glassen says he knew Devereaux as "the best foster parent in Wenatchee for working with police and juvenile authorities." Devereaux had a solid reputation and an unblemished record of fostering abused and troubled girls—up to 14 at a time—over a period of eight years. "No fewer than 200 girls in Wenatchee owe thanks to him alone for the only stability and support they have ever known." A former foster daughter has said that Devereaux "cared about discipline and about modesty and about us. He went without all year and bought nothing for himself so he could give us a proper Christmas."

BUT Devereaux and his wife had divorced, and DSHS now regarded him—as a single man acting as a foster parent for girls—with dark suspicion. Abbey was determined to shut down Devereaux's foster home, but he lacked a legal pretext. Brimming with braggadocio, Perez assured Abbey that he would shut Devereaux down, illustrating his plan with a blustery innuendo: "Some of the girls in Devereaux's home are old enough to learn to drive. I'll bet he teaches them to drive! Come on, honey, grab this stick shift!" The clear suggestion was that Perez would use accusations of child sexual abuse as a weapon.

Nor was there was any reason for Glassen—one of two witnesses to this conversation, not including Abbey—to consider the suggestion an idle one. On the contrary, two months before, in April 1994, Detective Perez unleashed a series of child sex abuse allegations that would result in over 40 arrests and more than 50 children being removed from their families by DSHS.

Glassen remained untouched by these events until August 4, a day after Bob Devereaux was arrested and charged with sex abuse based on the allegation of a 15-year-old girl whom we shall call A.R. One of Devereaux's foster children, A.R. had herself been arrested the previous weekend for assaulting Devereaux and another foster child by poisoning their beverages. This assault was retaliation against Devereaux for running off A.R.'s boyfriend and placing her on restriction. (Devereaux had allowed some of his girls to camp in his back yard on a warm evening, and when he checked on them at 2 A.M. he had discovered the boy in the tent.)

Glassen was told to visit A.R. in juvenile detention, in order to determine where she could be placed pending trial. As he tells it, A.R. asked him during his visit about the charges against Devereaux, which she had heard about from her attorney. "Is it true Dad's been arrested and the other kids put in other foster homes?" When Glassen affirmed this, A.R. blurted out, "I told the policeman [Perez] a whole bunch of lies about Dad! He was out to get Dad! He said he knew what Dad had done to the other girls! The cop said that Dad had. . . . " Here she paused, horror-stricken, as if realizing that she had been tricked into making a false accusation.

Glassen reported A.R.'s recantation of her charges to the juvenile detention officer, who also happened to be the wife of a deputy prosecutor. The next day, August 5, Glassen was arrested for witness tampering. Police physically escorted him from his office. DSHS told him not to

(Continues on page West-4)

WEST WORLD

■ San Franciscans voting for mayor on November 7 had a choice between an aggressive lesbian, a black guy encouraging University of California students to "terrorize" professors opposed to affirmative action, and an incumbent who in the campaign's waning days had himself photographed naked taking a shower with two visiting male reporters. In the end voters couldn't make up their minds, so there will be a run-off between the naked incumbent and the terrorist. Among the vast majority of San Franciscans, the only disappointment was that they could choose just one.

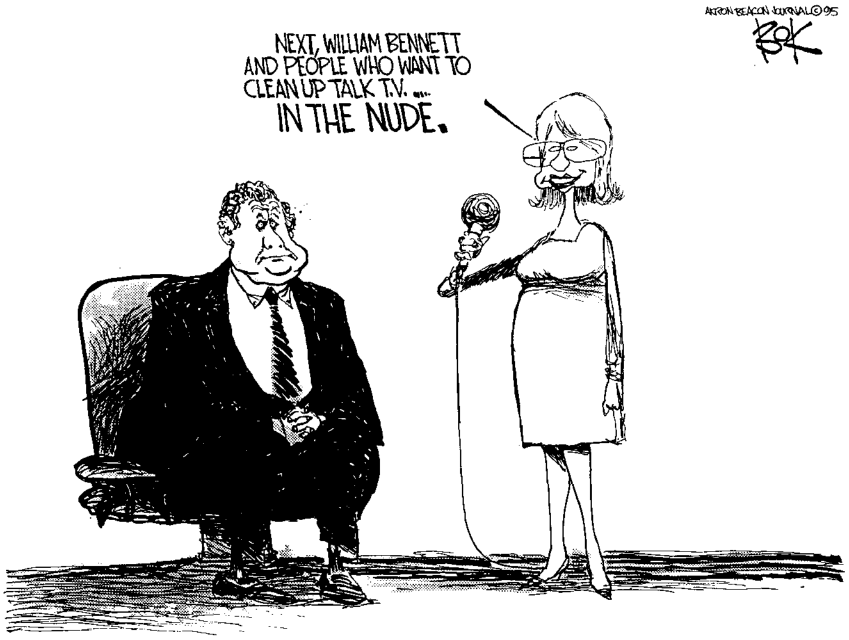
■ "Kitty Cole," a six-foot-five cross-dresser who campaigned in dresses, blonde wig, and high heels, on a platform of "general decadence," lost his bid to be elected mayor of Palm Springs. He apparently passed up a run for office in San Francisco when polls showed he'd be considered too conservative.

■ More serious and lamentable on November 7 was the overwhelming defeat of Referendum 48 in Washington State. It would have required an economic-impact analysis and consideration of alternative measures before the state could regulate or restrict the use of private property. It would also have required compensation to property owners who had their property taken for general public use. The argument against the referendum was predictable: citing a study by the University of Washington's Institute for Public Policy and Management—a questionable study from which even the University tried to distance itself—critics charged that it would swell the bureaucracy and cost between $4 and $11 billion. This presupposed that property would continue to be regulated and taken at the present rate, only with additional paperwork and expense. In other words, the anti-referendum forces framed the issue in terms of efficiency, never confronting the moral component of what Thomas Jefferson called "the first principle of association, the guarantee to everyone the exercise of his industry and the fruits acquired by it." Bill Baldwin, president of the Washington Institute for Policy Studies, which supports the Fifth Amendment, was among those trying to clarify the referendum's true intention in the days leading up to the election: "Was it our Founding Fathers' intent," he asked, "to put a price tag on the Bill of Rights?" Explaining the issue morally and publicizing the implications for Americans' other cherished freedoms will be the task of Washington State's property-rights movement when the next round comes.

■ "I think it is really great for our nation . . . that the Marine Corps has been here, is here, and will be here for generations to come," said Interior Secretary Bruce Babbitt at Camp Pendleton in Oceanside, California. What gives? A sudden burst of patriotism, even militarism, from the bowels of the Clinton Administration? Part of a clever campaign to start lining up non-gay military support in advance of next year's election? No. Actually Babbitt was appreciating Camp Pendleton for preventing development by neighboring cities on its 125,000 acres. In fact, Babbitt had come to attend the signing of an agreement—oddly called a "biological opinion"—between the Marines Corps and the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service to protect native fauna and wildlife on the base, including six endangered species of birds, toads, and fish. The Camp Commander, Major General Claude Reinke, was presented a ceramic bird for the Camp's previous role in cultivating a peaceful nesting area for a particular species of bird. "We've made the birds happy, and we're happy too," said the general, in an oration many compared with Douglas MacArthur's "Duty, Honor, Country" speech at West Point. Semper Flycatcher!

■ The city of Berkeley, California, held a ceremony honoring Vietnam War dead. That scraping sound you hear is the Devil shoveling snow.

■ Tupac Shakur—out of Rikers Island maximum-security jail on a $1.4-million bond posted by Death Row Records—is back in Tarzana, California, recording


AKRON BEACON JOURNAL©95
BOK
NEXT, WILLIAM BENNETT AND PEOPLE WHO WANT TO CLEAN UP TALK T.V. .... IN THE NUDE.

■ Corrections: In the November 6 issue of *NR West*, the second column of the lead article was mistakenly edited to imply that Doris Allen had taken half the Democrats' committee chairs. In fact, the Democrats surrendered half those chairs before Allen became speaker. In the same issue, in the first column on page West-5, California's term-limits initiative was passed in 1990.

records, including a duet with Snoop Doggy Dogg, whose murder trial recently began in Los Angeles. Shakur is appealing a four-and-a-half year sentence for his conviction for holding down a fan in a hotel room while a friend sexually abused her, and currently faces trial in Los Angeles for a weapons violation—the fifth criminal charge brought against him since 1993. Shakur has the words "Thug Life" tattooed on his stomach and his music is blamed for influencing a Texas teenager to kill a state trooper. But he's deeply hurt at the bad rap he gets from his critics: "Let me say for the record, I am not a gangster and never have been. . . . I'm just a brother who fights back. I'm not some violent psycho. I've got a job. I'm an artist." Not that this artist is opposed to gangs. Gangsterism is an all-American pastime, according to Tupac. "What I want to know," he asks, "is why all of a sudden is everybody acting like gangs are some new phenomenon in this country? Almost everyone in America is affiliated with some kind of gang. We got the FBI, the ATF, the police departments, the religious groups, the Democrats and the Republicans. Everybody's got their own little clique and they're all out there gangbanging in their own little way." The worry for law-abiding citizens is not that some artist–thug with a circus name thinks like this, but that this has been precisely the teaching of America's mainstream political scientists for the past fifty years. Thus the last generation of America's leading intellectuals and the burgeoning generation of America's criminal class are in essential agreement in denying the distinction between civilized society and savagery—on which distinction our hold on civilization depends. This, presumably, is why it costs as much to send someone to prison as it does to send him to Harvard.

■ Speaking of the criminal arts, Jane Alexander, chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts, was in Los Angeles recently, bucking up the troops at the Radisson Bel-Air Summit Hotel. Miss Alexander has a political philosophy that rivals artist–mugger Tupac's in its popularity among the criminal–artist–intellectual class: "I always believe," purred the charming actress whose budget was recently cut. "In a political system, it's always possible to get more money later." Translation: Don't ask what your country can do for you . . . name your price and stick to it.

■ Disgruntled college students have been marching and rallying and holding teach-ins, etc., on the nine campuses of the University of California. They are demanding that the UC Board of Regents rescind its decision of last July to roll back affirmative action. In November attention focused on five Hispanic students who took first to hunger-striking over this issue, then to flying around the state seeking pity from elected officials. The chant of choice among these students is not original, having been adopted from the Los Angeles race riot of a few years back. But in this case we give it a B+ for cleverness: "No justice, no peas."

■ Work continues on raising the necessary $1.2 million to place the anti-affirmative action California Civil Rights Initiative on next year's California ballot. And national conservatives like Newt Gingrich are beginning to get actively involved. Apart from the initiative's merits, the reason for their interest is pretty obvious: CCRI is extremely popular among Californians, and will provide coattails next year to Republican candidates—including the Republican presidential candidate—given that Democrats will have to oppose it to shore up their core constituencies. Democratic leaders, understanding this—and realizing that President Clinton's chances require that he win in California—are reduced to either feigned or actual madness: Newt Gingrich is "the Louis Farrakhan of the Republican Party," according to state Democratic chairman Bill Press. "He's trying to tear us apart and destroy. . . . He's done that in Congress and now he's branching out into the states." Judging by the reading on our hate-speech-ometer, CCRI is getting under the right people's skin and is well worth the time and money being spent on it.

■ For the first time since 1930, the Nevada Republicans can claim to be the state's majority party—by a whopping 767-vote margin. We suggest that it not rest on its laurels. To paraphrase a recent U.S. Vice President about the strength of the pro-democracy movement in China: the trend toward GOP dominance in Nevada is irreversible, but that could always change.

■ A Harris Poll on Americans' ten favorite movie stars yielded surprising results when John Wayne came out on top. Wayne, after all, has been dead for 16 years. Still he whipped Costner and Hanks and Stallone and six other living actors. The culture war ain't over yet!

■ One danger of fifty years of United Nations multilateralism is that it dulls the political senses. Nothing seems implausible anymore. Add to this the experience of the Clinton Presidency and the boundaries of the unimaginable dissolve. Thus we hardly blinked a few weeks ago on reading the lead story in the *Los Angeles Times* celebrating the U.N.'s anniversary: "More than 180 kings, princes, presidents, prime ministers, and other national leaders . . . will assemble in [New York] for a series of speeches at the U.N. General Assembly, beginning with one by President Clinton, that will last three days."

MOATS

(Continued from page West-1)

return and suspended him for "misconduct."

Six months later, on February 6, 1995, the District Court dismissed all charges against Glassen and rebuked the prosecution for its case. Despite this, Glassen remained on DSHS suspension and was terminated in late March.

That's when the story really gets chilling.

In April 1995, reporter Tom Grant of KREM-2 News in Spokane telephoned Glassen about an interview he had just taped with a disturbed woman named Linda Miller. The following evening Glassen watched the Miller interview on TV. Miller said she had been subjected to hours of unrelenting interrogation by Detective Perez, until she had signed a statement he prepared for her. This statement claimed that numerous people were part of a large child sex abuse ring that met regularly at Bob Devereaux's home for group orgies with Devereaux's foster children. Miller's statement named names from a list provided by Perez, and Paul

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BALLOTS VS. BULLETS REVISITED

Riots and Politics

DURING the O. J. Simpson trial there was much speculation—most of it wholly facetious—about white riots in the event of an acquittal. Speculation about black riots in the case of a conviction was not so facetious. Indeed, riots and the threat of riots have almost become an accepted part of the judicial system in southern California. "No justice, no peace" is the legal term of art for this new judicial procedure.

The rioters following the first Rodney King trial were successful in predetermining the outcome of the second, federal prosecution. Jury deliberations proceeded with full consciousness of the fact that an acquittal would probably invoke the new judicial proceeding. The outcome was a foregone conclusion. What juror would want to be responsible for provoking a new round of deadly riots?

Johnny Cochran's pleas to the O.J. jury to ignore the guilt or innocence of his client and "send a message" to America's governing institutions that racism will no longer be tolerated was a plea not just to the jury, but to all people of color in the community. If the jury failed to send a message, the community was to act in its stead—to nullify the jury decision by rioting. After all, this procedure worked to perfection in the Rodney King case.

Rioting has been praised at the highest levels of politics as a legitimate instrument not only of the judicial process but of social policy as well. During the Rodney King riots even George Bush allowed as how the rioters' grievances were justified and would be rectified by federal prosecutors. Democratic members of Congress frequently warn that a failure to fund inner-city youth and welfare programs will result in "long, hot summers." Maxine Waters, Congresswoman from Los Angeles, routinely refers to the Rodney King riot as a "rebellion," thus implying that it was a justified reaction of the black community against the endemic injustice of American society. The fact that most of the rioters who were arrested were Hispanic (and a high percentage of these were illegal aliens) only underscores the fact that all people of color suffer under the same system of racial oppression. Indeed, one well-known law professor has argued that rioting itself is a form of expression that is fully protected by the First Amendment—a simple matter of "matching one's rhetoric to his outrage."

Lest anyone harbor the idea that only people of color use the political device of rioting to press their racial and ethnic class claims, a startling revelation has been made recently: white people riot every election day! In a burst of liberal hysteria that is bizarre even for the post-O.J. era, a liberal academic writing in the *Los Angeles Times* notes that white people have been rioting for years, "but when white people riot, they do it silently, almost invisibly, albeit painfully." African-Americans in Los Angeles who made a visible display of "celebrating a symbolic court victory" after the O.J. verdict will more than likely suffer real and irreparable harm from the backlash of an angry, albeit invisible and silent, white majority.

What will result from this backlash? The angry majority will move to eliminate affirmative-action programs "so that jobs and education will be more readily available to whites." Other results of white rioting will undoubtedly be the elimination of welfare and free medical services to illegal immigrants, the elimination of bilingual education and, if this liberal academic is to be believed, the dismantling of the entire welfare state. But, as in all riots, there will be many innocent victims—children, the poor, the old, and in general all minorities who don't have the luxury of confining their riots to the ballot box. The ballot box may be the indispensable tool of democracy, but it is also the silent, deadly killer of the welfare state.

HOW can this stealth killer—the HIV virus of the body-politic—be stopped? Simple: election nullification. If elections are dominated by angry whites who are bent on doing harm to discrete and insular minorities, there is no reason that majorities should have any moral authority in the welfare state. Jury nullification—a powerful lesson learned from the O.J. verdict—can be expanded to "send a message" to the invisible, silent rioters who hide behind their ballot boxes. Think about how easy it would have been to protect the welfare state if the November 1994 election could have been nullified. Affirmative action would be safe; welfare would be safe; indeed, all the Great Society programs would be beyond the reach of angry whites.

The group that contributed most solidly to last year's Republican victory was white males. That in itself should have been enough to nullify the election. It is a matter of no little wonder that a suit to invalidate the election has not been entertained by some federal court. But, then again, wouldn't it be healthier for democracy if these stealth rioters abandoned the privileged shelter of their ballot boxes and appeared openly and honestly in public?

—EDWARD J. ERLER

Mr. Erler is a member of the California Advisory Commission on Civil Rights.

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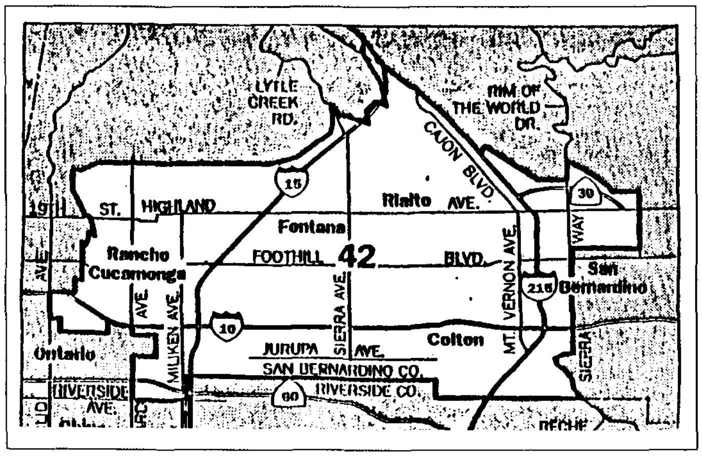
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In March 1996, the California 42nd Congressional district holds its primary to select the Republican candidate who will oppose self-serving, 16-term democratic incumbent, George Brown. For the first time in three decades, a Republican candidate will be victorious in this race.

In the current Congressional session, conservative Republicans have four main legislative initiatives on their agenda:

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For four decades, the Democrat-controlled Congress has created a society of dependency rather than self-sufficiency; a society that shifts blame instead of taking responsibility; and enacting legislation contributing to the decline of our moral fabric. Moral decay and disintegration of institutions, neighborhoods and families are issues that challenge us today. We are making an open call for support from conservative republicans across the nation. Invest in the future! Invest in America! Invest in Stephen C. Stewart, the best candidate! The future success of this great nation is in your hands!

Thank you!

Glassen's name was one of them. Miller tearfully recanted and apologized to Wenatchee for her false allegations. But Glassen knew that wouldn't matter and foresaw the next step: DSHS would seize his son. Within 48 hours he had his family in Canada.

MEANWHILE Bob Devereaux—despite A.R.'s recantation—was driven into legal-fee insolvency with charges of hundreds of counts of child rape and molestation, until finally all these charges were dropped in exchange for guilty pleas to two misdemeanors unrelated to child sex abuse.

Intimidation through accusation became a pattern in Wenatchee. Another victim is Pastor Robert Roberson of the Wenatchee Pentecostal Church of God House of Prayer. When church member Idella Everett was charged with raping her children, Roberson tried to help her. The Superior Court in Wenatchee allowed her to plead "no contest" despite the fact that she is retarded. Roberson, however, had documentary evidence in which Mrs. Everett's oldest child said there was no abuse. He presented this at Mrs. Everett's sentencing hearing and was subsequently arrested for child sex abuse himself. According to Marvin Sparks, a member of Roberson's church, Roberson had told a protest meeting just moments before being taken that detective Perez threatened him with arrest "if he didn't keep his mouth shut." "Every one that has spoken out against [the accusations] has been jailed," Sparks said.

Roberson and his wife have not seen their five-year-old daughter, Rebekah, since DSHS removed her from them last March. Jury selection in Roberson's trial began November 14. Having had extensive "therapy," Rebekah is now the state's key witness.

Another victim is Larry Daly, a defense investigator for Honnah Sims, one of Roberson's Sunday School teachers. Mrs. Sims was acquitted this summer of sex crimes allegedly committed at Roberson's church. The jury at her trial expressed shock and outrage that the prosecution possessed no evidence except the uncorroborated tale of a well-coached child. At one point during his investigation for Sims, Daly was told by DSHS that he himself was wanted on child-abuse charges.

These events in Wenatchee are a textbook case of arrogance of power. Social workers, police, and prosecutors have slipped their collars and turned on their masters. But the object of their attack makes it especially terrifying: the family has traditionally been one of the least vincible centers of private or societal authority. Modern ideologies suggesting that the state knows best, portraying the traditional family as only one of many equally valid "life styles," and even condemning the family as a slave institution, have made such attacks more likely and perhaps less shocking to read about.

It should give us serious pause. ☐

Mr. Moats is a community college teacher and freelance writer in Bellingham, Washington.

CALIFORNIA FLAT TAX INITIATIVE

Flat Tax Facts

Howard Kaloogian

IN 1978, California voters overwhelmingly approved Proposition 13, which slashed skyrocketing property taxes and sparked a nationwide tax revolt that culminated in Ronald Reagan's 1981 tax cut. In 1990, Californians passed Proposition 140, which placed term limits on state legislators, cut their budgets and staffs, and ended their pensions, presaging the massive and still ongoing popular movement for term limits and citizen legislatures. Last year's Proposition 187, which ends public assistance for illegal aliens, catapulted what had largely been confined to a regional issue onto the national stage, where it rightly belongs and where it will surely be a topic of debate in the 1996 presidential campaign.

Thus the stakes in these initiative battles are often very high. After all, why did the National Education Association and its California affiliate spend nearly $20 million to defeat a miserably-funded school-voucher initiative in 1993? They understood that a voucher law in California would have huge influence—and sap their power—nationally.

So powerful is California's capacity to dominate America's political conversation that the mere prospect of the California Civil Rights Initiative—which, after all, has not yet qualified for the 1996 ballot—can spark a spirited public debate about racial and gender preferences and throw America's decades-old experiment with affirmative action under an intense national spotlight.

But CCRI is not the only California initiative that will shove the national debate forward next year: economists Arthur Laffer and Victor Canto and I have written and plan to qualify the California Flat Tax Initiative.

The premise is simple: taxes should be an instrument for raising revenues for the legitimate purposes of a limited government—not as social engineering tools with which to punish or reward certain behavior or to redistribute resources. In order to preserve personal liberty and promote economic prosperity, taxes should be levied at the lowest possible rate and on the broadest possible base—but at a rate equal for everyone.

The California Flat Tax Initiative will replace the tangled web of taxes, fees, exemptions, deductions, credits, carry-forwards, deferrals, and loopholes with a flat-rate personal income tax of approximately 5 per cent and a flat-rate business net sales tax of about 1.4 per cent. It will eliminate over 300 taxes and fees, including the sales tax, the personal income tax, the bank and corporation tax, and the gasoline and diesel tax. It maintains personal income deductions for mortgage interest or rent, social security, charitable contributions, and interest on state and municipal bonds.

No less important is the taxpayer-protection plan built into the initiative.

Mr. Kaloogian represents California's 74th Assembly District, which covers northern San Diego County.

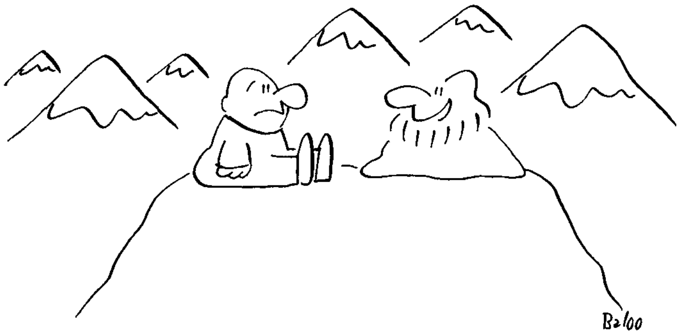
By requiring a two-thirds vote of the people before the legislature may increase the tax rate, it places firmer control over the taxing authority in the hands of the electorate. It also puts a constitutional limit on state-government revenues, effectively freezing the government growth that has driven California's high-tax regime. And it mandates that any surplus revenues be returned to the taxpayers in the form of reduced rates in the following year.

These policies would be good medicine for any state. But nowhere are they as needed as in California, whose suffocating regime of taxes and regulation has been dubbed a "finely tuned job-killing machine." The state has lost nearly one million jobs since the beginning of the decade, most of them to Arizona and Nevada, whose low-tax environments don't punish increased productivity and job creation.

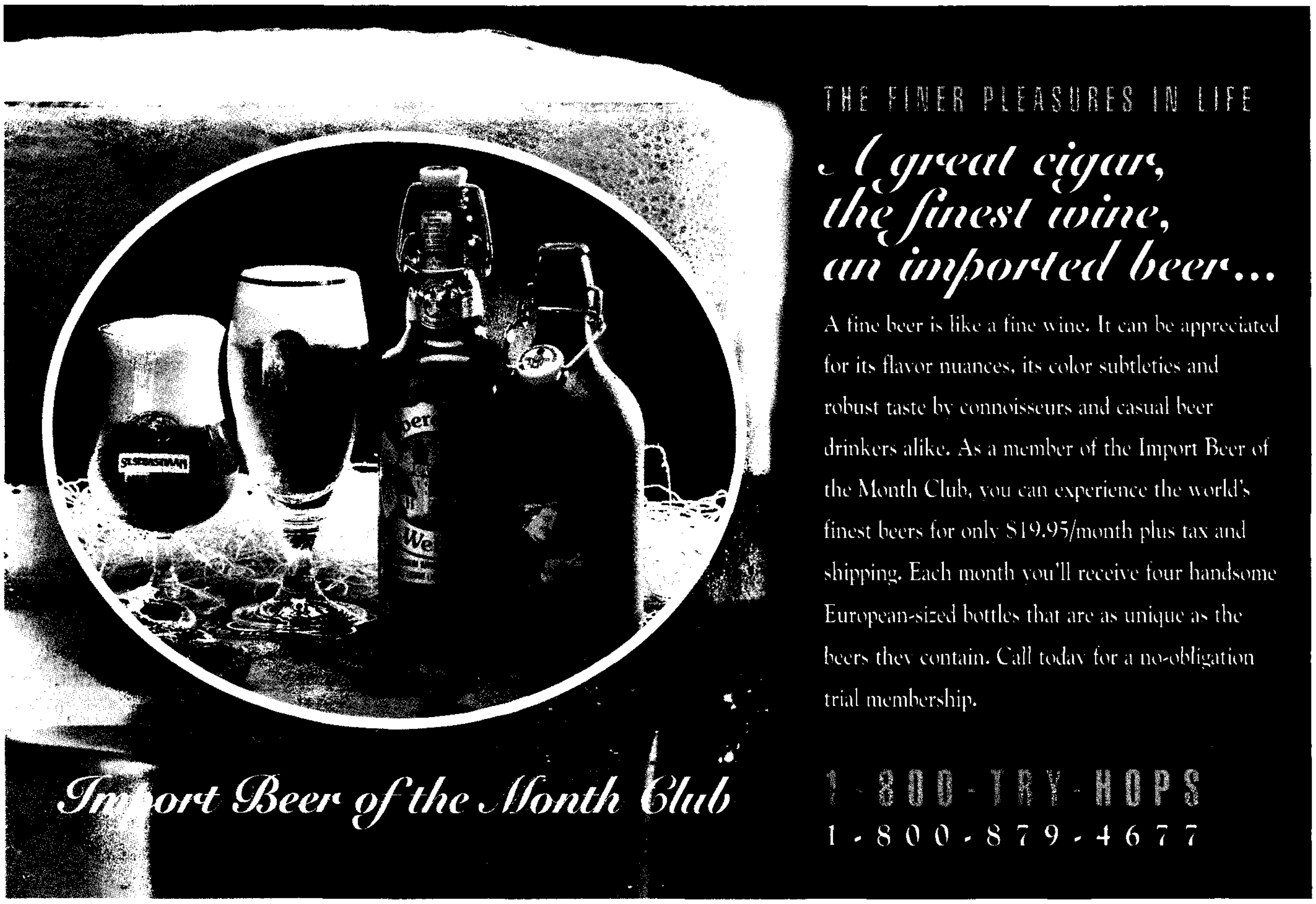
With a flat tax, California's natural beauty and proximity to the Pacific Rim will come into play again, luring industries in. Current residents will also benefit, as the increase in gross state product increases state revenues, thereby lowering the tax rates and expanding profits to business and increasing household incomes.

What about the national benefits of a successful California flat-tax initiative? Unlike even a year ago, the prospect of enacting a federal flat tax is actually encouraging. House Majority Leader Dick Armey has proposed a 17 per cent version, and a number of prominent Republicans endorse his or other versions. Even the media now treats the idea of a flat tax more seriously than a flat earth. Still, it would be a mistake to hope that Congress will enact such a reform if left to its own devices. Outside pressure must be brought to bear, which is something a bellwether state like California is uniquely qualified to do—first by getting the flat tax discussed nationally next year and then by proving that it works in practice.

The California Flat Tax Initiative has been submitted to the Attorney General for title and summary. Then 693,230 registered voters' signatures will have to be collected by June 27 to place it on the November ballot. If the initiative passes, it will take effect January 1, 1997. State tax forms filled out in the Spring of '98 will be the size of a postcard. More important, the taxes will be fair and the economy will prosper. And California will stand again as a golden example to the nation. □



"That's right. I took your money and didn't teach you a darn thing—enlightening, isn't it?"



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WEST COAST OBSERVER

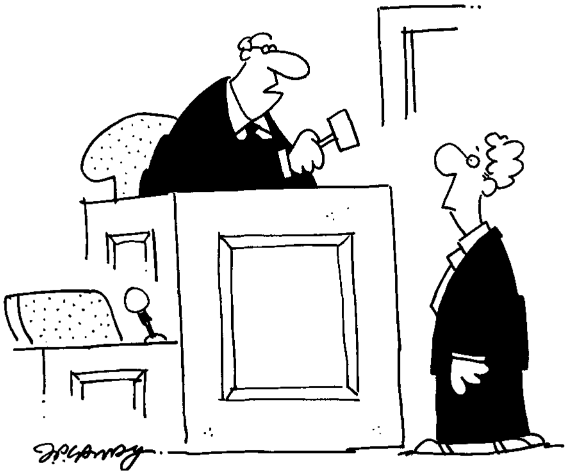
The Great Divide

I NEVER wanted to be bi-anything, but I have, alas, become bi-coastal, with homes and offices in Washington, D.C., and California. I suppose that bi-coastalism is the first step to rootless cosmopolitanism, but for now the frequent back-and-forth between my native West and adopted East has opened a fresh vista on the great divide in American politics and culture. The common view is that this divide is simply between left and right. But my own split-screen view of the country suggests that it owes something to geography, and perhaps—with apologies to Montesquieu—climate.

It has long been said that out in the real America—outside the Beltway—the most feared words are, "I'm from Washington and I'm here to help." For a Western native transplanted inside the Beltway, the most feared words are, "I know a good Mexican restaurant—no, really!" This is only the beginning of the trouble. Washington's dress code is the toughest this side of Star Fleet. The standard of apparel, along with the faux seriousness of the facial countenance while riding the Metro, seems in inverse proportion to the genuine productivity of the worker. Dressing down on Saturday means madras slacks and polo shirts. Birkenstocks and t-shirts—my favored apparel—mark you out as some kind of hippie freak. Blue jeans seem as scarce as in the Soviet Union. The only place you'll find a cowboy is in the Smithsonian.

It has long been a cliché that too many conservatives come to Washington determined to clean out the swamp, only to decide after a while that Washington is less a swamp than a hot tub. (I have always thought that Stan Evans's famous query should be mounted on a plaque outside every conservative's office: "Why is it that when one of us gets into a position of power, he is no longer one of us?") It worries me to see so many conservatives profiled in the glossy pages of *GQ* and *George*. Conservatives in Washington profess to hate Washington, but few ever leave. That would be a bad career move.

We are conditioned to believe that the Western states are provincial. But as a bi-coaster I can't help thinking it is the East that is truly provincial—reminiscent of the famous headline from a British paper declaring: "Fog in Channel, Continent Cut Off." Case in point is the recent 50th anniversary issue of *Commentary*, which featured short essays by 72 conservative writers in a symposium about "the national prospect." What is striking about this collection is not only that most of the writers are exceedingly gloomy about the national prospect, but also that only two of the 72 writers hail from west of the Mississippi River. And those lonely two—James Q. Wilson and Arnold Beichman—had made their reputations in the East before relocating in the West. More than half the contributors were from Washington, D.C., or New York City. Is it really true that there are no Western writers of national repute worthy of commenting on America's future?



"I hereby sentence you to get a life . . ."

Reading these mostly gloomy assessments—this after America's triumph in the Cold War and the most decisive ideological election in half a century, resulting in a Congress that talks about a conservative revolution—suggests that the *Commentary* symposium could have better been titled "The Northeastern Prospect." A visitor from Mars (or Montana) could be forgiven for thinking he was reading about 1968, not 1995 America. On a deeper level, the crabbed pessimism about America that one finds so routinely among even the brightest Eastern conservatives provides a fresh reminder of why Ronald Reagan could never have emerged from the East: he was too happy and optimistic about America's future.

THIS natural sunniness reminds us also of why the West's takeover of the Republican party, beginning with Goldwater, was needed. There is a certain can-do spirit about Western conservatives that has supplied much of the kinetic energy of conservatism, as well as exemplifying the manly spirit that is essential to free citizenship. Faced with a problem, they won't found a half-dozen learned journals to parse the issue. They'll get a bulldozer and cut the road—federal bureaucrats notwithstanding.

This has literally been the case with the property-rights movement—a Western product. Property rights have taken center stage in Washington since last year's election, but during the '80s I continually argued with conservatives in Washington that they deserved more attention and agitation. I couldn't understand the lack of interest until recently, when it occurred to me that there is so little private property inside the Beltway.

Sometimes I think climate explains something about the Eastern outlook. Perhaps the punishing summer humidity and long gray winters incline people to wallow indoors in their ideological misery. The Western attitude is, "Sure, the schools are bad and the culture is rotten—but let's go to the beach or climb a mountain and get away from them for awhile. Get outdoors. Get a life."

Westerners may write fewer compound sentences suitable for Eastern symposia, but they seem a lot happier. That makes for better conservatism. —STEVEN HAYWARD

Mr. Hayward is research and editorial director of the Pacific Research Institute.

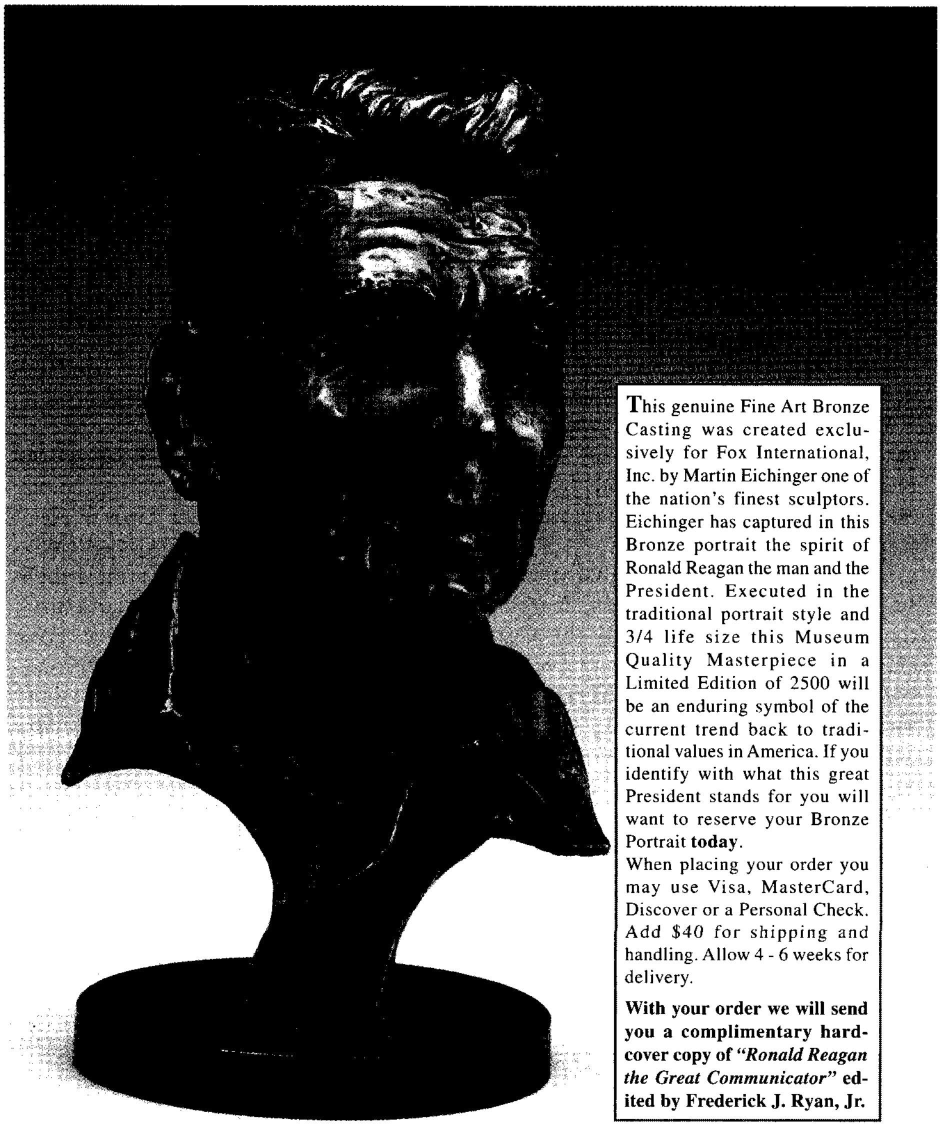
"If leftists wanted to have their views validated they'd go to a Pete Seeger and the Weavers concert. . . . Now you just flip on the radio and you listen to Rush."

It is in this conservative scene, brimming with local activism, supported by an impressive Washington infrastructure, and drawing on the crucial communications tool of talk radio, that a Grover Norquist can thrive. Norquist—who has the bearded intensity of a revolutionary, but the high spirits of a college sophomore—plies the new conservative world with an almost instinctive expertise. When Norquist meets someone it isn't long before he's telling him he just has to meet someone else, or fax out a "one-pager" on his issues, or contribute to the movement's cohesion and momentum in some other way. Norquist's own weekly coalition meetings draw together representatives from groups as disparate as the Christian Coalition and the Competitive Enterprise Institute, U.S. Term Limits and the National Rifle Association, all encouraged to play with "rounded elbows" in the effort to push "our team" to victory.

In 1994 this vision clicked beautifully. "The Democrats went out in 1993–94 and irritated every part of our coalition," says Norquist. "They threatened the gun people; they insulted the Christians; they threatened the home-schoolers; they upset the private-schoolers; they raised taxes; they attacked property rights; they attacked the small-business community; hell, they even convinced the big-business community that these guys were absolutely nuts." The result was a rout. The tensions between all these conservative groups are resolved ultimately, Norquist thinks, by the fact that what all of them want most is to be left alone by government—it's the "Leave it Alone" coalition. And he sees the movement's disparate aspect, with a variety of groups at different levels pushing for their own parts of the broad agenda, as a strength. In fact, Norquist's organizational theory has the free-wheeling sensibility of a Nike ad. "You start and you just do things," he says. "And if you do things that make sense, you attract money, you attract activists, you attract staff, things work. So you go out, and you pick a fight, and you throw punches, and you organize through activity."

There is little doubt that given the right conditions the modern conservative movement, the Leave Us Alone coalition, is an effective force, able to deliver a message and organize myriad troops around it. But it has potential fissures: Do social conservatives really just want to be left alone? Will protectionism be a new source of division on the Right? And so on. How these will play out remains to be seen.

Moreover, the conservative movement is as much an expression of mass changes in American political sentiment as it is one of its causes—just as, earlier, Ronald Reagan was put in office by voters disgusted by double-digit interest rates and the Iranian hostage crisis rather than simply by New Right grass-roots organizing. For the moment, the force of public opinion is still with conservatism. Even so, some hint of the difficulties that could confront these conservative groups was given by the Powell boomlet. While a dozen such activists looked desperate and small at a National Press Club conference denouncing General Powell, he rode a wave of support even among Republicans, that made his deviations from movement orthodoxy seem unimportant. Had he decided to run, he would have had a good



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shot at winning the nomination, and perhaps giving a boost to GOP moderates at the very moment when they are intellectually and politically bankrupt. It's still possible that forces outside the movement's control will arise to steal its nascent victory—the history of politics is full of aborted revolutions, from Thermidor to Watergate.

So the conservative movement, despite its sweeping victory in 1994, should not overestimate its power, dependent as it is on political conditions that are often outside its control. Without the general rightward turn in public opinion—itself a response to events that confirmed conservatism's warnings rather than a surrender to its peerless logic—the movement would still be whistling Dixie. □

By the Right–Vote!

KELLYANNE FITZPATRICK

OVER the past year "revolution" has been the expression most commonly used to describe the events of November 8, 1994. Revolutions need ideas, but they also need foot soldiers. Who are the foot soldiers of the new majority? There is a good deal of overlap, with many individuals belonging to several groups, but nonetheless five categories emerge.

White Southerners. In 1992, when many Republicans joined the "Anyone but Bush" stampede, a majority of Southern whites remained loyal to the Republican ticket. A slim majority, granted (53 per cent); but that number surged to 65 per cent in 1994, marking the most significant gain for the GOP among any demographic group over the two-year period. The results included special-election victories in Kentucky and Oklahoma, and a sweep (governorship and two Senate seats) in Al Gore's home state of Tennessee.

Although recent polling data suggest some hesitancy among Southern whites toward certain programs associated with the GOP, there are grounds for cheerfulness. Last month Republicans doubled their membership in the Louisiana statehouse; and the retirement, of four Southern Democratic senators including Howell Heflin (Alabama) and Sam Nunn (Georgia), makes more plausible Republicans hopes that they will have sixty or more Senate seats by the end of 1996.

It's indicative that five of the top six congressional leaders are from the South: Speaker Gingrich (Georgia), House Majority Leader Armey (Texas), House Majority Whip DeLay (Texas), Senate Majority Whip Trent Lott (Mississippi), and Conference Chairman Thad Cochran (Mississippi). Combine these factors with President Clinton's anti-tobacco strategy, and you find fertile ground for an even broader GOP sweep of the South in 1996.

Gun Owners and Evangelical Christians. These two voting blocs form the nucleus of what Grover Norquist calls the "Leave Us Alone" coalition. To them, as they try to raise their children, worship their God, and protect themselves and their property, government is public enemy number one. Rather than try to ignore government, these voters have mobilized to shape it—and to keep it accountable.

Public opinion in 1994 witnessed a dramatic shift from traditional pocketbook concerns toward a focus on values. According to the Democratic National Committee's polling figures, the number of people identifying jobs and the economy as the most important problem dropped 14 points that year, while concern with crime and moral decline jumped 23 points.

Even though the nation's gun owners support candidates from both parties, the anti-gun legislation of the 103rd Congress was predominantly identified with the Democrats. By a 6 to 1 margin (71 per cent to 11 per cent), voters who opposed the Crime Bill opted for the Republican candidate over the Democrat in 1994.

And they have been rewarded. The erosion of the Second Amendment in the first two years of the Clinton Presidency has been halted in the 104th Congress. The first session of that Congress featured Republican committee and subcommittee chairmen holding hearings on Waco and Ruby Ridge. These facts, plus the continued need to fight "concealed carry" laws in the states, guarantee continuing political participation by Second Amendment advocates.

The political philosophy of evangelical Christians, meanwhile, who make up 10 per cent of the nation's total electorate, has two simple postulates: the government is not God; parents know best how to raise their children. Rather than respond to the concerns of this voting bloc, the Democrats in 1994 formed an institutional strategy to attack them. The Democrats remain fiercely opposed to parental notification and voluntary school prayer, and they denounced the Christian Coalition as a diabolical fringe movement. Fundamentalists across the nation trekked to the voting booth and responded in kind.

Participation by born-again whites increased from just under one-fourth (24 per cent) of the total national vote in 1992 to one-third (33 per cent) in 1994. According to *New York Times* exit polling, three-fourths (76 per cent) of this voting bloc opted for the GOP congressional candidate, with similar numbers reported in senatorial and gubernatorial races. A report issued by the Christian Coalition on the night of the election noted that "of the approximately 48 seats Republican candidates picked up today, about 38 were won by candidates who embraced religious conservative themes."

Small-Business Owners. More than 20 million men and women across the country own small businesses. A 1994 post-election poll commissioned by the Small Business Survival Committee (SBSC)—a non-profit, non-partisan advocacy group with 42,000 members—revealed that two-thirds of small-business owners believed that the Federal Government is an "opponent" rather than a partner in their pursuit of the American Dream. (Among the general population, 60 per cent hold this view.)

"There was a growing political activism among small-business owners during the Bush years, with the passage of numerous regulations and the Family Medical Leave Act," recalls Karen Kerri-

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Miss Fitzpatrick is president of The Polling Company in Washington, D.C.

gan, president of the SBSC. "But the Clinton Presidency has been the ultimate prodding factor. He campaigned as a 'New Democrat,' then came to office and raised taxes. He fired up the alphabet soup of regulatory agencies, including OSHA, the EPA, and the EEOC, to go after businesses on a confrontational, rather than a cooperative, basis. The damage to small business has been so direct and in-your-face." And in the year preceding the historic election of 1994, the Clintons had given small-business owners an additional reason to hate and fear them: the devastating employer mandates in their plan for national health-care reform.

It is not surprising, then, that more than 80 per cent of small-business owners and employees who were registered to vote did so in 1994, with a majority of them voting GOP. They chose Republicans over Democrats in a ratio of 2.5 to 1 as "the best hope for the future."

Look for "Mom and Pop" to take center stage in 1996 as tax reform goes beyond ideological debate to nuts-and-bolts decision-making, addressing such concerns as the fate of the payroll tax under a flat income tax and the compliance costs and reporting burdens associated with a national sales tax.

The importance of the small-business vote is underscored by a look at the 73-member GOP freshman class. A high percentage of them have never before held elective office; they come not from the State Assembly, but from their own florist shops, cement companies, and general stores. Small-business owners are not *merely* electing GOP members of Congress, they are *becoming* them.

Talk-Radio Listeners. With the rise in alternative media, the silent majority has, at last, found a voice.

That voice became their vote last November 8. A 1994 post-election survey by The Luntz Research Companies showed that Democratic congressional candidates got a majority (51 per cent) of the vote of those who listen to no talk radio. Only 35 per cent of moderate talk-radio listeners—those who tune in for between 1 and 10 hours per week—voted Democratic. And for the most faithful listeners—those who tuned in for 11 hours per week or more—the GOP candidate had a 3 to 1 advantage.

Talk-radio listeners are spread across the country, with high concentrations in the Bible Belt and Western/Rocky Mountain states. All factors indicate a repeat in 1996 of their strong support for Republican congressional candidates.

The Ones to Watch

Hidden behind the committed voting blocs of the new majority are additional blocs of voters whose support for GOP candidates in 1994—though mostly falling short of 50 per cent—had increased markedly from 1992. As such, these voter blocs are the ones to watch as the Democratic Party attempts to revive its traditional base and Republicans strive to expand theirs.

Catholics. In an election year defined by a reassessment of personal responsibility and traditional values, Catholics, who cast three of every ten ballots in

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YEAR OF THE ELEPHANT

1994, broke their historic alignment with the Democrats and handed Republicans a majority of their vote (52 per cent)—a 9 per cent increase from 1992.

To be sure, America's 59 million Catholics have diverse positions on the issues. This sets them somewhat apart from their brethren in the evangelical movement (Catholics account for only about 10 per cent of Christian Coalition membership), who tend to speak with a much more unified voice on a core agenda.

Women. The most underreported story for Republicans in 1996 was the female phenomenon: a combination of low turnout among classes of women who usually vote Democratic (e.g., non-college-educated women), and a vote of confidence for the GOP by segments of the female vote which are critical to election victory (55 per cent of white women voted Republican in 1994).

Women, at 53 per cent, account for not only a majority of the electorate, but also a majority of those voters who describe themselves as evangelical Christians and pro-life voters. The so-called Religious Right is largely made up of women. Add to this the nearly 7 million women who own their own businesses, and it is easy to see why the GOP made inroads in 1994.

Lower-income families. Voters who live in households with gross annual incomes between $15,000 and $30,000 gave Democrats a majority of their votes in the last congressional election (52 per cent, against 48 for Republicans). However, just two years earlier, Democrats had enjoyed a 57 to 43 per cent victory over Republicans among the same voting bloc. This marks a 5-point rise for Republicans, and a 10-point drop for Democrats.

These data suggest an unraveling of the blue-collar coalition that has been a mainstay of the Democratic Party for decades. To lower- and middle-income individuals who get out of bed each morning to go to work, economic security lies in open opportunity allowing for upward mobility, not in entitlements that entrench them in their current socioeconomic status. This explains why class-warfare arguments have failed to catch fire during the welfare, balanced-budget, and tax-reform debates this year: middle-class voters don't hate the rich; they want to *be* the rich.

Generation Xers. These 20-somethings were raised more by television than by their parents, and they are mastering the Internet while their parents still have "12:00" flashing on their VCRs. In 1992, they gave a saxophone-playing, MTV-appearing, sunglass-wearing Baby Boomer a majority of their vote, whereas he was unable to get more than 43 per cent among the general population. Now, these same voters are disappointed with Clinton's job as President; they demand Gingrichian performance-based politics, favor term limits, and reject intrusive government. Civic duty, however, is not enough to get them to the polls. They will turn out and become a central voting bloc only if they find a *reason* to vote. The last three years have produced more than enough.

DEMOCRATIC denial aside, current indicators suggest that the elections of 1994 were no aberration, but rather the beginning of a true sea change. Since taking office, Bill Clinton has suffered the flight of 158 Democratic legislators to GOP ranks. In contrast, the Republicans are solidifying their core constituency, while reaching out to Perot voters and groups that formerly were solid Democrats.

And although the voting blocs of the new majority have different emphases, they are bound by their common goals rather than divided by their different ways of arriving there. The result is a movement coalition greater than the sum of its parts. ☐

Debating Rights

RAMESH PONNURU

DIVERSITY is a strength, so the platitude goes, and conservatives seem to have taken the lesson to heart. On this theory, the movement's fractiousness is a testament to its vitality. In the giddy weeks after last year's elections, more than a few observers noted that all the important debates in American politics were taking place within the Republican Party. Intellectually, it's the only game in town.

The hot debate among conservatives right now concerns tax reform. One group, led by House Majority Leader Dick Armey (R., Tex.), wants a flat tax; the other approach, championed by House Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer (R., Tex.), would abolish the income tax altogether and replace it with a retail sales tax. Since Armey's flat tax exempts savings, the proposals are both consumption taxes with roughly identical economic effects. The distinction, according to sales-tax advocates, is that their plan would eliminate the hated IRS and all its intrusiveness. But flat-taxers worry that a national sales tax would eventually be levied at every stage of production to prevent evasion, and that politicians could easily raise such a hidden tax. Most of all, they fear that pushing for a sales tax would leave America burdened by both an income tax *and* a sales tax.

Think-tankers and journalists have dominated the discussion to date, congressional action being pointless with Clinton in the White House. Republican presidential candidates Steve Forbes, Arlen Specter, and Richard Lugar are pushing the issue vigorously. The flat-taxers have been winning the early rounds of this debate, and Jack Kemp's Tax Reform Commission is widely expected to endorse a flat tax (although not necessarily Armey's version of it). But as sales-tax booster Stephen Moore, the Cato Institute's director of

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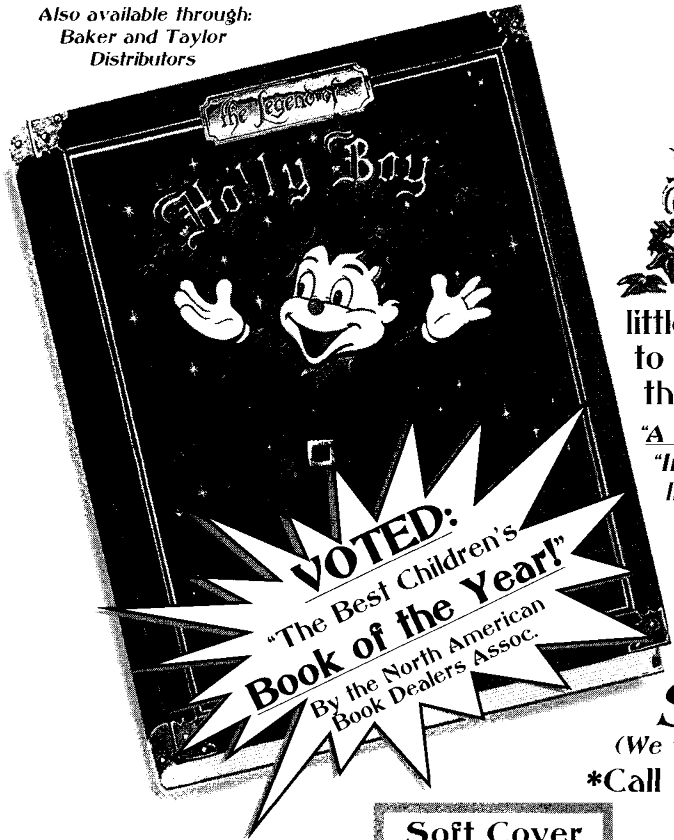
Mr. Ponnuru is NR's *national reporter.*



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Holly Boy
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Boca Raton, FL 33496
VISA, MC and AMEX accepted

Hard Cover
at $15.95
isbn#0-9640474-0-3

"The Legend Of Holly Boy"

By Frank Latino

This is a Christmas story about a little girl who was sad at Christmas, because her dad cut up a Holly tree to make Holly wreaths. This child felt that at Christmas time, "everyone and everything should be happy." But the Holly wreath could not possibly be happy, all cut up, and tied.

That evening ,she prayed that God would make the Holly wreath happy...and it spun around, and became a little Holly Boy.

Holly Boy told her that he had never been happier, because now, as a holly wreath, he gives pleasure to other people, and by making others happy, you are happy, and so it goes "round and round", and Holly Boy spun around again.

Holly Boy then takes the little girl back through time, and space, back to the little town of Bethlehem. As they watched, three kings were approaching the stable where the holy family were gathered.

Across from the stable, they noticed a little holly tree, but it was evident that this tree was dying, because it was all wilted, and had turned brown. This was, however, a magical night, and they heard the little dying holly tree make a wish, that he "could give himself to the child,".

The star of Bethlehem shines brighter, floats down to earth, becomes an angel, and the angel asks the holly tree if he would really give himself to this holy child, and the tree says he would, but he makes such a shabby gift, then the star of Bethlehem angel, transforms the dying tree into a bright green "everlasting" tree, and creates Holly Boy, to bring happiness to anyone who is sad at Christmas.

Holly Boy then brings the little girl to the "woodland wonderland" where he and his friends lived. But in this land king Otto ruled, and would not believe this story of love, and everlasting life, so he attacks Holly Boy, the Christmas Tree Queen, the Pine Princess, Miss Mistletoe, Poinsettia Patty, and all the other Friends of Holly Boy and destroys them all. King Otto must prove that everyone must die, and only the strong will survive".

Now the animals overwhelm king Otto with snowballs, and he steps backwards and falls over a cliff. The angel again appears, and rewards everyone for their bravery by making them all evergreen plants, with everlasting life, Holly Boy and the little girl return home...".

A Review By:
THE BOOK READER MAGAZINE

THE LEGEND OF HOLLY BOY, By Frank Latino. Xmas and Christmas are two different things. Xmas is about commercialism. But Christmas enthralls with the original heritage of a child in a manager, the birth of the Savior. *The Legend of Holly Boy* is **a proud, joyful reminder of Christmas**, its meaning, its golden effect on those who accept the essence of eternal life. a little girl named Linda is sad because the holly wreath in her window is all cut up and tied, and has sacrificed its own well being for the celebration of Christmas. Linda goes to bed crying. But then a strange soft light fills the window, the holly wreath begins to turn 'round and 'round...it floats away from the window...and forms itself into Holly Boy. Holly Boy takes Linda on a trip, through a mirror tunnel, traveling back "to where it all began, the little town of Bethlehem. "They witness the three kings bringing offerings to the child in the manger, they see angels, they now understand the special meaning of joy. Holly Boy discovers his ecstatic destiny, to become a wreath, the symbol of Christmas. The lesson: "There is no limit to the amount of love you can give, and there is no limit to the amount of love you will have left over." Bad magic comes in, black witchcraft, the violence of a giant unbeliever. But a final moral wins through: "making others happy will make us happy too." Latino writes beautifully, with brimming descriptions, compelling suspense, and he creates that sort of **a tale that can enchant the child**. Latino does wise battle with such peculiar notions as evolution, power, disbelief, all aided by the lush artwork of artist Hood, this book is a graceful excursion into the extraordinary love that is Christmas. Linda, and the reader, learn to keep the faith and to recognize the singular joy of existence. ■

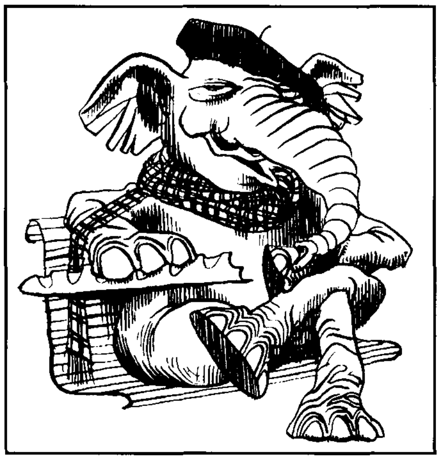
This is a "Wholesome and Heartwarming story."

fiscal studies, points out, "Neither coalition is large enough to get it done without the other side, so at some point we're going to have to find a way of bringing these two groups together." Pete du Pont, a member of Kemp's commission, thinks that will happen: "Whichever one the party adopts will be accepted by the advocates of the other."

Agreement among reformers may not be enough for them to win. Warns du Pont, "This is going to be an enormous struggle." The public may not be willing to let wealthy Americans whose income derives mainly from investments pay almost nothing in taxes. Supply-siders Jeff Bell and John Mueller are already attacking Armey's plan as regressive. Indeed, unless taxes are cut substantially as they are flattened, tax rates on middle-income Americans would have to rise. "You've got to reduce that base rate or you're not going to get people on board for tax reform," says pollster Kellyanne Fitzpatrick. And moving to a consumption tax presents huge transition problems: for instance, should retirees whose income was taxed throughout their working lives be taxed again for spending the money? For these reasons, some conservatives are beginning to wonder whether the economic benefits from tax reform justify the political risks. It might be better to focus on reducing tax rates in the existing system rather than on overhauling it completely.

On the other hand, rate reductions could re-open the great GOP fiscal debate of the Eighties: cutting taxes vs. cutting the deficit. Dan Mitchell of the Heritage Foundation thinks that "the so-called split of the Eighties was grossly exaggerated," since Republican opponents of tax cuts tended to be big spenders making the deficit argument hypocritically. As the ranks of liberal Republicans dwindled, the rest of the party was able to agree to cut taxes and spending at the same time. This consensus has temporarily submerged intraparty divisions, but not ended them. Instead of making the case for limited government, Republicans have used concern over the deficit as political cover for cutting spending. Republican political analyst Jim Pinkerton argues that Republicans like House Budget Committee Chairman John Kasich (Ohio) "have sort of smartly folded the burden of government into the deficit issue." That strategy makes cutting taxes harder. And since supply-siders lost the PR battle over the economic history of the Eighties, Republicans are unwilling to solve the problem by stressing the dynamic, growth-inducing effects of tax cuts. The centerpiece of Republican tax proposals, the tax credit for children, is not a supply-side idea.

Little wonder that supply-siders are unhappy. "We have let the bookkeepers make economic policy," complains Alan Reynolds. Steve Forbes's campaign is motivated by the idea that Republicans should champion growth, not austerity; but his reluctance to cut spending limits his ability to sell that message to the party. Divisions could resurface, says Reynolds, if after all the Republicans' efforts the deficit were to increase. "A recession would be a good way to separate the men from the boys on this issue," he muses.



A cluster of border issues, especially immigration, also divide Republicans. Rep. Lamar Smith (Tex.) has introduced a restrictionist bill, supported in general by Ways and Means Committee Chairman Bill Archer but opposed by Majority Leader Dick Armey, who favors continued mass immigration. This division is repeated in the Senate, where Alan Simpson (Wyo.) will try to curb immigration over the opposition of Orrin Hatch (Utah) and Spencer Abraham (Mich.). Outside Congress, the debate pits NATIONAL REVIEW, Pat Buchanan, Peter Brimelow of *Alien Nation* fame, and *Chronicles* against the *Wall Street Journal*, Jack Kemp, the big-business National Association of Manufacturers, and the libertarian *Reason* magazine, with many conservative intellectuals and Beltway activists keeping a low profile. The restrictionists are winning. They bring greater passion to the debate: as Mike Franc of the Heritage Foundation points out, anti-immigration congressmen are more willing than their opponents to employ full-time staffers or to "go to the mat" on the issue. They have substantial support from Democrats. And polls have supported curbs on immigration for years—including an RNC poll of Republican activists which showed them 80 to 20 in favor of restrictions. Restrictionists have a smart strategy. As John Miller, vice president of the pro-immigration Center for Equal Opportunity, accurately describes it, "They want to create an anti-illegal bill that everyone has to support, and oh by the way it cuts legal levels too."

On the other hand, restrictionists may overestimate the issue's power. It did not save Pete Wilson's presidential campaign, and it has been only one factor in Pat Buchanan's ascent. In the absence of any precipitating crisis, it will be on the agenda only if the GOP wants it to be, and in the form it wants it to be. Republican leaders may be wary of raising what immigration supporter Stephen Moore calls "probably the single most divisive issue that I can see right now on the horizon." Moore and Miller argue for first moving forward with the issues on which all conservatives agree—attacking welfare for immigrants, illegal immigration, and the institutions that impede assimilation. The fact that it is only pro-immigrationists who are making such conciliatory appeals, however, is an indication of their political weakness. An early signal of whether the era of mass immigration is ending will be the fate of the proposed federal worker registry, which imposes new regulations on employers to prevent the hiring of illegal aliens. Some Republicans who are indifferent or even opposed to continuing mass immigration are resisting this because of concerns over bureaucracy and intrusiveness. If it passes, restrictionists are likely to win across the board.

Trade also splits Republicans, but not as deeply. The rise of populism on the Right has made some conservatives susceptible to protectionism, says David Frum, particularly "when it attaches itself either to resentment of particular countries like Japan [or] to fear of entanglement in international organizations." But so far at least, the party remains committed to free trade. Says Pinkerton, "The biggest bloc of support for Pat [Buchanan] on trade protectionism is not in the Republican Party." Americans for Tax Reform head Grover Norquist argues, "Every governor is pro-free-trade. Those are people with real constituencies. If they thought there was a marketplace for this, they'd be there." Other free-traders, however, think the protectionist streak evident among some freshmen in Congress bears watching.

The press has done a lot of handwringing over the alleged drift to isolationism among congressional Republicans, but there is little evidence of it. Nor is there a raging battle between internationalists and isolationists. The Gulf War and the announcement of a New World Order did indeed lead a small group of conservatives into temporary schism. But President Clinton's inept multilateralism has brought both sides of that debate together, at least for the time being. That dynamic has certainly been at work in the case of Bosnia. Conservatives have argued among themselves over whether the U.S. should take a more or less active role, but Clinton has managed to unite almost all of them in opposition to sending ground troops without a clear mission or exit strategy.

It is possible that after Clinton has left the scene divisions will re-emerge or the GOP's historical isolationism will reassert itself. There are voices, including those of the libertarian Cato Institute and, sometimes, Pat Buchanan, urging Republicans to reject in principle the projection of American power abroad to defend the national interest. But so far, congressional Republicans, including the much-maligned freshmen, have not been doing this. Instead, they have been making ad hoc calculations of the American interests at stake in various controversies. Those who see the specter of Taft Republicanism in the halls of Congress are hallucinating. What disturbs more attentive conservatives about the foreign policy of the new crop of Republicans is not isolationism but indifference. The trend is more pronounced in the House than the Senate—unsurprisingly, given the nature of the institutions. Events in Bosnia, however, are already beginning to impress the importance of foreign policy on new members.

House Republicans have sustained more defections on environmental policy than on any other issue, with moderate Reps. Sherwood Boehlert (N.Y.) and Jim Saxton (N.J.) leading revolts against the deregulatory agenda of Majority Whip Tom DeLay (Tex.). The problem, explains Jonathan Adler of the Competitive Enterprise Institute, is that Republicans have historically avoided serious thought about the environment. So they have either embraced a cheap version of statist environmentalism or rejected environmentalism root and branch. Says Adler, "Neither really works, neither is particularly conservative, and neither has the potential to unite the party the way they're united on welfare. . . . Just as Gingrich has effectively conveyed that there's nothing anti-poor, anti-human about being anti-welfare, so Republicans have to explain why it's not anti-environment to be against command-and-control regulation." Pinkerton detects a "sense of unease" among Republican congressmen due to their lack of "intellectual momentum on environmental issues." Until Republicans develop a positive, free-market environmental program, Gingrich's response will continue to be to let Republicans like Boehlert and Saxton have their way.

REPUBLICANS have generally been united in their opposition to racial and sexual preferences, but tactical disagreements have caused repeal efforts to be repeatedly put off. Some Republicans, including Speaker Gingrich, are particularly anxious to avoid alienating black voters and energizing them to oppose the GOP. Other congressmen are simply squeamish about debating the issue. Efforts are under way to develop "empowerment" legislation to push alongside a repeal of preferences. Preference foes like John Miller think that the House leadership is sincerely opposed to preferences but insufficiently urgent about it: "They had a golden opportunity to take care of this in the spring and summer. As it stands, we had a big debate over it, and they took all the hits, but nothing got done." The leadership promises to bring up a repeal bill next spring. Foot-draggers like Reps. Jack Kingston (Ga.) and J. C. Watts (Okla.) may then be ready to cooperate. On the other hand, the pressure outside Congress may have eased up by then.

The social issues, particularly abortion, are often said to be the Achilles heel of the new Republican majority. They have yet to cause any electoral damage: the freshman class in both the House and the Senate is overwhelmingly composed of social conservatives. Not a single pro-life incumbent of either party lost to a pro-abortionist in last year's elections. Pro-lifers also point to a number of polls that suggest that a substantial majority of Americans supports restrictions that would have the effect of prohibiting most abortions. Even more politically significant is the intensity of commitment on the issue. Miss Fitzpatrick says, "As a single-issue vote-getter, abortion still tops the list, and among those who vote [on] abortion, it's 2 to 1 pro-life."

The issue is most divisive in the Senate. But even in the House, between 40 and 45 Republicans regularly vote for abortion rights (slightly fewer than House Democrats who regularly vote against them). And some pro-lifers in the House are so uncomfortable talking about the issue that social-conservative groups cannot count on them. Even the House leadership does not enjoy the complete confidence of pro-life congressmen. Interestingly, however, the famous chasm that supposedly divides economic conservatives and social conservatives does not exist in either house of Congress. In the bitter battles social conservatives fought (and lost) over the National Endowment for the Arts, the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, and family planning, they took the budget-cutting, anti-government position in each case. Some moderate Republican pro-lifers can be found in both the House and the Senate; but there are very few otherwise conservative congressmen who favor abortion rights.

The Christian Right, for its part, has some libertarian impulses. Its goals, claims Norquist, are essentially defensive: "The Christian Right is best understood as a parents' rights movement." Ralph Reed emphasizes school choice, not just school prayer; he has even adopted the old line about using libertarian means to conservative ends. That doesn't mean that social issues pose no risks for Republicans. It will be difficult, for instance, to get social conservatives to agree on the language for a school-prayer or religious equality amendment. Mishandling the issue could create a real mess, disappointing the grass-roots Right while giving other Americans the impression that what is going on is an obscure theological argument.

This isn't an exhaustive list of potentially divisive issues. Third-wave Republicans and religious conservatives will likely part ways over biotechnology, for instance. And conservative thinkers could be forced to reconsider populism, especially when manifested as an impulse toward direct democracy over representative government. But the issues that divide Republicans are less significant than the issues that unite them—above all, shrinking the size and scope of government. The Republican Party is united on balancing the budget and providing some tax relief. While Senate Republicans have not achieved the amazing cohesion that their House colleagues have, they are more unified than in previous years. On issues like regulatory reform, they just need to enlarge their majority. Norquist talks about his "leave-us-alone coalition": "This coalition is internally consistent. . . . The gun owners can agree not to throw condoms at the Christians, the Christians can agree not to steal anybody else's guns, the taxpayers agree not to regulate the small-business groups, the small-business groups agree not to raise everybody's taxes." The gun owners, he jokes, aren't asking for the schools to assign *Heather Has Two Guns*. Whatever its merits as a philosophy, libertarianism has much to offer as a political strategy. ☐

Send in the Tanks

JOHN HOOD

WHEN Ed Feulner was a Capitol Hill staffer in the early 1970s, he recalls, conservatives in Washington could hold their meetings in a phone booth. The problem wasn't just numbers, but influence. Liberals dominated the news media, academia, trade unions, interest groups, book publishers. Indeed, they still do. But over the past two decades, another institution has carved out a crucial role in the national debate. And this institution, the modern public-policy think tank, is largely the creation and domain of conservatives.

"I think that over the past twenty years, think tanks have had a significant impact by adding new ideas to the political dialogue," says David Boaz, executive vice president of the Cato Institute. Such issues as transportation deregulation in the 1970s, privatization in the 1980s, and medical savings accounts in the 1990s are all examples of causes that other institutions—such as business groups—could have championed in Washington, but did not.

Similarly, the traditional sources of independent public-policy research and analysis were universities. But as Martin Anderson, domestic-policy advisor to President Reagan and currently a fellow at the Hoover Institution in California, explains, academic researchers have lost their ability to produce anything serious and relevant. Instead, they turn out work that is esoteric, often erroneous, and largely unreadable. "Nobody reads even prestigious academic journals any more," he says. But policymakers *do* read the work of think tanks.

The reason is that think tanks, unlike universities, have a clear understanding of who their customers are. Take the **Heritage Foundation**. Founded in 1973, it is the largest of the Washington-based conservative think tanks, with a 1994 budget of $25 million. Its Capitol Hill headquarters have become a familiar landmark for lawmakers, Administration officials, reporters, lobbyists, and activists.

Heritage has teams of researchers working on almost every conceivable topic of public interest. But as Ed Feulner, its president, explains: "We view production—that is, conducting research, analyzing the data, and publishing the findings—as only part of the total process. The other key part is marketing—the way in which we package our findings, our distribution network, and the various activities aimed at building support for our ideas."

Heritage came into its own in 1981, with the election of Ronald Reagan and the simultaneous release of *Mandate for Leadership*, which laid out an agenda for the Reagan Revolution. Since then, Heritage has had a significant impact across a range of issues. Its election-year briefing book, *Issues '94*, was popular among congressional candidates. Its magazine, *Policy Review*, has helped set the agenda in the nation's capital. And its Town Hall service on CompuServe and the Internet gives thousands of conservatives across the country and around the world a forum for debating and exchanging ideas.

The **Center for Strategic and International Studies** is a longtime fixture on the foreign- and defense-policy scene, operating research programs in such areas as international politics, military affairs, science and technology, and international business. Its 1994 budget was $15 million, and its board of directors has included some of America's most distinguished statesmen, such as former Secretaries of State Henry Kissinger and James Baker, former National Security Advisor Zbigniew Brzezinski, and former Federal Reserve Board Chairman Paul Volcker.

CSIS, under the direction of David Abshire, was founded in 1962 as a program of Georgetown University, and became an independent organization in 1987. Among other activities, it provides testimony and expertise to congressional committees and Administration officials; operates international "action programs" with CSIS scholars, business leaders, and government officials in such countries as Russia, Poland, and Argentina; and publishes a journal called *Washington Quarterly*.

The venerable **American Enterprise Institute**, founded in 1943 and now headed by Christopher DeMuth, is the

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Mr. Hood, a former fellow at the Heritage Foundation, is vice president of the John Locke Foundation in North Carolina.

third-largest tank with a 1994 budget of $13 million. Its role in the market for conservative ideas has historically been a scholarly one—publishing a steady stream of books and monographs on public policy and providing some of America's leading conservative thinkers with an inside-the-Beltway roost. Jeane Kirkpatrick, Robert Bork, Charles Murray, Michael Novak, Ben Wattenberg, and Dinesh D'Souza are just some of the authors AEI has housed in recent years.

While the Heritage Foundation receives a significant portion of its revenues from individuals and foundations, AEI is the most popular think tank among large corporate givers. In 1994, according to the Capital Research Center, major corporations gave AEI almost a million and a half dollars, versus less than half a million for Heritage. One reason may well be AEI's longtime focus on economic and regulatory issues, ranging from fiscal policy to the operation of federal administrative and regulatory agencies. AEI publishes a bimonthly magazine on politics and public policy, *The American Enterprise*, now edited by Karl Zinsmeister.

The libertarian **Cato Institute**'s roots are outside the Beltway—in San Francisco, where it was founded by president Ed Crane in 1977 as a quasi-academic organization, holding events and publishing an academic journal. After its 1981 move to Washington, however, Cato began to focus more directly on public policy. Its studies tend to be lengthier than the average Heritage Backgrounder, and often more philosophical. But on some issues, such as state and local fiscal policy and deregulation, Cato frequently turns out the best and most detailed work available.

Some indication that the times have changed in Washington can be found in the fact that in 1995, Cato (whose 1994 budget was $6 million) hired its first director of government relations. David Boaz told me that in 1993 and 1994, Cato policy analysts testified a total of six times before congressional committees. In January 1995 alone, Cato scholars headed up to Capitol Hill for committee testimony more than thirty times. And a recent conference on Social Security privatization—a longtime Cato cause—drew 35 members of Congress.

The Specialty Shops. Heritage, CSIS, AEI, and Cato are only the largest of the Washington think tanks. There are also specialty shops which can be found in virtually every area of public policy. Here is a sampling of some of the best-known and most influential:

The **American Legislative Exchange Council** is an association of state legislators that advances a conservative, free-enterprise agenda. The **Capital Research Center** is the conservative watchdog of the philanthropic and nonprofit sectors. The **Center for Security Policy** addresses emerging issues of national security and foreign policy. The **Competitive Enterprise Institute** works primarily on issues related to the environment, finance, energy, and health care. The **Free Congress Foundation** is best known for founding a conservative cable network, National Empowerment Television (NET). The **Media Research Center** is the largest of the conservative media-watchdog organizations. The **National Center for Policy Analysis** was one of the originators of the medical savings account. The **Tax Foundation** does work on federal, state, and local taxation and computes Tax Freedom Day each year. The **Washington Legal Foundation** litigates cases on such issues as property rights, food and drug administration, and civil rights.

These and dozens of other organizations provide the conservative movement with a solid infrastructure for challenging liberal institutions. In Washington, the days of the conservative phone booth are over. ☐

Something scary is going on with medicine.

Big insurance companies are turning up the pressure to force you into managed care. That's right. The same kind of managed care President Clinton proposed and you rejected last year. The kind where someone else chooses your doctor for you. The kind where doctors are paid more if they ration care.

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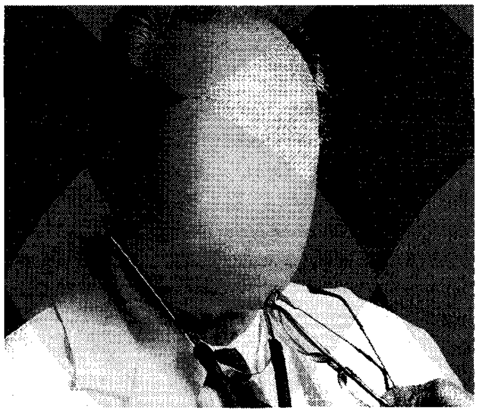

For a copy of "Ten Questions to Ask Before You Join an HMO" call the Association of American Physicians and Surgeons at 1-800-635-1196.

New Media

NEAL B. FREEMAN

As recently as 1981, what most Americans accepted as news was produced in a remarkably efficient manner. Each weekday morning, Walter Cronkite would pour himself a cup of coffee, spread the *New York Times* across his desk, and begin to queue up stories for the *CBS Evening News* as he flipped through its pages. The events of the day would alter the lineup somewhat—a shooting, a crash, even the occasional press conference with no "compelling visuals"—but the matrix was well and truly formed. National news was what Uncle Walter chose to pass along to the rest of us from his hometown newspaper.

Call it efficient, call it elitist, call it the common idiom of a sprawling continent marbled with cultural and ethnic enclaves. Call it whatever you like. But understand that the *Times*/CBS matrix is gone forever, replaced by a myriad of mini-networks connecting smaller and smaller communities with less and less in common. Welcome to the new media, which have announced their arrival by devastating the old media.

Old Media

Newspapers. It is only in rare circumstances these days that newspapers report the news. Instead, they give emphasis and background to news reported elsewhere. An important service, it can and will be argued, but one that more and more Americans have determined that they can do without. In the six months ending September 30 (a half-year of economic boom, it should be noted), the following papers, among many others, reported declining circulation: the *New York Times*, *Wall Street Journal*, *Boston Globe*, *San Francisco Chronicle*, *New York Daily News*, and *Washington Post*.

More significant than the loss of market coverage is the loss of market influence—the power to set the agenda and move the political pile. Until very recently, industry lists of the "most influential" papers would begin with the big three—*Times*, *Journal*, and *Post*, in some order—and then move down through the big regionals—the *Boston Globe*, *Miami Herald*, *Chicago Tribune*, and so on—with a totemic place in the top ten reserved for the *Christian Science Monitor*. As of the mid Nineties, many observers would say that when it comes to forcing stories on national attention, the fourth most influential paper in the country is either *USA Today* or the *Washington Times*. Characteristically of the era, these papers do not cover a geographical territory, but rather a demographic market. They are new media.

Network television. It would be difficult to overstate the impact of the Fox network on the older networks. When there were only three national networks, even the worst-performing web could make big profits and keep most of its constituencies happy most of the time—viewers, advertisers, affiliates, and shareholders. In what other business, after all, could you finish last, year after year, and still turn in richer profit margins than the very best auto manufacturer, the very best book publisher, the very best supermarket chain?

All this changed the day that Rupert Murdoch decided to barge into the network club. First, he took a chance on new people and new forms (typically, because he couldn't afford the proven talent or shake loose the established shows). Then, he skimmed the other networks' audiences, diverting thin but advertiser-attractive demographic slices with his hip, hot programs. And then he re-educated Madison Avenue to value the kinds of viewers who were watching his network. Murdoch was creating a new medium, and after a time his network competitors recognized its value and followed him down the same path. This fall, the signature show on the NBC schedule is *Friends*, a program so self-consciously Generation X as to be offputting to any viewer outside the target demographic. It's a Fox show, produced with an NBC budget.

As so often happens at the end of a paradigm shift, bystanders nod and say, "Oh, so that's where the opportunity was." With the success of the fourth network, Fox, it was just a matter of time before there would be a fifth, from Paramount, and a sixth, from Warner Brothers. Others seem sure to follow.

Young Media

Talk Radio. Every decade or so, AM radio teeters on the brink of financial disaster and, just as often, is snatched from defeat by a new and vital broadcast service. In the Nineties, the new service has been talk radio—very explicitly, conservative talk radio. In virtually every major market, a conservative talker slips his listeners a daily samizdat package of anti-conventional wisdom—news and near-news that didn't make the morning paper. Gordon Liddy (Washington), Bob Grant (New York), and Michael Reagan (Los Angeles) are promoted big-time and reach at least 2 per cent of the national talk-radio audience. But Blanquita Cullum (Richmond), Kirby McClure (Seattle)—two of my own favorites—and their up-and-coming colleagues are what give the medium depth and political resonance. And just in case you think these hosts sing only to the choir, consider this: according to a national survey by the trade publication, *Talk Daily*, only 38 per cent of the talk-radio audience is Republican.

Cable television. Quarter after quarter, year after year, cable television takes viewers away from broadcast television. How badly has the network position deteriorated? Network ratings this fall dropped to 40.6 from 43.2 a year ago, while cable rose from 14.1 to 17.1. (Figure each rating point at just under a million households, and remember that the O.J. phenomenon was largely a cable phenomenon.) And guess what? It's going to get even worse for the networks, and better for individual viewers, now that cable has recovered from the Gore–Hundt regulatory pummeling of the last few years. The major players in the cable business are beginning to develop new channels again, and they will soon have the digital technology to zap more of them to your set-top box. Some of the new cable offerings will be overtly political fare and, once again, it seems safe to predict that conservative pro-

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Mr. Freeman is chairman of The Blackwell Corporation and executive producer of the PBS series, Techno Politics.

grammers will get to market first (led by the pioneering NET service, already available to the home-dish market).

Cable television is still television, of course, which means that it's not always easy to discern the redeeming social value. But it's there, and most reliably in two major program categories. First, as tabloid TV has gone from bad to unspeakably bad, as Phil Donahue has elided into Ricki Lake, most of the good stuff has been driven off the air. But it hasn't disappeared. It has simply migrated to cable and the pay services. Almost any night of the week, you can find on cable a good documentary, a good kids' film, a good music program. Cable's other mark of distinction is its commitment to actuality television: CNN, CNBC, CSPAN, or one of the other real-time cable networks shows up almost wherever you might wish to be. We see it and hear it straight, mostly unfiltered, be it from Tiananmen Square, or Yitzhak Rabin's funeral, or a committee markup on the Hill, or candidates' night at the Legion hall in Laconia, New Hampshire.

Newsletters. Our old friend Bill Rickenbacker, the Prince of Wry, used to say that his best business idea, one that he had been polishing for years, was to publish ***The Billionaire's Newsletter***, which he would sell for a subscription fee of one million dollars a year. He hoped to attract one subscriber. Rick had captured the essence of the new media: while we're drowning in information, we're thirsty for understanding. Anybody who can sort out our files, anybody who can screen out the junk-mail conversations of life, anybody who can edit our experience, will win our gratitude and wind up with a piece of our business.

New Media

Direct Broadcast Satellites (DBS). A DBS system is a pizza-pie-sized satellite dish that can receive hundreds of video channels, bypassing both the local broadcast station and the local cable system (and, not incidentally, local political and regulatory bodies). Over the last year it has been the hottest-selling consumer appliance in the United States.

DBS is beginning to do to cable what cable has been doing to the networks: it is carving itself tasty slices of audience by offering exclusive programming to affluent submarkets. Oddly—one can almost say, unprecedentedly—the exclusive programming is not "adult fare." It's a dirty little secret of the info age that most new services—from 900 telephone numbers to VCRs to the Internet—are drawn into the marketplace by sexual appetite. What's different about DBS is that it is being pulled into the market by professional sports (you can watch your hometown team, wherever you happen to live), superior technology (the picture is better than with cable), and low-hassle service (the "cable guy" has become, for many Americans, a metaphor for slow, surly, the-customer's-always-wrong service). Notice the recurring pattern: there aren't enough Buffalo Bills fans in Philadelphia to justify over-the-air or cable delivery. But if you can reach all the Bills fans in the contiguous 48 with a single satellite feed, you've got yourself a business.

THE NATIONAL INTEREST

LOOK FOR IT DECEMBER 15

THE WORLD TRADE CENTER BOMBING
by Laurie Mylroie

"One of the most brilliant pieces of research and scholarship in this area that I have ever read."
—*Vincent Cannistraro, Ex-Chief of Counterterrorism Operations for the CIA*

"One of the world-class experts regarding Islam and the World Trade Center bombing."
—*James Fox, Retired Director of the New York FBI office*

SPENCER WARREN on *CHURCHILL*

HARVEY SICHERMAN on *CHIRAC*

MATTHEW CONNELLY on *ALGERIA*

GEOFFREY BLAINEY on *AUSTRALIA*

SMITH HEMPSTONE on *KENYA*

THE JEWS, THE NAZIS, AND THE STATE DEPARTMENT
by William Perl

Essays & Comments
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Limbaugh Nation. Rush Limbaugh is frequently described as America's most popular talk-radio host. He is, but that misses the point. He is one of only two people in the country who can consistently move polls overnight. Bill Clinton is the other. Limbaugh has created a genuinely new medium, a personal network. His radio program reaches almost four times as many listeners as the next most popular show. His television show reinforces the daily message. And his newsletter, now sent to hundreds of thousands of dittoheads, expands the shorthand of his broadcast idiom.

Cybermedia. About 95 per cent of what you hear about cybermedia is hype. But that's down from 99 per cent a year ago, which suggests that cybermedia are growing fast. The Internet will not be a major factor in the 1996 election cycle, but that's probably the last campaign about which you can pronounce with confidence. In the upcoming primary scramble, we're all going to be inundated with voice and data "newsletters" to which we don't remember subscribing. My own personal favorite in the high-stakes gizmo race is Intel's Intercast technology, which will allow you to view full-motion video from various sources even as you screen Internet information on your PC—a harmonic convergence, as it were, of the TV and the computer.

Things to Watch For, or, if you prefer, Half-Baked Predictions

1. Lots of what people think they know will turn out to be wrong. Cybermedia will make every man his own editor, which in turn makes every writer a fool. The Internet will transmit misinformation very efficiently. We will miss the gatekeepers.

2. The newsletter culture of the new media will accelerate the Balkanization of America. (There are Canadians who will tell you quite seriously that the country began to come apart at the seams when Quebec got its own French-language television service.)

3. If many of us know things that turn out to be wrong, many more of us won't know much of anything. Consider this: according to an enterprising *Newsweek* reporter, Mark Miller, not a single member of the O.J. jury was a regular newspaper reader. The jurors' principal source of news? Talk shows. A new media jury—a new media citizenry—may shiver our civic timbers.

4. In the division between Knows and Know Nots, the Knows will prosper exponentially. Some of them will join Newt Gingrich in handing out laptops in the ghetto.

5. Short Web stocks. □

On the Rack

TOM BETHELL

NATIONAL REVIEW recently reprinted as a promotional item its first issue, dated November 19, 1955, and to read it today is to be reminded of just how much the world has changed since then. In retrospect, the magazine's editors and contributors were embarking on a lonely crusade, against both domestic liberalism and Soviet power, which they had little hope of winning. And lest we forget (to commit McCarthyism) the former was implicitly backed by the latter. For it was thought that the Soviet Union had already demonstrated that collectivism worked; and domestic liberalism was (and remains) a thinly veiled exercise in collectivism.

There were few conservatives at the time precisely because it seemed an exercise in futility. "History" was not on their side. In standing athwart it and telling it to stop, William Buckley was obviously being whimsical. Whittaker Chambers, an early contributing editor to the magazine, said that in turning against Communism he believed he was joining the losing side. That is how a lot of people must have felt reading NATIONAL REVIEW in the 1950s. Nice people—but like the Harvard football team, they didn't mind losing. At home, liberalism was going from strength to strength. Abroad, CIA statistics showed the Soviets having an economic growth rate of 9 per cent a year. They would be overtaking us by 1980, and almost everyone believed it.

Slowly, reinforcements began to trickle over to the losing side. I remember the first time I saw what is now *The American Spectator*, then called *The Alternative*, on the magazine rack of the New Orleans Public Library. Its founder, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr., once told me that when he was at the University of Indiana what had bothered him was the conformity of opinion. Was there no "alternative"? What intrigued me about his magazine was that he treated liberalism as something not to argue with but to laugh at. A joke! Its proponents were regarded not as misguided policy-makers but as targets of ribaldry. In that respect, Bob Tyrrell was the true precursor of Rush Limbaugh. When I saw that such a magazine existed, I immediately wanted to write for it.

Now we have more troops, and the editors of the latest entry, *The Weekly Standard*, will surely not mind if I hint that they are not so much joining the winning side as joining the side that has already won: the Soviet Union gone, domestic liberalism definitely tottering. In the 1980s, I used to think (another McCarthyite thought) that democratic collectivism wouldn't survive the demise of its non-democratic counterpart. "History" has not yet answered that, but it seems likely that democratic collectivism will indeed collapse. In the spring of 1993, when liberal Democrats seemed firmly in control of all American institutions, William Kristol, now the editor and publisher of the *Standard*, remarked that American liberalism looked secure, but was in a position comparable to Brezhnev's Soviet Union. He predicted that it would collapse with comparable speed. Let us hope that the *Standard* helps to give it the final push. And let me also mention Allan Ryskind's excellent *Human Events*, a weekly published in Washington, D.C., and the Rockford Institute's monthly, *Chronicles*, edited by Thomas Fleming.

Conservatives—think of them as normal people—are not normally as interested in politics as the existence of all these political magazines would imply.

Mr. Bethell is a contributing editor of NR *and Washington correspondent of* The American Spectator.

The politicization of life is the specialty of liberals, who seek to reform the world and improve upon human nature. (Since 1989, the search for New Soviet Man has been replaced by the quest for New Sensitive Male.) And of course they spend our money into the bargain.

It is only because liberals gained so much power in the last sixty years, with government now disposing of almost half our income, that conservatives organized a resistance movement. They did so reluctantly, because normal people have better things to do with their lives than think about politics constantly. Liberals forced the issue, however. My point is that if liberalism is eventually crushed, and constitutional government restored, "politics" will once again recede to its proper, inconspicuous role in our lives.

I am not usually accused of optimism, but I sense that we may already be moving in that direction ("history," again). Herein lies the hazard for all conservative political commentary. Already, I do not want to read more articles about Medicare, about Bob Dole's positive and negative ratings, about New Hampshire, about tax reform; in short, about the political issues that are likely to be the *Standard*'s bill of fare.

Something tells me that we have already won on these issues. People always like to think they live at a turning point, but we do seem to have reached one now. Norman Podhoretz, the former editor of *Commentary*, was long preoccupied with literary questions, and only in the 1960s turned to politics. That was where the real battle was taking place, and it could hardly be avoided. His son, John Podhoretz, the deputy editor of the *Standard*, may find it necessary to move in the reverse direction. If the political battles are won, we will all be free to return to normal, apolitical interests; perhaps to literature, perhaps to something else. Few of us will want to spend our leisure hours reading about health-care delivery systems.

If such a shift in "demand" is already under way, NATIONAL REVIEW and *The American Spectator* may be somewhat better positioned to take advantage of it, because their editors seem more disposed to savor the apolitical alternatives—the human comedy, the variety of life, the eccentricities and pleasures of human existence. But all such predictions are premature. Kristol has brought together a talented crew, and their weekly publication gives them the luxury of reacting to the latest news. As Michael Kinsley noted after moving to *The New Republic* from *Harper*'s some years back, the more frequent deadline is oddly liberating. Editors do not feel obliged to be "definitive" on any topic because (unlike editors of monthlies) they know that they will be able to revisit it.

PERHAPS the greatest change in magazine journalism over the last forty years has been not the appearance of new conservative journals, but the decline of the old newsweeklies, starting with *Time* and continuing with *Newsweek* and *U.S. News & World Report*. Unable to cope with the rise of television and the (in some respects) much improved quality of the surviving daily newspapers, the newsweeklies have waned in influence. They do not know what they are supposed to be doing, and if they don't find out, they probably won't survive.

Amazingly, they have also allowed themselves to become the compliant mouthpieces of the dominant liberal culture, even as its long reign of error seems to be approaching its end. Everyone I speak to says the same thing about the newsweeklies: "I don't read them any more." This has greatly increased the opportunity for the conservative magazines. There's much going on out there of interest to us all, and if *Time* won't cover it because it does not advance the cause, and *Newsweek* won't because the available space has been devoted to ever-larger photographs (but still not enough to pry people away from their TV sets), then there's more room for the rest of us. The *Standard* may not crowd the field after all, because so many of the regular journalists have abandoned it to their preaching mission. Nicholas von Hoffman once told me that he thought most of those who are liberal journalists today would have been preachers in an earlier age, and I know what he means. They are more interested in the way the world ought to be than in the way it is.

The supermarket checkout-counter magazines may not seem to belong in a discussion of conservative journals. They are not political, but in a way they are conservative. Perhaps there is something we can learn from them. The point is that they do not aim to reform the world. They are content to show it to us—admittedly in its more garish manifestations. They relish its quiddity. (There, I have always wanted to use that word.)

In his quite respectful *Nightline* program about the *National Enquirer* recently ("twenty million readers, but try and find one"), Ted Koppel raised the issue that has long rankled with the regular press: paying for news, which of course is the regular practice of the *Star*, the *National Enquirer*, and others. The newsweeklies allot more and more space to photographs, for example, but the *Star* beat them cold after the Simpson verdict with its seven pages of exclusive pictures of O.J.'s victory party. National Press Club etiquette frowns on paying so much as a penny for such valuable material.

"I don't see the issue," a Princeton graduate who works for the *National Enquirer* told Koppel. "If people *give* you a story they always have a motive." The financial motive may well be the least devious. How many of us thought of that when we were mulling over the identity of Deep Throat and Bob Woodward's various unidentified sources? ☐

The Right at Night

JENNIFER GROSSMAN

UNTIL recently, the social life of Republicans received little ink outside the Packwood diaries. For better or for worse, that age of anonymity may be coming to an end. Recent weeks have witnessed a spate of articles—from *George*, *Newsweek*, the *Wall Street Journal*—each breathlessly reporting the alarming discovery that conservatives may be having fun.

To a certain extent, this is a case of the mainstream media being the last to know. Right-wingers have been meeting for years, and not just in the Watergate's basement garage. In the past, of course, conservative social options were far more limited than they are today, prompting many simply to stay home, or, more drastically, marry liberals.

I remember one party so desolate and depressing that for a brief, treasonable moment the mind drifted to what Michael Kinsley might be doing that night. It was Clinton's inaugural, and a motley crew of disgruntled conservatives and former Bush staffers had gathered in the ballroom of some low-rent motel for our very own Counter-Inaugural Ball. Oh sure, there were a few celebrities; I think Howard Phillips was there. There was nothing much to do but mill about, exchange meek gestures of mock defiance, and get gratefully drunk.

What Arianna Huffington calls "bonding by bitching" has been the mainstay of conservative social activity for many years, and certainly we've had more than our share to bitch about (the welfare state, the liberals, the media, each other). Lately, though, there's an air of insouciance about the most committed curmudgeons. Who could fail to notice that spring in our goosestep, that twinkle in our beady little eyes?

The New Subversives. Alice Roosevelt Longworth used to carry with her to Washington parties a little pillow embroidered with her motto: "If you can't say anything good about someone, come sit by me." If the understated elegance of David Brock's overstuffed sofa could countenance such tackiness, its pillow might read, "Living well is the best revenge." Across the street from Madeleine Albright and down the block from JFK's old house, Brock moved into his Georgetown brownstone after the publication of *The Real Anita Hill.* "Losers don't have good parties," explains Brock. "Part of what energizes the Washington social scene is being in power."

Ironically, what makes Brock's parties work is their subversive allure. Guests at his intimate suppers are as likely to feast on the freshest Arkansas dirt washed down with Whitewater scandal as on three-pepper soup and pecan-encrusted snapper. Postprandial activities at one recent dinner included dramatic readings from Gennifer Flowers's *Passion and Betrayal*. Part of what made liberalism so hip for so long is that it could claim to be seditious—a rebellious chic that carried from the fight against curfews to the fight against capitalism. The social cachet of the Left was dissipated, not by its failure, but its overwhelming success. By the time I got to college, the only options for irritating your parents were to get your nose pierced or become a Republican.

Eschatological Entertaining. "I knew something was up when the D.C. police came and made me lock all my weapons in the basement," recalls Grover Norquist, remembering the moment he realized that the Speaker would be coming to his party after all. It was the night of the Hundred Days, and to the three hundred Republican party animals who packed his four-story frathouse, warm beer and cold take-out never tasted so good. Sometime after 11 P.M. it began as a rumble and grew to a roar: "Newt! Newt! Newt!!" The happy warrior had arrived, and a sea of beer cans was hoisted heavenward in salute.

Norquist is a student of the Marxist revolutionary dialectic, knowledge he no doubt imbibed from the fluoridated drinking water of his home state, Massachusetts. To him, party planning is Party building—a necessary stage in the withering away of the state. "Conservatives don't know each other," says Norquist. "It struck me, after years of dealing with liberal groups like the Social Democrats and the AFL-CIO, that everyone on the Left had slept with each other." Strategic partying is Norquist's safe-sex alternative—a way of getting conservatives to go forth and multiply, while speeding the spread of STIs (Socially Transmitted Ideas).

Perhaps this explains why some see bipartisan socializing as tantamount to sleeping with the enemy. "I've seen too many people come to this city and get seduced by its social ways," says Brent Bozell, chairman of the Media Research Center. "First they lose their edge, then they lose their principles. You can't come here railing against the Kennedy Center as a playground for rich bureaucrats, then go to their black-tie parties every night. Because by the end of the week you'll be singing a different tune."

Arianna Huffington takes a more nuanced view. Gathering eclectic groups of intellectuals, politicians, and activists for candle-lit conversation over rack of lamb and California Cabernet, her aim is less compromise than a new consensus about how to replace the failed status quo. One example was a dinner aimed at finding common ground beyond the labels of the abortion debate. Mrs. Huffington and her co-host, Marvin Olasky, though at odds over abortion's legal status, are both committed to curtailing its grim harvest. Talk centered less on platforms and pledges than on how to reduce the demand for abortion by expanding alternatives such as adoption and crisis-pregnancy centers.

Mrs. Huffington's aim is less to rip liberalism than to replace it. This is the spirit that has led to her more daring attempts at trans-ideological alchemy—experiments which have mixed such minds as Norman Lear and Charles Krauthammer, Art Buchwald and Irving Kristol, even PBS Prez Dick Carlson with PBS bugbear Larry Pressler. And don't ever fear for La Huffington's political virtue. When she invites the lion to lie down with the lamb, there's never any doubt who's the lioness.

At the Saturday Evening Club, R. Emmett Tyrrell Jr. of *The American Spectator* has for some time indulged a modest affirmative-action program for housebroken liberal journalists (a practice he briefly reconsidered the night E. J. Dionne poured a glass of Merlot in Lynne Cheney's lap). But the main draw and the chief purpose of his monthly dinners at La Brasserie is to match the movement's leading lights with its sharpest wits. Newt Gingrich, Bob Dole, and Jack Kemp have headlined at his club, where highbrow habitués include Andy Ferguson of *The Weekly Standard*, Kate O'Beirne of NATIONAL REVIEW, Wes Pruden of the *Washington Times*, the American Enterprise Institute's Karlyn Bowman, and columnist Bob Novak.

For a cozy evening in clubland, there is NATIONAL REVIEW's own salon, which migrates between the Metropolitan, Cosmos, and F Street Clubs. *NR* editor John O'Sullivan presides over a roundtable of congressional Solons, media pundits, conservative activists, and the occasional diplomat gathered to hear Colin Powell discuss quarantining Saddam Hussein, Bill Archer plot the demise of the IRS, Ralph Reed analyze the new "front-loaded" primary system, or John Redwood roast U.S. policy to-

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Jennifer Grossman is a freelance writer who parks her party shoes in Washington, D.C.

ward Europe. Liberals leave wondering why they never read about these evenings in the *Washington Post* Style section; well, it's been a struggle keeping them out.

As chairman of GOPAC—the political-action committee widely credited with fueling the Republican Revolution—Gay Gaines is less concerned with cultural capital than with mining GOP gold. Her fundraisers and salon dinners supply the three things no revolution can do without: Money, Message, and Momentum. Her Palm Beach hideaway has become a haven for the weary warriors of the Right. Bathing beauties Bill Bennett, Newt Gingrich, and Rush Limbaugh lounged poolside at a recent retreat, and later rocked the night away: Bill on electric guitar, Rush on air guitar, with Newt doing back-up vocals.

Perhaps they will encore at "The Weekend," when three hundred right-wing revelers take up temporary residence at Miami's Doral Golf Resort and Spa to ring in the New Year. The "Canterbury Tales" dinner banquet and "Dark Ages Masquerade Ball" poke fun at the pretentiousness of the Democrats' annual Renaissance Weekend, while, in the words of founder Laura Ingraham, "debunking the notion that to be a conservative you can't have fun."

While busy winning legislative battles, on a psychological level, many conservatives have yet to come to terms with the extent of their success. Like the teenage boy in *Police Academy* who has a naked woman fall through his ceiling and onto his bed, they know something important has happened, but they don't quite know what to do with it.

The Right are indeed having fun at night, toasting each new victory and cheering the comrades on. But for most conservatives, real social life continues to revolve around home, hearth, and the hard work of House Republicanism. If our social habits aren't yet chronicled in the pages of *People* and *Interview* magazines, conservatives should feel less resentful than relieved. "Every culture goes through its austere republican phase and its sumptuous imperial phase," observes Jim Pinkerton. "When you are living through the puritanical republican phase, parties are a small part of it. Robespierre and the Jacobins were not out bar-hopping; it was the soon-to-be-late Louis XVI who was staging fêtes at the Trianon." Fortunately, Republicans aren't quite ready to cash in their revolutionary capital for a gilt-engraved invitation to the establishment ball. Conservatives have more than earned their moment in the moonlight—let's just make sure we respect ourselves in the morning. ☐

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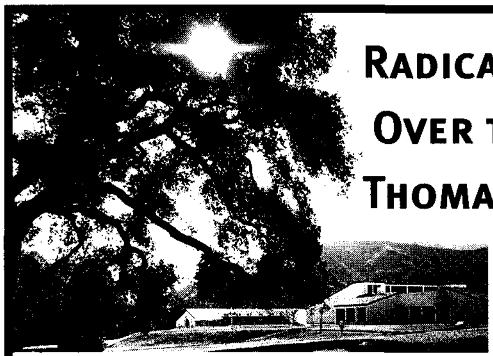

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Tories for Washington

HOW are the British Conservatives, the political party abroad that is closest to the GOP, faring in the Age of Newt? They languish nearly thirty points behind Labour, and even the third-party Liberal Democrats have begun to nip at their sluggish heels.

At one level, it is hard to figure out why Prime Minister John Major has so dragged down their fortunes. He is, after all, a decent man with impressive political experience. Before moving in No. 10 Downing Street, he had variously served as Chancellor of the Exchequer and as Foreign Secretary. Moreover, in an increasingly egalitarian Britain, Major is a product of state schools, unencumbered by higher degrees of the Oxbridge variety and dedicated to the classless society he thinks will reinvigorate his nation's fortunes. And beyond all those apparent political virtues, Major was even handpicked by Margaret Thatcher to bear her standard when she was dumped so scandalously back in 1990.

Reagan and Thatcher were hard acts to follow because they had clear beliefs which they pursued throughout their time in office. When they had to compromise, which they both frequently did, they could be forgiven by their most zealous followers because no one doubted for a moment that such political realities pained them more than anyone else. Reagan and Thatcher were, in Lady Thatcher's words, conviction politicians.

John Major, like George Bush, is a consensus politician, a man more interested in bringing all sides together than in staking out a position where compromise is difficult if not simply impossible. For consensus politicians like Major and Bush, interests matter more than ideas; ideology is anathema.

The price to be paid is that such leaders soon find they have no stalwart followers. What is most striking about the Conservative Party, and what constitutes the heart of John Major's problem, is the complete absence of what one might think of as "Majorites." This is due, of course, to the fact that one would be hard pressed to define with any satisfaction what "Majorism" might be. When it comes to a set of core beliefs, a collection of fundamental principles, there is simply nothing there.

Nor is John Major the only consensus politician in British politics today. There is at least one other: namely, the leader of the Labour Party, Tony Blair. Increasingly, it is like watching a man peer into a mirror where while left is right and right is left, the basic image in the same.

The good news for Britain is that while conviction politics has all but vanished from Downing Street and Whitehall, it has not been extirpated from the land. In rather American fashion, it has sought asylum in the think tanks that ring Westminster. That is where Thatcher's ideological children are holed up, biding their time until Major, and then perhaps Blair, pass from the scene.

Last summer when John Major called a leadership contest to quiet the carping of his right-wing critics, the only person to stand against him was John Redwood, then Secretary for Wales in Major's cabinet. Although he lost, Redwood earned his stripes; he has become an important player in the Conservative Party. Since his loss and departure from the Cabinet (not even John Major is willing to compromise *that* much) Redwood has set up his own think tank, Conservative 2000. From that base he hopes to forge the principled policies necessary to take the Conservative Party into the next century.

Redwood is not alone. As Ed Feulner documents in these pages, there is in London an impressive network of thriving conservative think tanks. They run the gamut from the old libertarian strongholds of the Institute of Economic Affairs under the intellectually ambitious eye of John Blundell and the Adam Smith Institute of Madsen Pirie, to the institutional child of Margaret Thatcher and the late Keith Joseph, the Center for Policy Studies, to newer operations such as the Social Affairs Unit, run by Digby Anderson, the European Foundation of the leading Euroskeptic in the House of Commons, Bill Cash, Andrew McHallam's Institute for European Defense and Strategic Studies, and the newest of the new, Politieia, founded just this month by Sheila Lawlor, formerly with the Center for Policy Studies. All told, there is a rumble of ideas emanating from conservative cauldrons, bubbling just beneath the decorous drawing-room floor of Mr. Major's government.

This is less the Americanization of British conservatism than the idea that conservatism is bound neither by party nor by geography. The Thatcherites know they have at least as much in common with Newt Gingrich and the conservative Republicans as they do with John Major. And they are dedicated to the restoration of that sturdy relationship Britain enjoyed with the United States during the Reagan–Thatcher years.

This is not simply wishful thinking. They took notice when Gingrich orchestrated the restoration of the Reagan Revolution in November 1994; since then they have been taking notes and actively pursuing contacts with their conservative brethren across the Atlantic. Thatcherism, like Reaganism, may no longer be in office, but, also like Reaganism, it is too strong a force to be kept out in the cold.

—GARY L. MCDOWELL

Mr. McDowell is Director of the Institute of United States Studies at the University of London.

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Susan Thomases, a friend of first lady Hillary Rodham Clinton, right, listens as the first lady's chief of staff Margaret Williams testifies before the Senate Whitewater Committee Nov. 2.

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By Nancy E. Roman

see ABORTION, page 15

Gingrich faults talk TV for rise of 'ignorant culture'

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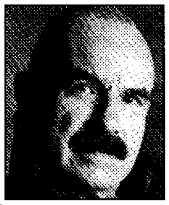
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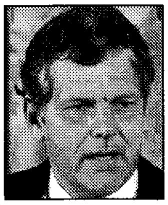
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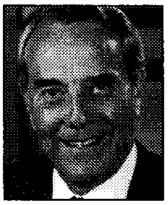
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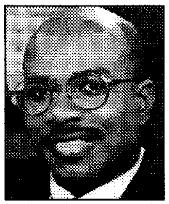
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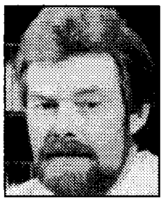
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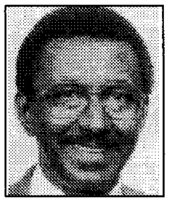
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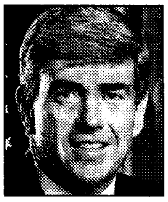
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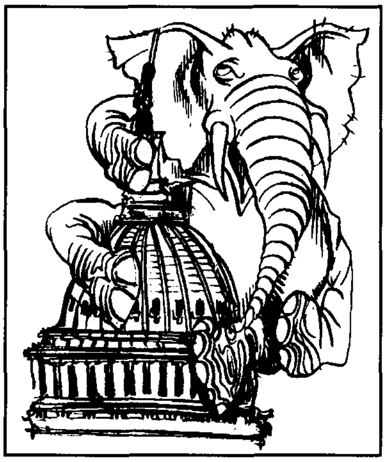
Using the IEA model, the late Sir Anthony Fisher, and more recently his successors Alex Chafuen and Leonard Liggio, have helped establish more than one hundred think tanks around the world, all involved in developing and propagating conservative ideas.



It is no coincidence that the institution in America most closely identified with Hayek, the University of Chicago, has led the global revolution in economic thinking—a revolution that has earned the Chicago school more Nobel Prizes in economic science than any other institution in the world.

The Chicago Boys, as they are affectionately known, have changed the economic face of the world. After the ouster of Salvador Allende, General Pinochet called in the Chicago Boys and gave them carte blanche to fix the country's Marxist economy. After they had done that, they showed Chile how to replace its government social-security system with a private system that is today the envy of the world (and should be a model for reform here in the United States). The local architects of the Chilean miracle later established the Instituto Libertad y Desarrolo in Santiago, which under the leadership of Christian Larroulet has set new standards for the advancement of the free society.

There are now numerous institutions where a conservative education can be had south of the border as well, starting with the Universidad Francisco Marroquín, a private university in Guatemala, founded by Manuel Ayau. In Mexico, the Center for Free Enterprise Research (founded by Luis Pazos and now ably led by Roberto Salinas) and the Ludwig von Mises Institute (headed by Carolina de Bolívar) both have helped change the terms and tone of Mexico's national political dialogue, influencing not only the conservative party, PAN, but also the long-entrenched ruling party, the PRI. UCLA's Clay Laforce lends his considerable expertise to promoting sensible policies throughout the region.

Argentina and Brazil also have free-market institutes, including the Centro Estudios Sobre Libertad in Buenos Aires and the Instituto Liberal de Rio in Porto Alegre, as do Colombia, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Paraguay, and several other countries. In Peru, Hernando de Soto has been studying entrepreneurship, especially what the scholars like to call the "micro-enterprise," (a/k/a the "little guy," trying to eke out a living despite the many obstacles thrown in his way by government).

In the Pacific region, Greg Lindsay's Centre for Independent Studies is the dominant free-market institution in Australia and New Zealand. In fact, New Zealand—a social basket case just a few years ago—now has one of the freest economies in the world, according to the Heritage Foundation's annual "Index of Economic Freedom." It has earned this honor by becoming one of the world's most aggressive privatizers, by deregulating the labor market, and by loosening the government's control over the economy. There, too, ideas that a decade ago were considered anathema are now broadly accepted across the political spectrum.

IN ASIA, while many academics and intellectuals are strong advocates of the free society, there is not yet an institutional framework to promote these ideas. Even in a huge country like India, which has a strong Western tradition and now understands the dynamics of privatization and entrepreneurship, there is no dominant free-market research institute.

South Africa is a pleasant surprise. There, the Free Market Foundation, led by Leon Louw and Temba Nolutshungu, has been helping for more than a decade now to design a real market economy for the new government. In Israel, plagued by a ponderous, bureaucratic socialist economy, the intellectual opposition is led by Robert Loewenberg's Institute for Advanced Strategic and Political Studies (whose economic-studies program is directed by the Hoover Institution's flat-tax guru Alvin Rabushka) and Daniel Doron's Israel Center for Social and Economic Progress. The two Israeli think tanks keep reminding the Israeli government and people what needs to be done to fix the economy; the government just doesn't do it.

In the Czech Republic, Prime Minister Vaclav Klaus's vigorous privatization program followed the Thatcher model. By making the Czech people shareholders in the newly privatized enterprises, Klaus has given them an important stake in the new system. Jiri Schwarz's Liberalni Institut provides the intellectual underpinnings. As a result, the Czech Republic is to the former Soviet Empire what Chile is to Latin America.

While Central and Eastern Europe attempt to undo years of Communism, Western Europe is afflicted by statism of another sort—the kind of over-regulation we are fighting here at home. Fortunately, most of Europe has both the political and intellectual leadership needed for market ideas to prevail.

In Italy, former Mont Pelerin Society President Antonio Martino recently served as foreign minister. And in France, Alain Madelin, another market advocate, recently served as minister of commerce and industry. Even without these political leaders in office, conservative ideas are well represented in the academic community—Henri Lepage and Pascal Salin in France, for example—and will be ready as the new political leadership emerges.

Germany has an abundance of market-oriented institutions, including the Frankfurt Institute, founded by Professor Gert Dahlmanns, and twin institutes at the University of Kiel: the Institute of the World Economy, until recently headed by Herbert Giersch, and the Institute for Political Science, headed by Werner Kaltefleiter. Kiel has thus become an important center of conservative thought and a major training ground for future conservative leaders.

Elsewhere in Germany, Christian Watrin at the University of Cologne keeps alive the tradition of Ludwig Erhard, the creator of the German economic miracle and an early disciple of Hayek and Roepke in the political arena. Roland Vaubel and a host of other individual academics reinforce the policy leaders.

The list goes on, from Greece, where the Center for Political Research and Information just celebrated its 20th an-

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Mr. Feulner is president of The Heritage Foundation.

niversary, to Russia, where a variety of institutions—the Krieble Institute, the Institute of the World Economy and International Relations, and the Center for the Study of the Russian Economy—is bringing freedom's compelling message to the former Soviet state. Each has a unique mission. The Krieble Institute is training educators and entrepreneurs in the market system. The Center for the Study of the Russian Economy, headed by Vitaly Naishul, has provided principled market economic policies for key parliamentary reformers led by Arkady Murashev and Yegor Gaidar. Murashev also oversees the Liberal Conservative Center designed to develop legislative ideas.

A major coordinating role is played by the Windsor Group in Geneva, headed by Geoff Carlson, which brings together academics, politicians, and political activists from throughout Central Europe and which will, we hope, help direct the next wave of reform governments.

As we complete this circling of the globe, even our neighbor to the north is making progress. Finally, Canadian politics is catching up with the world of conservative ideas, ably represented by the Fraser Institute, under its longtime director Mike Walker.

However, it took the virtual destruction of Canada's Progressive Conservative Party for a true free-market alternative to emerge. In June 1995, in Ontario, the most socialist provincial government in all of Canada was replaced by a new breed of Progressive Conservatives running on a platform of cutting welfare and taxes by 30 per cent and balancing the budget within five years.

Not all of the world's leading conservative thinkers are focused on economic policy. Others are concerned with the relations between states. One of the best on the foreign-policy side is the Institute for European Defence and Strategic Studies, which continues to argue persuasively for a robust Atlantic Alliance from its modest headquarters in London.

Some of our most challenging work still lies ahead. The first phase of the conservative revolution was the triumph of freedom over Communism. The second phase—a work still in progress, at least politically—was the vindication of the free market. The third phase will be the mopping-up exercise, as we try to clear the debris left behind by the 60-year rampage of the welfare state. ☐

Who's What in Congress

KATE O'BEIRNE

ON THE evening of October 26, Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee Bill Archer cast a vote he had waited 25 years for. The following morning, he explained what his party's balanced-budget bill meant to him: "Last night we achieved precisely what I wanted to when I ran in 1970. I had five young children and believed that leaving them a free country, with no debt, was the single biggest thing I could do for them." Archer had to wait until he had ten grandchildren before getting the chance to vote for a comprehensive balanced budget.

The effect of the new majority's historic shift in the congressional agenda is particularly dramatic in Archer's case. A conservative stalwart since 1971, he took his oath and promptly introduced a balanced-budget constitutional amendment. But he owes his chairmanship to the 73 "majority makers" in the freshman class. "Over the years I continued to believe that someday we might have a majority," says Archer. And it happened. "In my first speech to the freshmen, I told them they made me feel like a freshman again."

But in a party now divided between footdraggers and stargazers, Bill Archer is an exception to the rule that the longer a congressman has been in Washington, the less likely he is to be gazing at the stars. The Heritage Foundation's director of congressional relations, Mike Franc, makes the same point with a different metaphor: "The new Members

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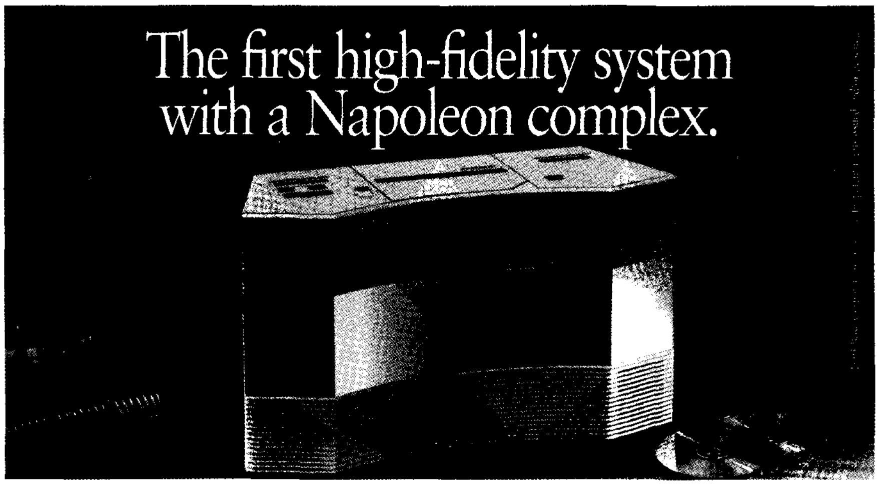
Mrs. O'Beirne became our Washington editor this summer.



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have made a dramatic change in the culture of Capitol Hill. It's as though the seminarians have taken over and are teaching the Cardinals how things ought to be done." Aggressive newcomers, including 44 Republican sophomores, make up half of the House Republican caucus. And because that caucus is now dominated by stargazers, senior conservative Members, like Bill Archer's fellow Texans Dick Armey and Tom DeLay and California's Chris Cox, are in most of the elected leadership posts. John Boehner of Ohio recalls that as a member of the infamous "Gang of Seven" in the class of '90 who dedicated themselves to spotlighting congressional corruption, "Two-thirds of our fellow Republicans were unhappy with us." In his third term, Boehner now serves as chairman of the House Republican Conference. "The proudest part of being elected to the leadership for me was when I looked out at my colleagues and realized that a lot of people who told me to shut up when I was an upstart freshman, had voted for me."

While Boehner and fellow Gang of Seven member Jim Nussle of Iowa were *expected* to be key lieutenants in the Gingrich revolution, other Republican Members have been a pleasant surprise. Despite his solid conservative voting record, Denny Hastert was long regarded as a supporter of the Republican establishment with an abiding allegiance to his Illinois colleague Bob Michel; yet he has played a crucial role in lining up votes as chief deputy whip to DeLay. Pennsylvania's Bill Clinger, now chairman of the Government Reform and Oversight Committee, has aggressively pursued investigations of the Clinton Administration, including Travelgate and Hillary's secretive health-care task force. The committee successfully delivered key items of the Contract with America, and Clinger tapped freshman Dave McIntosh to chair an important subcommittee where, with the chairman's full support, he has been advancing the deregulation agenda.

Even some Democrats have been supportive. A handful have switched parties since the takeover. The talented Billy Tauzin of Louisiana is highlighted as a "great steal" from the Democrats. One Hill conservative is grateful that genuine conservative Democrats like Tauzin and Mississippi's Mike Parker (the latest party switcher) can be contrasted with Texas's Charlie Stenholm, who has long "designed phony conservative alternatives to provide cover for Democrats who pretend to be conservative for the people back home."

Owing to Newt Gingrich's willingness to override the traditional seniority system, conservatives John Kasich and Bob Livingston now chair the critically important Budget and Appropriations Committees. But complaints persist about the ability of Democratic staff holdovers on the latter to undercut its conservative leadership in negotiations

Still Our People

In a class of Members of Congress defined by its ideological commitment and revolutionary fervor, conservative observers point to ten newcomers who have distinguished themselves with their talent and resolve.

Dave McIntosh won an open seat in Indiana's 2nd district, having served an apprenticeship for the congressional revolution as Director of Vice President Dan Quayle's Council on Competitiveness. His Washington experience, and past leadership in the Federalist Society, provided high name ID in the conservative movement and media, and won him the chairmanship of a key government-reform subcommittee; where he has been energetically advancing the deregulation agenda. McIntosh's sleepy-eyed demeanor masks his resolve to take on Washington's most powerful special interests, and he has provided the real energy behind efforts to defund liberal public-advocacy groups. "Dave came to Washington knowing who the enemy is, and now they know he's here," says one conservative staffer.

Mark Souder defeated two-term Democrat Jill Long to win back the Indiana seat once held by Dan Quayle and Dan Coats, whom Souder worked for in Congress as an aide. Enthusiastic and genial, Souder was elected Vice President of his freshman class, and has shown his willingness to take on the leadership on its behalf. He stood alone against his Republican seniors when, despite enormous pressure, he refused to support the balanced-budget amendment without a tax-limitation provision. Souder pushes for conservative education reform from his seat on the House Economic and Educational Opportunities Committee.

Van Hilleary left his family textile business to volunteer for service in Desert Storm, and with his combat skills honed, returned to Tennessee to run for Jim Cooper's open seat. Like most of his classmates, Hilleary expects his active duty in Washington to be temporary. He has committed to serve no more than six terms. He sponsored the most conservative version of a term-limits amendment, but lost to a face-saving compromise sponsored by more moderate Members. This earnest, soft-spoken bachelor is effective behind the scenes.

As an undergraduate, **Randy Tate** was elected to the Washington House, and so, at the tender age of 30, is one of the most experienced politicians in his class. Although outspent by the Democratic incumbent, Tate won the closely divided ninth district with 52 per cent of the vote. Tate, who supported Pat Robertson in the 1988 primary, has the natural enthusiasm and energy of a cheerleading squad captain, and was tapped by leadership to serve as one of three freshman deputy whips. "Randy has had real leadership responsibilities for moving each of the Contract items," says one grateful leadership aide.

Steve Largent was inducted into the National Football Hall of Fame a few weeks after he was sworn in to take Oklahoma Senator Jim Inhofe's House seat. Long active in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes, this record-setting former wide receiver for the Seattle Seahawks is deeply with the more liberal Senate Appropriations Committee. Worse, many of the subcommittee chairmen don't share the views of a majority of the Republican conference. "Given how out of step the appropriators have been with the conference, and their inability to control their bills on the floor, some real changes to the Appropriations Committee ought to be made in the next Congress," says a leadership aide.

But the footdraggers can't be counted out yet. For instance, the GOP takeover put liberal Republican Bill Goodling in the chair of the House committee with jurisdiction over education and labor issues. Others, like Sherwood Boehlert of New York and Dave Hobson of Ohio, thwart the reform agenda by threatening to torpedo bills on the floor. The greatest number of Republican defections has been on environmental issues, with 63 GOPers voting with the Democrats against attempts to restrict the EPA's enforcement capabilities.

Newt Gingrich spends a good deal of his time doing his own version of "triangulation," as he works to reconcile the freshmen's demands for real change with the liberalism of those of the caucus minority. Some conservative Members grumble about the access to the Speaker that footdraggers appear to have, but stargazing sophomore Jim Talent of Missouri says he understands Gingrich's need to maintain close contact with his liberal colleagues: "It's a general rule of politics that the people you need to spend the most time with are those who agree least with you on substantive issues."

Conservatives have also been dismayed by the leadership's greater willingness to discipline conservatives, like Marc Neumann, who break with the caucus than liberals like New Jersey's Dick Zimmer, who voted against both Medicare reform and the balanced budget. "Why doesn't Dick Zimmer lose his seat on the Ways and Means Committee, now that he's hung his [New Jersey] Republican colleagues who supported the leadership out to dry?" asks one conservative staffer. Zimmer's betrayal is clearly meant to help his race to replace the retiring Bill Bradley in the Senate, but a Republican House aide says, "The last thing we need is Dick Zimmer in the Senate. Jeffords and Chafee are already there."

Others expected to provide conservative leadership have been disappointing, with no one in this category mentioned more often than Bill McCollum of Florida. Term-limits activists opposed his watered-down bill, and conservative women are furious over his support for the feminist pork in last year's crime bill. "None of the $1.7 billion in the Violence Against Women Act goes to battered women. It only helps the Democratic infrastructure, and if that's who McCollum wants to help let him switch parties," says Barbara Ledeen of the Independent Women's Forum. Recently

committed to the pro-family agenda, and is chief sponsor of parental-rights legislation. Largent displays the easy grace of one familiar with celebrity, and enjoys an independence from leadership thanks to his fame and fundraising ability. Rather than fill his own political coffers, Largent devotes a good deal of his free time to raising money for private charities. A reluctant politician, he explains that he wants his political epitaph to read, "Brilliant but Brief."

John Shadegg is a lawyer who won Arizona Senator Jon Kyl's House seat with 60 per cent of the vote. From a family long active in Arizona politics (his father managed Goldwater's first Senate campaign in 1952), Shadegg emphasizes the importance of local politics and has been tapped as GOPAC's new general chairman. He hopes to identify conservative state legislators to work with his class on the reform agenda. The handsome, aggressive Shadegg is a voice of "no compromise" within the Republican caucus.

If the freshman class were a fraternity, former TV sportscaster **J. D. Hayworth** would be its president by acclamation. Despite being outspent, Hayworth beat incumbent Karan English with 55 per cent of the vote in Arizona's 6th district. He clearly enjoys playing offense, and his booming voice and expansive personality have become regular C-Span fare as he delightfully skewers liberals during floor speeches.

In his third race for Congress, **Marc Neumann** defeated incumbent Peter Barca in a close race in the late Les Aspin's Wisconsin district. Frequently in the news owing to his fights with the leadership over budget issues, Neumann "has very helpfully redefined how a congressman acts," according to a senior Hill staffer. This ex-math teacher sold his successful homebuilding business to run for Congress in order to tackle the national debt. With an unassuming, even naïve demeanor, Neumann has exhibited a go-for-broke resolve to cut federal spending that has rallied his classmates to his defense.

Having held statewide appointive office as secretary of the state Board of Agriculture, and after a stint as a White House fellow, **Sam Brownback** won an open seat in Kansas's 2nd district. With more government experience than most of his classmates, Brownback emerged as a natural leader. He organized a group of freshmen he calls "The New Federalists" to provide detailed plans for the elimination of four Cabinet agencies. Brownback disappointed conservatives with his lukewarm support for tax cuts, but he has exhibited a true commitment to shrinking government.

When **Tom Coburn** returns home to Oklahoma for the weekend he's probably there to deliver a baby rather than a political speech. This practicing physician expected to run against liberal Democrat Mike Synar in the 2nd district, but when Synar suffered a surprise primary defeat, Coburn won the seat over a political novice. Coburn has been a powerful pro-life voice in his class. When a group of pro-life freshmen were being admonished by the leadership for holding up legislation over an abortion rider, Coburn retorted, "We are here to save babies." On the Commerce Committee, Coburn's medical experience helped him play an important role in shaping Medicare and Medicaid reform proposals.

The freshmen think they're in Washington to end "business as usual." That's a task that's going to stretch well beyond 1995. These are the new lawmakers you can expect to stay near the lead of the Republican Revolution's long march. ☐

he has been defending the Legal Services Corporation as one of "the underpinnings of a democratic system." "Just as things looked bleakest for the network of liberal activist lawyers funded by the LSC, McCollum came to the rescue," complains Ken Boehm of the National Legal and Policy Center.

Despite the footdraggers, the GOP revolution has taken hold in the House. Not so in the Senate. When freshman Senator Rod Grams (Minn.) is asked what it's like being part of revolutionary change in Washington, he replies, "How would I know? I serve in the Senate."

Not that there aren't stargazers in the upper house. The conservative Grams was elected to the Senate after serving a single term in the House, where he and Tim Hutchinson of Arkansas championed family tax relief. He has pledged to serve just two terms and is convinced that Republicans won't remain the majority party if they fail to deliver a balanced budget—which, he told the Senate leadership, he wouldn't support without tax cuts. From his seat on the Budget Committee, Senator Spencer Abraham of Michigan—one of the best lawyers in the Senate (who bravely pushes comprehensive tort reform)—also fought for them. But for the efforts of these freshmen, and Phil Gramm's leadership, tax relief would have been dropped from the final Senate budget plan.

In general, though, footdraggers are stronger in the Senate, and many of the GOP's most liberal Members chair key committees. Still, some in the 11-member Senate freshman class have had an impact on their less revolutionary senior colleagues—and some have been impacted upon.

In the first group: Senator Jon Kyl of Arizona has long been a strong supporter of ballistic-missile defense, and, like Missouri's John Ashcroft and Oklahoma's Jim Inhofe, has been an effective conservative voice within the Republican caucus. Ashcroft maintains close ties to pro-family groups, has sought to privatize welfare programs, and aggressively insisted on a term-limit vote in the Senate. Inhofe is expected to be even more active when he is re-elected to a full term in '96.

Tennessee Senator Bill Frist, a heart surgeon, dismayed conservatives with his support for Surgeon General nominee Henry Foster, but he has been an important voice in promoting Medicare reform. This political novice had a steep learning curve—he "could benefit from mentoring from a senior conservative senator," according to one Senate aide—but he is "a real asset." His freshman Tennessee colleague, Fred Thompson, is committed to a balanced budget and term limits, but he's close to the trial lawyers and has opposed tort reform and abolishing the LSC.

Pennsylvania's Rick Santorum was a member of the Gang of Seven in the House and brings his passion for institutional reform to the Senate. He broke with Senate protocol by lambasting fellow Republican Mark Hatfield for his "nay" vote on the balanced-budget amendment, leading to seniority rule changes in the caucus. His eagerness to confront liberals in floor debate wins conservative praise. But his support for Bob Packwood's liberal welfare-reform bill disappointed conservatives, and, given his aggressive style, senior Senate staff have been surprised at Santorum's willingness to concede defeat. "He has

(Continues on page 139)

SYMPOSIUM: THE CONSERVATIVE FUTURE

JIM TALENT

THE late British scholar Leonard Schapiro once wrote that the Bolsheviks didn't actually seize power in 1917—"power lay in the streets for anyone to pick up." The current situation in Washington is similar in many respects.

Liberalism has been philosophically and morally bankrupt for years. Its political bankruptcy has followed. In its wake liberalism is leaving behind a wounded and frightened country, with decaying cities, shattered families, divided races, and traditions and heritage under siege from the nation's own cultural leadership.

American voters know that something very bad has happened, and that the decline is somehow connected to modern liberalism. Since Americans are a pragmatic people, they want a long-term solution; and since conservatism is a practical philosophy, it should welcome the challenge of rebuilding America.

In the near term we have two vital objectives. First, we have to bury liberalism. Now that conservatives control the Congress, some are tempted to wipe a cloth across the slate of the past. This would be a tremendous mistake. The road ahead will be difficult, and to keep moving forward we must convince the people that retreating into liberalism is impossible. We must consistently remind the Israelites of what life really was like in Egypt.

So we should explicitly draw the connection between liberalism and the conditions Americans so rightly deplore: between big government and the deficit, regulations and the loss of opportunity, high taxes and weak families, welfare and illegitimacy, relativism and crime. Conservative scholars should hammer these points home, and conservative legislators should remember that the debate over legislation is as important as the legislation itself.

Second, conservatives must offer everyone real hope. For the first time in American history, tens of millions of our countrymen are trapped in despair. That despair cuts across all geographic, economic, and racial lines. It is nowhere manifested more clearly than in what we are doing to our own children. This year in America one out of every three pregnancies will end in abortion; of the children who live to be born, one out of every three will be illegitimate.

The answer to despair is spiritual rather than political, but no governing creed can confine itself to politics. Conservatism is the perfect philosophy to lead the fight against materialistic de-

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Mr. Talent is U.S. Representative from the 2nd District of Missouri.

spair. Conservatives believe neither in government, nor in narrow-minded individualism, but in the institutions that individuals have built over centuries, and which transmit the civilizing traditions of a society from one generation to the next.

In America those institutions are marriage, private employment, local schools, voluntary associations, and religious organizations. Conservatives should pursue legislative policies that empower these institutions and allow us to proselytize the norms for which they stand: work, charity, faith, loyalty to family, respect for others. We should make clear that tax relief is about strengthening families and businesses, welfare reform is about marriage and work, and urban policy means rebuilding private life in America's cities.

And we should be confident about the future. In *Suicide of the West*, James Burnham showed that liberalism was less a coherent philosophy than a siren song by which the West reconciled itself to its own suicide. But Burnham's tragic vision was wrong. America's institutions have endured, and conservatism can be a fighting hymn by which we restore their full vigor in the next century. ☐

ROBERT P. GEORGE

LIBERAL economic and social ideas have been discredited to the point that they are scarcely defended with enthusiasm even by the semi-official spokesmen of the Left (e.g., the Democratic leadership and the mainstream media). Liberal moral ideas, however, are alive and well—and insinuating themselves firmly into the councils of the Republican Party.

Increasingly, one hears Republican strategists and politicians making "the conservative case" for liberal morality—abortion, homosexual "marriage," the "right" to die. The "case" is invariably eked out by something very much like the "atomistic individualism" Marxists used to claim was at the philosophical core of capitalism, and which has, in effect, become the guiding philosophy of "tight money/loose morals" Republicans, whether old-fashioned defenders of economic privilege—of the stripe who gave us Planned Parenthood—or New Age yuppie libertarians.

The country-clubbers, like the poor, will be with us always. They are, however, fundamentally motivated by interest, not ideology, and in themselves present no threat to the integrity of conservatism as a tradition of moral and political thought and action. The libertarians, by contrast, are believers with an idea—a rather seductive idea capable of threatening the soul of conservatism. Libertarianism is something akin to a heresy.

Heresies, as Chesterton observed, do not rest on pure falsehoods. On the contrary, they press important truths to the point at which they become falsehoods. The important truth stressed by libertarianism is the centrality of individual freedom to human dignity. But freedom pressed to the point of justifying atrocities such as abortion degenerates into license—license which undermines human dignity and ultimately renders unintelligible the concept of the common good.

Still, the appeal of libertarianism to modern conservatives is palpable; it exploits, even as it distorts, the ethic of individual initiative and achievement which has inspired Americans for generations. And, truth be told, libertarian thinkers have crafted many of the most valuable social and economic reforms on the agenda of the Republican Party today. So, the alliance of conservatives and libertarians in the Reagan and Gingrich revolutions has been undeniably fruitful.

What has been gained, however, will have been for nought, if we now abandon the conservative moral vision—the sanctity of human life, the dignity of marriage, the primacy of the common good—in the face of the libertarian seduction.

Conservatives should continue to cooperate with libertarians to achieve our common goals of lower taxes, smaller government, equality of opportunity, school choice, etc. (And we should cer-

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Mr. George is Associate Professor of Politics at Princeton University and author of Making Men Moral: Civil Liberties and Public Morality *(Oxford, 1993).*

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tainly work closely with the significant minority of libertarians who are pro-life.) But let us have no illusions about the compatibility of the conservative and libertarian moral visions. There simply is no tent big enough to accommodate both visions. For conservatives to lay aside our moral convictions for the sake of unity with our libertarian allies is most decidedly not to defer conflict over moral issues to the future. It is, rather, to surrender in advance. □

DANIEL CASSE

WHEN I interviewed with Irving Kristol for a job at *The Public Interest* in 1984, he never asked me if I was a conservative. It must have been obvious. I had been the student of two professors at the University of Toronto who were disciples of Leo Strauss. I subscribed to *Commentary*, *The American Spectator*, and NATIONAL REVIEW. At the time of my interview, I was a student-newspaper editor, cheerfully pouring cold water on what were then the hottest ideas on campus: disinvestment in South Africa, a college-wide "women's center," and the need for more government funding. On most subjects, I disagreed with just about everyone my age.

What else needed to be said? I was a conservative.

I ended up spending two and a half years at *The Public Interest*, sitting in a cramped office in Manhattan where the other young editors and I passed the time chattering about the whole conservative agenda: the Contras, Star Wars, the Supreme Court, and so on. But when it came to the great issues of the day, there was no need for prolonged discussion. On economics, we had all read George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* and cheered the fractious supply-side optimism of the *Journal*'s editorial page. On welfare policy, we were guided by Charles Murray's *Losing Ground*. On education, we all had favorite lines from *The Closing of the American Mind* or William Bennett's speech about the core curriculum that he had delivered to a hostile Harvard audience. All the conservatives I knew had absorbed these writings. Once a year we would meet at Midge Decter's Committee for the Free World conference, where differences on foreign policy were highly nuanced or simply idiosyncratic.

Today, no such intellectual consensus exists. Whenever I attend a conservative gathering, I am struck by the number of plainly incompatible opinions I will hear. I see the same dissension in the public-policy world. Anyone who takes the trouble to sift through the reams of paper produced by Washington's dozen or so "conservative" think tanks can't help noticing the very different agendas being advanced. Even the most interesting recent conservative books—David Frum's *Dead Right*, Charles Murray and Richard Herrnstein's *The Bell Curve*, Peter Brimelow's *Alien Nation*—have done more to divide conservatives than to unite them. Perhaps the rumbling I hear is just the healthy noise produced by "the battle of ideas." But I fear the truth is otherwise. Without a "core curriculum," a shared set of ideas and assumptions about how to define the most important issues, the conservative movement is becoming rudderless.

This situation has created a disturbing paradox: while conservative political ideas of limited government and lower taxes are in ascendancy, the meaning of conservative ideas in the future has never been more in doubt.

It is in doubt because a political movement cannot live off the electoral land indefinitely. It needs intellectual sustenance. The Contract with America was a shrewd, even ingenious, tactical document for ousting a decrepit Democratic majority from Congress. But, alas, it has done very little to create a foundation for future conservative thought, at least one that transcends the tick-tock of Washington political life. One glance at the insurrection General Powell provoked in conservative ranks reveals just how insecure the movement is.

True, the conservative coalition has been an uneasy alliance from the start. But there are now deep ruts that cannot be easily smoothed over. American intervention abroad, the tax system, immigration, trade, federal law enforcement, the role of government in fostering good behavior, even Pat Buchanan—these topics give rise to profound differences among those who call themselves conservative. I suspect these differences will force a thorough redefinition of the conservative movement, one that may already be under way. □

Mr. Casse is the director of policy for Lamar Alexander's presidential campaign. The views expressed here are his own.

LISA SCHIFFREN

I HAVE a friend, a well-known conservative activist, who for years has signed off notes and holiday cards with the phrase, "We are winning." Well, we *are* winning. Fifteen years after the first Reagan term began, Communism has been defeated and replaced with normal ineptitude, corruption, and bloodletting in Eastern Europe and Central Asia, and at home desire for limited government has finally trickled down to the street. Average Americans have absorbed the formulation, "It's our money." Newt and the freshmen are doing pretty well (though the Senate remains hostage to that cohort of liberal Republicans who must die before real change occurs), and everyone wants to be a Republican.

And yet, I am not sanguine about the future of American conservatism. Fifteen years after Ronald Reagan began this revolution, the domestic problems that made me, for one, a conservative are exponentially worse, the quality of life is ruder and more competitive, and 50 per cent of my family income goes to the government.

Conservatives didn't use to have to apologize for a dark and dour view of the future, and I remain unapologetic (though I hope I am wrong about everything, especially human nature). But it seems to me that generations after the last unnecessary regulation is stricken from the books our society will still pay heavily for the welfare state and the dependent classes it bred. Furthermore, the culture of liberalism—multiculturalism, amorality, radical feminism—has left our society so soiled and frayed that it is hard to see how it will mend.

Lisa Schiffren, a former speechwriter for Dan Quayle, is writing a book about women and politics.

Specifically, the fact that 30 per cent of American babies were born to unwed mothers last year should wipe away any illusions about a quick transition to an independent, self-reliant society. Most of those babies will be on welfare till majority. They are prone to educational failure, violence, and repetition of early, out-of-wedlock childbearing, and there is no evidence that things will be salvageable for them as adults.

Among married couples, by necessity more than choice, the majority of mothers now return to work in their children's first year—a radical change from even the late 1970s. Who can be optimistic about the character of a nation raised in day care, or by semi-literate Third World nannies? The PC police continue to block honest discussion of the problems of substituting day care for mom. And not even our bravest conservative politicians speak of restoring a tax structure that obviates the need for a second income among overworked middle-class parents.

And then we send our children into the world. It's old news that the universities are hostile to Western Civ. But not even the earliest grades are safe from politicization. The 1995 winner of the prestigious Caldecott award for (young) children's literature is, typically, a mega-PC story about the Los Angeles riots. For all that we have talked about vouchers and standards, we have not built one alternative day school in which to teach our texts and values to our own children.

Nor are the churches to be counted on for a moral education. Some, of course, do an excellent job. But the majority of Americans who claim to believe in God attend (though rarely) reformed houses of worship, where "tolerance" has edged out the standards that used to be known as God's law.

Finally, though politics are our strength in this revolution, a cursory glance at the 1996 GOP field should restore appropriate gloom. It has been dominated by men who came of age in the Nixon era, whose instincts are liberal, who cannot be trusted to dismantle the government, or even to defund silly programs everyone agrees are bad. The one candidate who is tough and focused enough to get the job done, Phil Gramm, is judged unelectable, because he is too "mean-spirited," and doesn't have a sunny enough vision.

So, we have a few more magazines and think tanks. Markets, not government, are universally understood to produce wealth. And some conservative legislation is being enacted. But the culture determines whether we succeed or fail. Are we winning? ☐

BRIAN W. JONES

THE conventional wisdom in Washington suggests that the conservative movement reached its apogee in November, 1994. More recent events, however, suggest that an essential political territory has yet to be conquered: a significant proportion of the African-American vote.

On October 16, 1995, several hundred thousand black American men gathered in the shadow of the U.S. Capitol ostensibly to atone for past sins and to take responsibility for their own lives, their families, and their communities. Despite the troubling fact that the gathering was convened by and credited to a consummate racial demagogue in the person of Louis Farrakhan, the march underscores an opportunity for conservatives. Whatever the intentions of those on the dais that day, many of the black men massed outside the Capitol in October 1995 hungered for what a majority of voters demanded from those inside the Capitol in November 1994: individual and community empowerment. Political conservatism as manifested in Washington today stands for just that proposition.

It would, of course, be folly to suggest that vast majorities of African-American voters are champing at the bit to pull the Republican lever next November. While a majority of the black community is decidedly conservative on discrete policy issues such as support for the death penalty, mandatory minimum sentencing for drug dealers, and, among those knowledgable of the issue, school vouchers, the Federal Government remains favorably viewed as an engine of social progress.

It is significant, however, that a

Mr. Jones is president of the Center for New Black Leadership in Washington, D.C.

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growing number of African-American voters are beginning to characterize themselves as political independents, possibly the first phase of a political realignment. And polls show that a growing proportion of blacks reject the notion that white racism represents the largest obstacle to black progress, and rather define their communities' problems in economic and spiritual terms. That partly explains the attraction of the Million Man March's call to individual responsibility and empowerment.

Therein lies the challenge to conservatives. As the black community rejects the racism-obsessed statism of its traditionally Democratic leadership, a void has emerged. Who will emerge to fill it? One answer is Louis Farrakhan. But anyone who believes in the American ideal of civic progress must reject as political poison the hatefully separatist demagoguery of Farrakhan.

Conservatives, instead, can and must fill the void. After all, it is conservatives who are devolving authority away from a centralized bureaucracy that has undermined stable families while failing to improve poverty rates; it is conservatives who are talking about the importance of restoring spirituality to our public discourse; and, it is conservatives who are working in cities like Milwaukee and Washington, D.C., to empower poor parents to decide which schools their children will attend.

Conservatives can only hope to fill the void, however, with deliberate effort. Given the wary disposition of many African Americans toward conservatives, it is not enough simply to say, "Hey, the Contract with America is good for all Americans. If black people don't realize that, it's their problem, not ours." No sir. It *is* our problem. If conservatives fail to explicitly relate their agenda to the black community's longing for individual empowerment and economic self-determination, the options for African Americans—and thus for America—are few. Liberalism is intellectually exhausted and pathologically averse to policies that encourage spiritual uplift and self-reliance. For many, the separatist siren song of Farrakhan is another option.

Conservatives, then, are faced with an historic opportunity. By acknowledging that the aspirations of the black community are no different from those of any other community in America—and by forcefully articulating that understanding in terms relevant to African-American audiences—conservatives can transform this opportunity into a revival of American community dynamism. In so doing, they will have defeated the destructive call of separatism and forged a new frontier for conservatism. ☐

ADAM BELLOW

AS SOME readers may know, The Free Press has become strongly identified with the conservative intellectual movement. This is mainly due to the efforts of my predecessor, the late Erwin A. Glikes. Erwin, an Americanized German-Jewish immigrant, used to say that a publishing house should be like a dinner party, where the authors are considered honored guests—and are expected to behave themselves accordingly. But of course, as Erwin knew, social peace at dinner parties *and* publishing houses must be purchased by means of an informal consensus about ultimate values.

Last summer, Norman Podhoretz appeared with Charlie Rose, who seemed particularly curious about the New York Intellectuals—the quarrelsome, intense, extended (mostly Jewish) "family" to which Podhoretz, his wife, many of their friends, and most of their enemies belonged. "What really happened" to this group of former friends? Podhoretz answered that the story of the New York Intellectuals had also been the story of the Great Arguments of the twentieth century. Over time their positions grew so bitterly divergent that they could simply no longer be civil. Podhoretz regretted this, he said, because there had been such a drastic decline since then in public argument and private conversation.

For conservatives today, it is a moment of vindication and opportunity. The collapse of the narrow liberal consensus has produced an explosion of intellectual energy on the Right. But as conservatives begin to test their newfound cultural authority, they become increasingly aware of the fault lines that divide them. The question for a publisher therefore becomes not (as it was at the height of the culture wars), How do we continue to attract the best books by a cadre of disciplined "countercultural" conservatives? but, How much *real* diversity can our list accommodate before the elegant dinner party degenerates into a food fight?

Recently we published a book that produced an unexpected altercation between its author, Dinesh D'Souza, and two other Free Press authors, Glenn C. Loury and Robert Woodson. Earlier we published Michael Lind, a former conservative who broke from the Right with a public attack on Pat Robertson (whose associate Ralph Reed will publish a book with us next year). Lind's book in turn was attacked by conservatives, including D'Souza and Richard Brookhiser, also a Free Press author. Last year, we published *The Bell Curve* by Charles Murray and the late Richard Herrnstein, a book that was savagely attacked by liberals but that savagely divided conservatives.

As publishers, we welcome these debates because controversy does sell books. But I must also say that I have not been greatly impressed by the willingness of conservatives to debate one another, or their liberal opponents, at a consistently high level. Recall that papering over their own disagreements is what weakened and marginalized liberals. Conservatives should think it better to dissolve into an island archipelago of sovereign intellectuals, furiously scratching out their memoirs like the friends of Norman Podhoretz, than to drift into irrelevance like the liberal establishment.

What the public needs now is not a new orthodoxy but a vigorous encounter among the independent thinkers, conservative or otherwise, who are beginning to define the Great Arguments of the *next* century. Thus The Free Press will certainly continue to publish conservatives. But we must also publish any dissidents, apostates, heretics, defectors, and other opponents of conservatism whose ideas seem substantial and deserving of debate.

This "dialectical" approach will test the mettle of the emerging conservative consensus and may even reverse the decline in public argument and private conversation. For this to happen, though, conservatives must show that

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Mr. Bellow is vice president and editorial director of The Free Press, a division of Simon & Schuster.

they can tolerate dissent in a better mood and engage their opponents on a higher level than liberals have done any time in the last thirty years. If this spirited embrace of ideas and arguments for their own sake is not forthcoming from conservatives, Americans will rightly seek it elsewhere. ☐

SCOTT MCCONNELL

THE good news is that many of the opponents American conservatives have faced in the past two generations have been routed and are in full flight. Fellow-travelers and socialists are now ancient history; what was once the New Left is now contained in universities; Great Society liberals have lost faith in their own prescriptions. Even the movements for political correctness and multiculturalism seem to have lost steam in recent years. In the world of ideas and in the nation's legislatures at every level, conservatives have more influence than at any time since the 1950s and maybe before.

Unfortunately, just as conservatives find themselves placed to mend some of the damage left in the wake of a retreating liberalism, divisions within the camp of those who supported Ronald Reagan and George Bush threaten to break open as new major fault lines in American politics. I am not thinking especially of abortion, which may be a "single issue" on which no compromise is possible for somewhat fewer people than Washington pundits would have us believe. But lurking in the conservative future are other problematic issues on which writers and activists are just beginning to realize the depths of disagreement within their ranks. Let me mention three, though there are of course several more.

The first one, posing the greatest short-term danger to the conservative ascendancy, concerns the degree to which conservatives want to downplay or ignore the economic plight of those Middle Americans who lack the training, aptitude, or temperament to take advantage of the globalization of the economy. In every successful political battle the Right has waged in the past fifty years, it has been buttressed by the bedrock social conservatism of the "Silent Majority" of Americans who work in factories, own small stores, or hold middle-management jobs in major corporations. I don't care how many op-ed pieces artfully demonstrate that Americans are really experiencing one fat year after another; or that the stagnant wages, factory closings, and corporate downsizing are just the market's creative way of unleashing entrepreneurial potential. For many conservatives, it requires no more than speaking with members of their own families to recognize that ordinary Americans are not sharing in the bounty enjoyed by those on the cutting edge of the new computer technologies or busy transferring production to Mexico and beyond.

A second issue is immigration, about which much has been said already and more will be said in the years to come. Here it suffices to say that no one who believes that the American people deserve at least to be consulted about the large-scale demographic and cultural transformations being forced upon them by mass Third World immigration enjoys being smeared as racist and xenophobic by his erstwhile conservative allies.

Third, it seems bizarre that it has become fashionable in conservative circles to sneer at virtually any concern about the survival of the American natural patrimony of forests and seashores and wildlife, or about the larger ecological problems of climate and ozone layer. Of course the recent expressions of congressional Republican disdain for the global-warming protocol were long in preparation, the ground readied by think-tank scholars proclaiming it would be just fine if the average temperature were to rise five degrees or even more: temperate-zone American farmers could simply grow more citrus fruit. While they're at it, conservative wordsmiths can get busy creating a new national literature, retiring such outdated lyrics as "spacious skies and amber waves of grain" and substituting paeans extolling our new tropical habitat. ☐

Mr. McConnell is a columnist and chief editorial writer for the New York Post.

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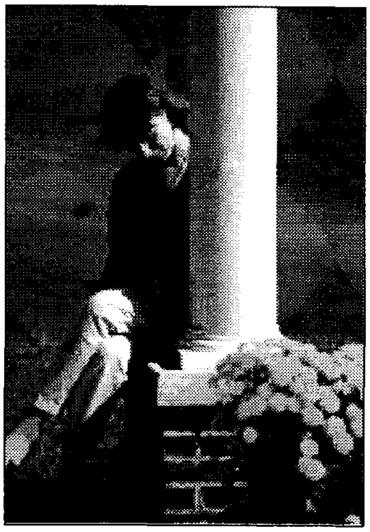

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Why I Read National Review

RUSH LIMBAUGH

I SPENT much of my life unfamiliar with NATIONAL REVIEW. Don't misunderstand—I was aware of its existence; just as I knew there was such a thing as gravity, and such a thing as oxygen, I knew there was a NATIONAL REVIEW: I had simply never seen it. As I grew more and more interested in politics, I noticed that people I respected referred to it, quoted it, discussed articles that appeared in it. And whenever I saw the incomparable William F. Buckley Jr. on television he would be introduced as founding editor of the magazine. The sound of the title alone was impressive. NATIONAL REVIEW. It called to mind vast libraries and enormous founts of critical intelligence.

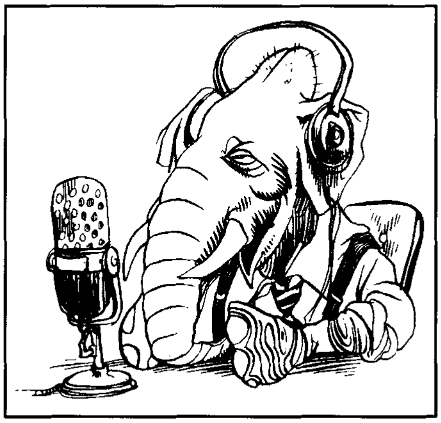
I assumed the magazine was so exclusive and so secret that it was not available to the general public.

Then in 1983, when the Kansas City radio station for which I was working offered me the opportunity to broadcast a news commentary each day, I decided it was time for me to seriously educate myself. I had dropped out of college after a year, and regretted it. I had a sudden thirst for information, for cogent facts and analysis, for pithy intellectual arguments I could use to dazzle and persuade my audience. Perhaps I could convince NATIONAL REVIEW to let me read their magazine.

So finally, I summoned the courage to call information in New York City, and was given the number of NATIONAL REVIEW's editorial offices. I timidly asked them: "Would it be okay if I subscribed?" I was afraid I would not qualify, and thus was stunned when I was told that certainly I could become a subscriber, if I simply sent in a check. No résumé required, no references, no entry exam.

Thus the publication began appearing in my mailbox every two weeks, which only heightened my sense of its near mythical stature. Here was a compendium of brilliance, the work of conservatism's best minds, stellar original reporting and original thought. Here were the first real elements of my conservative education.

I devoured each issue. In fact, over time, NATIONAL REVIEW has been second only to my own father in its influence. The magazine has been instrumental in adding intellectual rigor to belief, substance to values, logic and reason to passionately held ideas. I already knew what was right and true; now I had evidence. And with it, confidence.



I cannot emphasize enough that all these things enable me to do what I do. NATIONAL REVIEW's durability, consistency, dependability—as well as its intellectual energy—have made it a keystone of my career.

Since my approach to the magazine has from the outset been that of pupil, novice, amateur, I was amazed and humbled to have appeared on the September 6, 1993, cover with the title: "The Leader of the Opposition." If anyone had told me back in 1983 that a decade later a painting of me would make the cover of NATIONAL REVIEW, I would have thought him insane—on the level of someone who compares the duties of the Presidency to tinkering under the hood of a car.

I so treasure this *NR* cover that I had it blown up to mammoth size, and it now sits proudly on my studio wall as I do my radio program every day. Such an honor compares only to being invited to dinner with the magazine's editors, another highlight of my life.

Which brings me to the, as I said, incomparable William F. Buckley Jr., a man I count as a personal friend and counselor. One cannot read NATIONAL REVIEW without hearing his voice. And that is a prime reason why I, and tens of thousands of others, continue to read it.

In my business, radio, the human voice is paramount. Since all other senses are undistracted when you listen to the radio, there is an intimacy, a demand for attention, concentrated in one dimension: sound. The only images you see are those the voice on the radio can conjure in your imagination. The only ideas and emotions you experience are those provoked by the vocabulary, the pauses, tone, and timing—language—vibrating through the air. I have, as you can imagine, thought about this a great deal. I understand as well as anyone, I think, the critical importance of the audience's connection with that voice.

Buckley can do this in print. He is the only one I know of who can command that same kind of concentration, can create that same sense of intimacy and engagement of the audience's mind and heart, as can a guy on the radio. His voice, on the page, catches you, holds you, pulls you through the argument, and will not let you go until you travel together to the destination he has chosen. It is an exhilarating experience—from which I have taken many lessons.

The bracing wind of Buckley's intellect blows through the pages of every issue. He has, by example, taught more about the power of language skillfully controlled, the rapier wit unsheathed, than any other writer on the current scene. (One of my favorite sections of the magazine remains Buckley's published correspondence, complete with his devastating four- or five-word responses to assorted 15,000-page letters.)

But powerful language is ultimately valuable only if used in the service of powerful ideas. From the beginning, NATIONAL REVIEW has marshalled reason and muscular prose to defend and advance the cause of freedom, faith, individual liberty, and the great and good wisdom of the Founders.

That is what broke liberalism's monopolistic hold on intellectual debate in this country. This is what kept the embers of the conservative vision burning bright for forty years. This is what made 1994, and the gains since, possible. And this is what allows me to do what I do. It is something I will never forget. ☐

Mr. Limbaugh is a talk-radio host and best-selling author.

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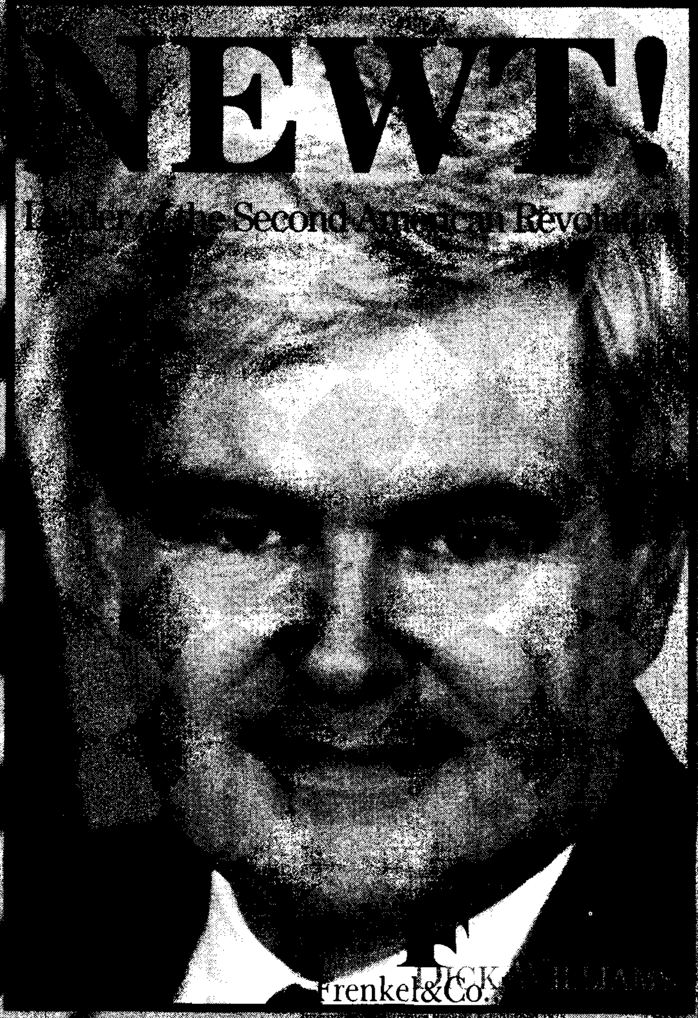

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NATIONAL REVIEW *Hits 40*

Proceedings of a 40th Anniversary Party, aboard World Yacht's Princess, *October 13, 1995.*

GEORGE WILL

AS THIS ship glides around Manhattan, it's interesting to remember that when Dickens was publishing *The Olde Curiosity Shoppe* serially in newspapers, American readers used to rush down to the docks and greet the ships coming in with the next installment, shouting, "Did Little Nell die? Did Little Nell die?"

Well, there are still those who read the printed word avidly, and they are those who are privileged to be NATIONAL REVIEW readers. We've all tonight received in our anniversary package the inaugural issue of this magazine, which contains the publisher's statement and its celebrated assertion that NATIONAL REVIEW exists "to stand athwart history yelling, Stop!" In 1995, we know that history did stop—at least the tendencies we disliked most. In 1994, the country stood up and at the top of its lungs said approximately this: "There is something seriously wrong with a government that cannot deliver the mail and will not stop delivering condoms to eighth-graders."

That was essentially the NATIONAL REVIEW platform. In 1995, we see that the intellectual premise of the Left in our time is wrong. It was that there's a leftward moving ratchet in history. Government may not always expand, but it never contracts. Well, it is contracting. It is contracting—and here we should honor the memory of James Burnham—because of congressional ascendancy. A traditional tenet of that fine man's conservatism has been re-established, to the point at which the current President is the least consequential President in Washington since Calvin Coolidge. The sainted Calvin, of course, was inconsequential by choice and conviction.

And all of us know that what happened in 1994, and is happening in 1995, did not rise from a flat sea. It began rising in 1964 with the nomination of Barry Goldwater. Bill Rusher and others who are here tonight caused that to happen. And what happened in 1964 started in 1955 when this magazine began calling American politics back to where it was at its Founding, with a preoccupation with ideas.

And that is what we have today in Washington. We have, interestingly enough, the reign of the three professors: Professor Gingrich, Professor Armey, and Professor Gramm. It was about the mid 1970s that another professor, Pat Moynihan, said "something momentous has happened in American life: the Republican Party has become the party of ideas."

And I well remember the night, in 1976, when Jim Buckley was renominated by the Conservatives, and nominated by the Republicans, and Pat Moynihan was nominated by the Democrats. And Jim said, "I look forward to running against Professor Moynihan, who will conduct the kind of campaign one would expect of a Harvard professor." And they cut back over to Pat Moynihan's headquarters and said, "Pat, Jim Buckley's referring to you as Professor Moynihan." Moynihan drew himself up to his full height and said, "Ah, the mud-slinging has begun."

But it is not always the case that the professoriate is on the other side. In fact, the man I'm about to introduce to you came to Washington from a Harvard professorship, and demonstrated in long years of service that a professor can be a great patriot. I see as

WFB and Bobby Enriquez: "Surely a dominant *seventh?"*

I drive around the country nowadays a bumper-sticker. It has a picture of Ronald Reagan on it, and it says: "Do you remember when we had a real President?"

Do you remember when we had a real Secretary of State? I do. I give you Henry Kissinger.

"We'll take Manhattan": NR's *Arthur Stetzner, Jim and Valerie Kilbridge, Galina and Grigory Veygman*

HENRY KISSINGER

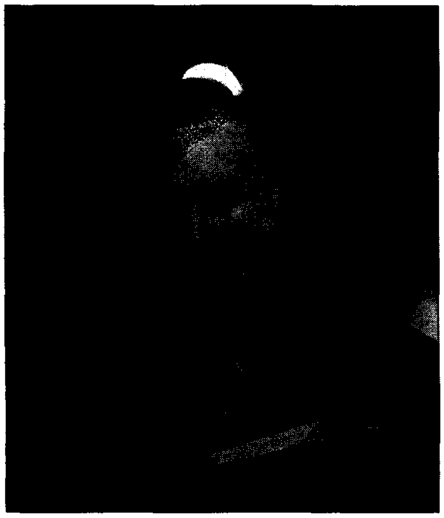
WHEN I first met Bill Buckley forty years ago, he told me—with an assurance that even the passage of the decades has not managed to enhance—of his plan to create a journal of conservative opinion, and to revamp the political center of gravity of our country. The urgency of neither objective was self-evident to me. But then, I did not worry too much because I did not believe that anything would come of that enterprise. We celebrate tonight the triumph of faith over Ivy League orthodoxy.

Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW have become part of our intellectual landscape, as inseparable evangelists for truth and for the preservation of a decent American republic based on conservative principles. In 1955, at my first encounter with Bill's certitudes, American conservatism had no institutional existence. There were isolated academic strongholds like the University of Chicago. Conservatism could boast of a few distinguished literary and philosophical figures, like John Dos Passos and Richard Weaver. And it could call on the talents of some brilliant journalists who, then as now, were swimming against the tide of their profession. But across the broad political landscape, in the Republican as well as the Democratic Party, liberalism was the dominant ideology. Liberals in fact felt sure enough of their dominance to appeal for some vestigial conservatism to emerge from the depths, to provide them with an intellectual challenge—an infallible sign of their confidence that no such thing was likely to appear.

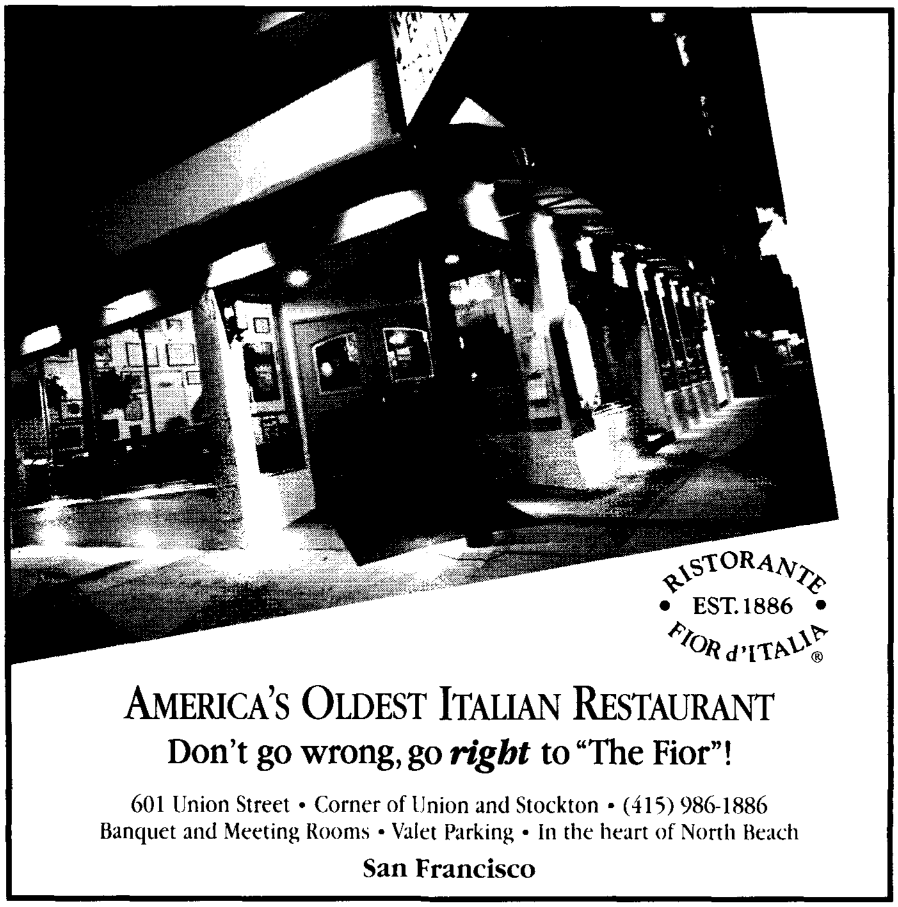
How wrong they were. Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW emerged athwart history yelling, *Stop!* conjuring forth a process that has led to the present state of affairs in which liberalism has become the ideology that dare not speak its name. Many have had a role in this revolution, but no one—not Barry Goldwater, not Ronald Reagan—played a greater part than Bill Buckley and the megaphone for conservatism that he created in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Of course, even as conservatism has gained in the voting booths, many parts of America have continued to practice liberalism in other aspects of life. As a result, it has been the melancholy fate of NATIONAL REVIEW to see its warnings too often proved right.

Now that conservatives have begun to win congressional as well as presidential



John O'Sullivan being piped aboard



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Lally Weymouth to Henry Kissinger: ". . . and then we'll sink to the level of a fifth-rate power."

Conrad Black to A. M. Rosenthal: "Do you think this Sulzberger fellow would be prepared to sell?"

elections, it is to be hoped that your warnings will be more effectually heeded and our nation's divisions halted and reversed.

I have a professional reason for wanting to thank Bill and NATIONAL REVIEW here tonight, and that reason is foreign policy, a topic on which—let me put it as mildly as I can—Bill and the magazine have not always applauded my views. Indeed, I know that Bill Buckley regarded the opening to China as the first symptom of the closing of the American mind. At the risk of provoking contradiction, let me affirm that I have always considered these criticisms as family arguments, directed from the same side of the barricades. I never failed to consider NATIONAL REVIEW's as an indispensable, and in its fundamental approach a correct, strategic analysis of America's role in the world. Neither Bill nor NATIONAL REVIEW was tempted by fantasies of going it alone, or of allowing the rest of the world to sink into chaos and disorder.

Based on a shrewd grasp of international reality, NATIONAL REVIEW was a vital factor in Cold War politics. When, under the impact of Vietnam, liberals began to turn isolationist and to doubt America's core values, the conservative movement was there to sustain a foreign policy based on a broad view of America's national interests and an affirmation of America's principles. In the end, that led to victory in the Cold War, and to many lesser victories along the way.

Forty years ago, Bill and his colleagues called us to our duty to redefine America's domestic agenda. That task has been brilliantly accomplished. Tonight, let me use this occasion to appeal to the desperate need for an equivalent conservative agenda in foreign policy after the Cold War. The agenda is different from the domestic one. In domestic politics, it was sufficient to sweep away the heavy hand of the state and to liberate individual initiative. In foreign policy there is no such automatic mechanism. A strategy must be developed, even as cobwebs are removed. And this, unlike domestic policy, requires a well-organized and purposeful central authority.

Ronald Reagan's brilliant success in presiding over the collapse of international Communism has brought us into a world without a clear-cut ideological or geopolitical challenge. Too much of the current debate is framed by would-be internationalists who abdicate a specific American role to a vapid multilateralism. Or by self-proclaimed moralists whose definition of morality is to denigrate the core values of our own civilization. Self-righteous isolationism is not the appropriate counter to these tendencies. As someone often accused of reading Metternich by candlelight, let me warn against the congenital sin of the Habsburgs, which was always to fight in the last ditch, and never in the first. We need to define a national interest broad enough to be relevant to a concept of world order, yet sufficiently specific to affirm with pride what has made our civilization great: a standard of justice beyond the reach of temporal power; a concept of individual human dignity; a principle of limited government, and of the decisive role of the human conscience. These values are at once the hope of mankind and the direction of our policy—or they should be the direction of our policy—and they are under siege, both at home and internationally.

But affirming them is not enough. Some conservative pronouncements on foreign policy create the impression that all that is needed for the Walls of Jericho to crumble is to sound the trumpet. Do let us by all means sound the trumpet. But remember too that after the forces are rallied, a strategy is required to assail the walls, and indeed to establish priorities for which walls to attack. I have every confidence that NA-

NR's *first generation: Jim and Faith McFadden, Jim and Ann Buckley*

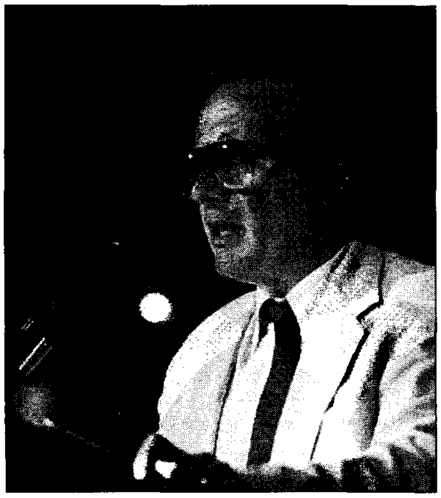
TIONAL REVIEW, the principal conservative magazine, will be as strong, shrewd, and principled a voice for a realistic and purposeful post–Cold War American foreign policy as it has been in changing the direction of American domestic politics, and winning the Cold War.

Let me close on a personal note. Bill and Pat's friendship has sustained me humanly just as NATIONAL REVIEW has sustained America's faith and honor, at home and abroad. Whether Bill disorients me by raising an eyebrow, as he did sitting in the front row while I was explaining the virtues of the Shanghai Communiqué at a press conference, or whether NATIONAL REVIEW proves its fallibility by castigating me, at the end of the day the equilibrium and purpose of my life owe more than any words can express to my certainty that when things are really difficult—and I mean really difficult, as with Leonidas and the 300 Spartans, or Horatius at the bridge—I won't have to look around to know that Bill Buckley and NATIONAL REVIEW will be right there beside me.

GEORGE WILL

I REMEMBER having the following short conversation with Henry Kissinger at one point. I said, "Henry, Richard Nixon should have been impeached—not for Watergate, but for the Shanghai Communiqué." Henry said, "I wrote that." I said, "I know." That's the way it used to be, but as Henry said, these were all arguments within the family.

Our next speaker deserves not only our admiration and our respect, but our considerable awe. He comes from Hollywood, and he is a conservative. He is consoled by the fact that one in three conservatives in Hollywood gets to be President. I give you Pat Sajak.



NR's *40th Anniversary documentary unfolds under the gimlet eye of D. Keith Mano*

Party host Malcolm Wallop greets all-time hostess Pat Buckley, and friend. (Not shown on receiving line: other hosts George Will, Jim Manzi)

PAT SAJAK

I WOULD guess this is the first time that a distinguished former Secretary of State has been followed to the podium by a current TV game-show host. I can't speak for Dr. Kissinger, but I'm certainly honored.

I get asked the question very often, "Why aren't there more conservative activists in Hollywood?" But things are changing, and people are starting to speak out. One of the encouraging things is that for the most part, among the celebrity crowd particularly, their views and their convictions are a mile wide and an inch deep. They are often at these events not necessarily because they believe in them but because that's where the *Entertainment Tonight* cameras are, that's where their Hollywood cronies are, and it's an event that has the stamp of approval of the reigning moguls in Hollywood. So it's a safe place to be. But as we start changing the subject and as conservatism becomes a little more trendy itself, those folks will follow the cameras and the action . . .

The Time-Warner ruckus was very instructive. They were forced into a situation where they dropped a money-making record label because of public pressure. The men and women who ran that company were getting embarrassed because they had to face their kids' teachers and their neighbors who were saying, "Wait a minute—these are the lyrics that you want our kids to hear?" These men and women *can* be embarrassed, and we should never stop keeping up the pressure.

A quick note about why we're all here tonight. I would not be the man I am without NATIONAL REVIEW and William Buckley. When you're growing up and you're sort of trying to fashion the intellectual arguments that will guide you through your life, it is good to have the intellectual ammunition that *NR* has provided. It has touched millions of people, far more than circulation would indicate, and the fruits of its labors are certainly coming forth these days.

Forty more wonderful years to NATIONAL REVIEW, forty more to Bill Buckley, although that would make you extremely elderly at that point. Still, I would rather attach my moral compass to a doddering Buckley than to a jogging Clinton.

GEORGE WILL

IF the United States' Founding Fathers wanted their country to survive, they had to make provision for others to follow them at the head of its government, and if NATIONAL REVIEW's founding father wanted his magazine to survive, he had to find someone to follow him as its editor. And who better to edit Ronald Reagan's favorite magazine than Margaret Thatcher's favorite domestic-policy advisor? I give you the finest import to the United States from Britain since the 1951 MG—John O'Sullivan.

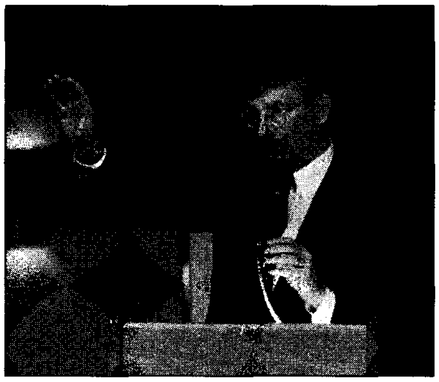
JOHN O'SULLIVAN

THERE is in our celebration tonight a slightly different atmosphere to the one five years ago. Both have been wonderfully enjoyable occasions. Five years ago, however, the evening had—amid the celebration—a touch of melancholy. For we were all aware that it marked Bill's resignation from the editorship of the magazine.

Now, Bill was not going very far away. He has continued to provide "Notes and Asides" and "On the Right" every issue, and we have been able to coax him into writing a cover story now and then. And he claimed to have left NATIONAL REVIEW in good hands.

Still, the less optimistic among us—and we are conservatives, after all—were bound to worry that his departure would mean unwelcome changes at the magazine.

Well, if we ever had such anxieties, the experience of the last five years has



George Will estimates the size of the deficit in the year 2002

put them to flight. On its fortieth birthday, NATIONAL REVIEW can boast a world-historical achievement for a journal of opinion: we made a modest profit. For this achievement, I must thank all my colleagues, but I must pay special tribute to *NR*'s president, Dusty Rhodes, who brought a Wall Street expertise in financial management to our affairs, and our publisher, Ed Capano, whose knowledge of the magazine business is unparalleled. Their joint business acumen has steered us firmly away from the rocks and toward a modest prosperity. No mean achievement when, as in the past year, paper prices have increased by 40 per cent.

Now, the editorial quality of *NR* is a topic on which modesty forbids my talking at length. The truth is that I am fortunate in having an extremely talented cast of writers both on staff and among our contributors. I inherited most of them from Bill, but I have been lucky enough to add others: Florence King, Peter Rodman, Rich Lowry, Radek Sikorski, Peter Brimelow, David Gelernter, Digby Anderson, Gekko, Kate O'Beirne, Ramesh Ponnuru, and of course the pseudonymous author of the Al Gore "Dear Rusty" letters. All of whom illustrate one of NATIONAL REVIEW's founding causes and continuing concerns: what Arnold Bennett once called "the great cause of cheering us all up." . . .

"I give you Hollywood's other conservative, Pat Sajak."

To point out that the emperor has no clothes is one reason for *NR*'s existence. We will continue to do so.

Of course, we have other reasons for our existence—especially, as others have recalled tonight, to stand athwart history yelling, Stop!

History has not, of course, stopped. With President Clinton in the White House, it has merely shown that it has a sense of humor. As a result there is, for the first time since 1945, the real possibility of restoring a conservative political order, with limited government and a free economy founded upon traditional morality in this country and in other parts of the West. NATIONAL REVIEW has done much of the intellectual groundwork for such a polity. We are no longer the lonely voice that we were forty years ago; We now have allies like *Commentary*, *The American Spectator*, and *The Weekly Standard*. We have the majority of the American people on our side of the argument. I wonder, Bill, if the time has not finally arrived to stand behind history yelling: Start!

Two weeks later, NR *would board another ship, this one in the Caribbean, for a week-long cruise on which many of our readers joined us. Priscilla Buckley reports:*

AT TWO minutes to two I push open the heavy doors to the Fleet Bar, a huge glassed-in room that lies forward on the 11th deck of the *Zenith*. The *Zenith* is docked at Fort Lauderdale, and, below, porters are manhandling mountains of luggage and arriving passengers are settling in. But up here all is quiet. Jackie Breaux, a slim and perky bride, stands there in a wedding dress with a chic white lace mini-skirt. Randy Stewart stands beside her in formal dinner attire. A woman in a stylish purple suit and a photographer are the only other occupants of the room. Miss Breaux and Mr. Stewart have elected to get married on the *Zenith* on the first day of *NR*'s 40th Anniversary Cruise and have asked associate publisher Jack Fowler to invite all *NR* editors.

I introduce myself. We wait another four or five minutes; then they take their places on the tiny dance floor and the woman in purple starts the marriage ceremony. The door slides open and in come the other wedding guests: Judge and Mrs. Robert Bork; *NR* publisher Ed Capano and his wife, Margaret; *NR* president Dusty Rhodes and his wife, Gleaves; editor John O'Sullivan; Rick Brookhiser and his wife, Jeannie; and half a dozen others. The photographer snaps away, the bride and groom exchange vows and rings, the bride is kissed, and waiters pass around glasses of champagne and pieces of wedding cake.

Randy, an enthusiastic *NR* reader—more enthusiastic, his bride confesses, than she is—had earlier this year, in Dallas, torn out the ad describing the cruise and faxed it to his fiancée in LaFayette, Louisiana, with the single word "Honeymoon?" scrawled across it. And so they had settled on the date and location for their wedding: October 28, Pier 21, Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. (The bride's mother, it is presumed, sighed a sigh of relief.)

Well over two hundred other *NR* readers signed up for the seven-day *Zenith* cruise. The *Zenith*, the current queen of the Celebrity cruise line, is huge and comfortable, with a dozen small bars and reading rooms, a swanky dining room, a casino, a fitness center, two pools, two open-air jacuzzis, and a Tower of Babel crew of over 600 men and women from 42 different countries. (They all speak English, some *más*, some *menos*.)

The formal program included 1) a mock *Firing Line* in which Bill Buckley interrogated Judge Bork and John O'Sullivan, 2) a talk by WFB, 3) a Politics '96 discussion featuring Rick Brookhiser, Washington bureau chief Kate O'Beirne, Ralph Reed of the Christian Coalition, and John O'Sullivan, and finally 4) two short talks by

Pat Buckley with Foreign Affairs' *Fareed Zakaria, Hollywood's Rob Long*

Dusty Rhodes, Ed Capano, Malcolm Wallop: "New York, New York, it's a hell of a town."

Judge Bork and Ralph Reed on "God, Government, and the Courts." Each of these four sessions was followed by a question-and-answer period.

Which brings us to Helen (Cat) Jagger-Pollon, the Br'er Fox in our Briar Patch, an outspoken liberal Democrat at *our* birthday party. Cat, a gutsy blonde from Studio City, California, was provocative but never rude, addressing most of her questions on abortion, feminist rights, and separation of church and state to Bob Bork and Ralph Reed. This put off many in the crowd, but by the final session, anticipation about when Cat would stand up, and what she would ask, added a touch of pepper to an already intellectually spicy broth.

What became apparent instantly at the cocktail party the first night out was that the cruise would be a social as well as an intellectual success. There was dancing as well as debate, and even a politically incorrect "smoker" with champagne and cigars—safely out on deck under a tropical moon. And they all worked because *NR* readers are the nicest people in the world. *Tout simple*. And when you get a couple of hundred of them together, and mix in with them the people who founded and run *NR*, the result is galvanic. "I felt I was among a family of two hundred," Rick Brookhiser commented. They would introduce themselves to Bill and Pat Buckley or any of the other editors and explain not only how much *NR* has meant to them, but when and how they first heard of the magazine and subscribed to it. One man has been a subscriber since 1955 (there were only five issues published that first year). Many had been reading it since the late Fifties or early Sixties, and conveyed the excitement they felt when they first realized they were not isolated, that there were

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Celebrity Cruises

At cruising speed: Priscilla Buckley with Robert and Mary Ellen Bork aboard the Celebrity Cruises' Zenith

other people who felt the way they did, and that those people were doing something about it. A small blue-bordered magazine with both wit and style capturing the imagination of an ever larger and more influential constituency. And presently, where there had been "a sea of desolation," as an early subscriber had written, there was a Goldwater and finally a Reagan and a Wall came tumbling down. One wonders: do most people remember the circumstances under which they first subscribed to *Time*, *Harper's*, or *The New Yorker*?

Larry Kehoe recalls that he started making reference to *NR* in graduate school to bedevil his liberal instructors, and became addicted. Susan Stickle, all the way from Everett, Washington, meets a conservative soulmate who works at the same hospital as she. And on and on the stories go.

Not surprisingly, therefore, the most poignant moment of the trip came during the screening of a documentary recording the first 35 years of NATIONAL REVIEW's history. It showed Ronald Reagan, at *NR*'s 30th Anniversary dinner at the Plaza Hotel in New York, a vibrant, relaxed, inspiring figure expressing his feelings about the magazine and its founder, "our clipboard-bearing Galahad, ready to take on any challenge in the critical battle of point and counterpoint with grace and humor and passion." And the typically Reaganesque conclusion of that moving tribute. "And Bill, thanks too for all the fun."

When the lights went on, no one moved for a long moment.

And back on dry land, NR*'s new, expanded Washington office hosted a party of its own, at the Hyatt Regency Hotel in Washington, D.C. Many of the Republic's, as well as the Republicans', leading lights were there—Phil Gramm, Dick Armey, Tom DeLay, Bob Dole, Henry Hyde, William Kristol—and a young man who is fast becoming recognized as belonging in that category, the sophomore representative from Missouri's 2nd District.*

JIM TALENT

IT'S an intense personal pleasure for me to be here celebrating the life and times of NATIONAL REVIEW. In the first place, I think it's the most significant journal of public opinion that's been published in the United States in my lifetime, and second, it's my favorite magazine.

Rick Brookhiser: "When they begin the beguine . . ."

It was NATIONAL REVIEW that had explained the premises of what we believe over the years, both directly and because of the great books and authors to which it had referred me: Whittaker Chambers, who understood the power of dogma and faith, but also wrote: "To live is to maneuver." Russell Kirk, and through him Edmund Burke, and through them both the understanding that we value society and tradition because we understand the limits and humility of the individual. The best economics primer I ever read was *Economics in One Lesson* by Henry Hazlitt, and that too was referred to me by NATIONAL REVIEW. Thomas Sowell, who documented that values are more important than race. Charles Murray, who wrote *Losing Ground*, the principles of which found their way somehow into the welfare-reform bill passed by the House this year.

And the Books, Arts & Manners section of NATIONAL REVIEW has given me whatever smattering of cultural appreciation I possess. I still attend only movies that John Simon recommends, which means my wife and I don't go out very much—although we have been attending the Sandra Bullock movies! (That was a test of who's been reading the magazine regularly.) And it was in NATIONAL REVIEW that I first met G. K. Chesterton, and C. S. Lewis, and in particular *The Screwtape Letters*. I'm grateful above all else for being introduced to P. G. Wodehouse. I cannot tell you how often I restored perspective on the House floor during the turbulent days of the last two years by going up to a Member and just reminding him that no matter how dark things seem, there is never a time when ties do not matter.

I'm going to close with two observations: The first is that for you all who work at NATIONAL REVIEW, or have worked there, do not ever underestimate the impact of your magazine on the people who read it, the circles in which they move, and the communities in which they live. And do not assume that the number of people who read the magazine is equal to the circulation numbers. Because the subscribers are proud of the magazine. They take it to the office, they take it to the schools, and there is many a former liberal who began the journey to conservatism with borrowed copies.

The other point I want to reflect on is the historical significance of NATIONAL REVIEW. Now we're all familiar with the fact that NATIONAL REVIEW, in its first issue, announced its mission as "Standing athwart history, yelling, Stop!" Well, today the magazine rides on the tide of current history, yelling, Go! Yelling, Godspeed! to people like Phil Gramm and Bob Dole and Dick Armey and Newt Gingrich as they prosecute the counter-revolution. I don't know whether that counter-revolution is going to succeed—I don't know that any of us knows that. But I will say this:

I've been in elected life for ten years. I've never been among a group of elected officials with so firm a commitment to conservatism, a commitment to the transcendent truths about God and man, and an understanding of the need to apply those truths to the job of governing a great nation. To the extent there are those kinds of people in the House, it's in no small part due to the influence of NATIONAL REVIEW.

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

Kate O'Beirne points out the ace . . .

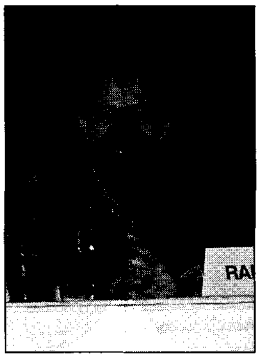
I AM here, first, to thank the previous speakers for the very generous remarks that they made about the magazine which I'm fortunate enough to edit. Clearly, the praise of people whom we influenced when they were young, and who now themselves exercise enormous influence, is particularly sweet to us. My colleagues and I are deeply grateful. Such public tributes mean a lot to writers who, by the very nature of their craft, spend a great deal of time in solitary confinement, cudgeling their brains for a fresh argument or a good line.

But I must welcome especially the generosity of our old friend and new rival, Bill Kristol, the editor of *The Weekly Standard*, who said such kind words about *NR*. Let me say right away that I see relations between The *Standard* and NATIONAL REVIEW as like those between the intelligence services of two friendly powers: cooperating in their general aims, feeling nonetheless a sense of competitive rivalry, and always complaining that the other side is infiltrated by moles. By the way, Bill, I am sorry that Michael Lind's cover was blown before you hired him.

Second, I want to assure everyone here that NATIONAL REVIEW will continue to advance the frontiers of debate and the boundaries of the politically possible. That is our job, and we've been doing it now for forty years straight.

A few years ago, Bob Conquest, the distinguished Sovietologist, was having a conversation with Jay Lovestone, who had been expelled by Stalin from the Politburo in the Twenties. He asked: "Tell me, Jay, I've forgotten, were you expelled from the Politburo for Trotskyism, or was it for Bukharinism?" Lovestone, extremely indignant, replied: "For neither, Bob; I was expelled for Lovestoneism." Similarly, when people ask me: "Are you a Reaganite, or are you a Thatcherite?" I reply: "Hell, I'm a NATIONAL REVIEW conservative. We got there first." And precisely because we knew there was a conservatism before Reagan and Thatcher, we always knew that there would be one afterwards. Not, of course, precisely the same conservatism. The problems of the post–Cold War world will force us to invent and adapt and re-think what conservatism means today. We have to build upon our traditional approaches by, for instance, entrenching limited government and lower taxes. But we must also address new issues, such as safeguarding the American nation from the powerful forces of ethnic dissolution by which it is beset.

And we must strive to continue doing so with wit and good humor. Kingsley Amis once said: "However gloomy I am, however depressed I become about the way the world is going, I only have to read a scathing paragraph about what liberals are saying or doing, and I think: they simply can't win in the end." We must never lose that kind of wit. It is the revenge of common sense upon liberal folly, and it greatly contributes to the influence that Jim Talent and others were kind enough to attribute to the magazine.



. . . that God put up Ralph Reed's sleeve.

But my real task tonight is to introduce Kate O'Beirne, our new Washington editor. If I ever make it into the *Oxford Dictionary of Quotations*, that will be entirely due to Kate. Three years ago, I was short of a good joke to open the National Review Institute conference on the weekend following Bill Clinton's inauguration. She gave me the following line: "This is not the end of the Reagan–Bush years; it is the mid-point of the Bush-Clinton years." That got me a round of applause, a mention in the *New York Times*, and several quotes in Nexis by some columnist who begins: "As John O'Sullivan shrewdly pointed out . . ." I promptly decided to hire Kate. It's always useful to have around someone who can provide you with a good line.

As the ninth male speaker—and the ninth speaker who's claimed to have thought of everything first—I will risk reminding Kate of the remark that I once heard Margaret Thatcher make when she stood up to speak after 11 male speakers, all professors, who had similarly spent almost three hours boasting of the pre-eminent influence of intellectuals on national life. She said simply: "The cock may crow, but it's the hen that lays the eggs!"

KATE O'BEIRNE

JOHN, I gave that line to Margaret Thatcher! I'm not the least bit surprised to see the great number of friends NATIONAL REVIEW has in Washington, because since my affiliation as a contributing editor three years ago, so many of you—some of whom have spoken tonight—have credited the magazine with shaping your conservative views and lifting your spirits for as long as you've been in politics. "I'm a conservative owing to NATIONAL REVIEW," you tell me. "Me too," I say.

Rather than thanking me, I'd think, "They should be telling Bill and Ed and Linda and Van and John," and tonight you have told them.

NATIONAL REVIEW is, of course, and will always be based in New York, reflecting our conviction that there are more important things in American life than Washington. Yet as Bill Buckley once reminded us, it's all well and good to say we should ignore the Great Society, but it won't ignore us. So someone has to keep an eye on the place. Now we have at NATIONAL REVIEW more of a Washington presence and focus, given that following last year's election there is a very big story right here and a historic opportunity to advance conservative initiatives in Congress.

But notice how determined NATIONAL REVIEW is to assert its New York base at every opportunity. Can't you just hear them up in New York: "If we must give in and cover more fully the illegitimate role the Federal Government is playing in our lives, can't we at least find a New Yorker to do it!" And here I am. ☐

Among Ourselves

LINDA BRIDGES

WRITERS and other friends often ask, "So what's life at *NR* like without Bill Buckley?" Fortunately, we don't know yet. Although he stepped down as editor-in-chief at our last anniversary party—the 35th, in 1990—and although he spends less time around 150 East 35th Street these days, he is still always at the other end of a phone line or MCI Mail when we need his advice—or, in the event of a faulty verb tense, a missing Trans-O-Gram, an unfunny cartoon, or some other solecism, when he needs to advise us. (So, substituting fax for e-mail, is Priscilla.)

But in other respects, both internal and external, there has been change indeed. External first. In our last anniversary issue we ran two editorials bewailing the Darman-induced Republican cave-in on the budget. Since then we have gone from Bush couchant to Gingrich rampant—with Mr. Clinton, errant, trying to convince someone, anyone, that he is still "relevant."

It would take two more years—with the spectacular intermezzo of the Gulf War—for George Bush's reign to come to an end. But in the fall of 1990 Margaret Thatcher's 11 years in office ended suddenly, almost shockingly, in the bickering of a party conference. John O'Sullivan, who had served for two years as her domestic-policy advisor before coming to *NR*, wrote: "If Mrs. Thatcher has indeed followed President Reagan into private life, I would have the sad feeling of having lived through and past the Heroic Age of Conservatism."

Mrs. Thatcher had been in *NR*'s pantheon long before John joined us. Remember that her elevation to Prime Minister preceded Ronald Reagan's election as President by a year and a half—and indeed seemed a harbinger of it. (When a *New York Times* reporter visited our offices in the run-up to our 25th anniversary, in 1980, he asked whether the MARGARET THATCHER FOR PRESIDENT bumpersticker on Linda Bridges's door indicated doubts about the Republican candidate. "No, no," she assured him. "That went up before Reagan had even announced.")

Miss Bridges, who has been with NR *since 1970, became managing editor in 1988.*

■ Two weeks after Mrs. Thatcher's resignation, a different sort of departure: Malcolm Muggeridge's from this earth. Appreciations by Christopher Booker and Richard John Neuhaus were heralded on our cover by a splendid portrait, lent to us by our old friend and former associate publisher J. P. McFadden, a longtime friend of St. Mugg's. Wrote Neuhaus: "We can but dimly imagine Malcolm Muggeridge, the Sequel. And yet, even around the Throne there is probably a need for gargoyles—to remind the blessed where they came from, and just in case some altogether too serious folk think themselves so heavenly that they are distracted from the One Whom heaven is about."

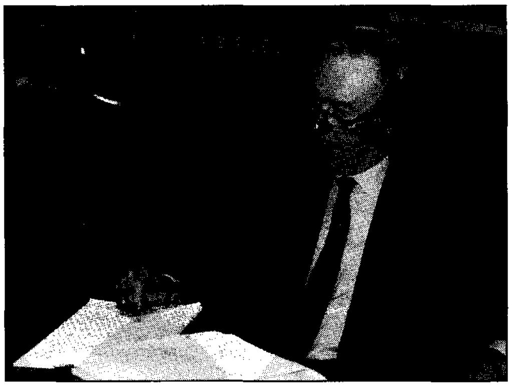
■ The year 1991 opens to the rockets' red glare. In Iraq, Saddam Hussein has ignored President Bush's deadline, and the United States opens fire. "Since all our reservations [about Mr. Bush's policy] were in a hypothetical mode," we write editorially, "—*if* this is the direction of his policy, *then* it will come to grief—we now sweep them, practically, into the desk drawer." Unfortunately, it soon becomes apparent that the United States is not going for victory. "Morally, how can we stand idly by while Saddam crushes the hopes for change that our victory in Kuwait has aroused in Iraq? Strategically, what are the chances for peace and security in the Middle East if he survives in power?" A proposition that Alfred Wohlstetter will later explore in two articles that inspired two of our favorite covers, Energizer Bunny 1 and 2.

And in what is still the Soviet Union, Gorbachev's troops open fire in Lithuania. *NR*'s treatment of both theaters of operation is deeply affected by the two exemplars of modern technology that *NR*'s house reactionary, Linda, wholeheartedly embraces: international direct dialing and the fax. Without breaking our budget, we can now have on-the-scene reports from people not in thrall to the *New York Times* worldview. Yes, yes—a brilliantly intuitive reporter can deduce much without being physically present. Priscilla Buckley and Nicholas King, working in Paris for United Press in the early Fifties, scooped the reporters who were actually in Indochina on the fall of Dienbienphu, by noticing a change of verb tense in a French government press release. But it is nice to have your own eyes and ears there, and we were grateful for the reporting by Don Kirk, Ian Alexander, Elisabeth Rubinfien, Martin Arostegui, David Satter, and Radek Sikorski; while Brian Crozier, J. B. Kelly, and Colonel Trevor Dupuy provided the sort of historical and geopolitical perspective that had always been the magazine's trademark.

■ Welcome Aboard: Peter Rodman (who provided, anonymously in "The Week" and under his own byline, much of our analysis of the Gulf War), Eliot Cohen (who, similarly, analyzed the more strictly military aspects of the war), and Bill Bennett (who the editors hoped would write for us more if we made him a senior editor) join the masthead in early 1991. As it turned out, the moral of the Bennett story was: never expect a lot of magazine articles from a man who is about to produce a mega-best-seller. He did give us some splendid appearances at National Review Institute summits, though, before our differences on drug policy and immigration proved irreconcilable. As for the other two: Peter has become a mainstay of our editorial section, producing not only trenchant and wide-ranging strategic analysis, but also some lovely little obituaries on figures of popular culture—Harriet Nelson, *MAD* magazine's William Gaines. And although Eliot Cohen has contributed less in quantity, his performances have been sterling, capped (for now) by his midwifing of our defense and technology supplement last July.

Harbingers: Florence King's essay "In Praise of Misanthropy" appears in February 1991. By August she will be a regular, and in September her column is established as a back-page feature. . . . And Kate Walsh O'Beirne, then vice president for government relations at the Heritage Foundation, contributes her first article—about a bipartisan National Commission on Children, on

It happens every other Monday: the editorial conference in the third-floor conference room. From left to right: John O'Sullivan, Dorothy McCartney, David Klinghoffer, Linda Bridges



"Why didn't anybody tell me before that the Unabomber liked the Trans-O-Gram?"

which she had served. She will become a contributing editor two years later.

■ In June '91 we launch a new feature, "Walsh Watch," on the dangerous antics of Iran-Contra Special Prosecutor Lawrence Walsh. Walsh, we wrote, "has now served in that position for a longer term than all but two attorneys general of the United States. Nor is there any apparent end in sight as Mr. Walsh and his 55-lawyer team continue their four-and-a-half-year prosecution of a single case." One of Walsh's victims, Elliott Abrams, will later tell us that not until we sent him back to Nicaragua as a reporter, where he met severely wounded veterans of the war against the Sandinistas who thanked *him* for *his* courage, did he begin to recover from the effects of Walsh's persecution.

■ Meanwhile, back at the office . . . John O'Sullivan, Linda Bridges, and Literary Editor Brad Miner (whose *College Guide* would soon prove a best-seller) had, at the time of *NR*'s 35th Anniversary, incautiously endorsed publisher Wick Allison's idea of holding a Young Writers' Contest. Entries poured in, and they all had to be read. The three-foot stack moved gloomily from Brad's office to Linda's to John's, with parts of it getting the occasional outing to Los Angeles or Vermont or London. Finally, in the August 26 issue, we were able to extend our apologies to "all the young writers who have grown old waiting for the results of our competition," and to promise a full accounting in the following issue.

But we were rewarded in the long run. Out of the many fine writers who took part, two were named Rich Lowry and Ramesh Ponnuru. 'Nuff said.

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That's really no surprise, is it? Poor Joe's long tenure as a corporate samurai has left his intellect—his ability to think *clearly* about matters unrelated to the job—dulled. Face it: his discerning powers just ain't what they used to be. They're so rusty that *really* understanding life's "more important" things has proven difficult.

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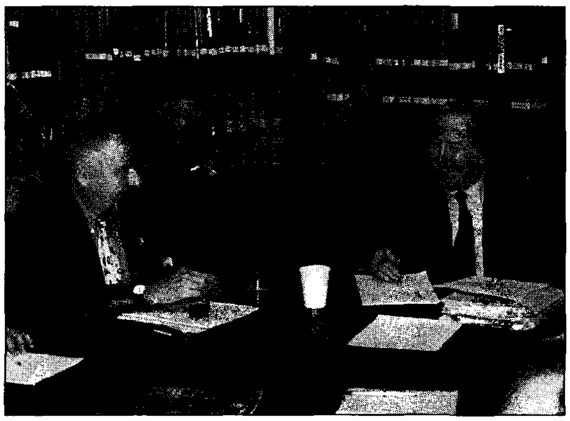
At the editorial conference, from right to left: Rick Brookhiser, Tracy Lee Simmons, Karina Rollins, half of Jack Fowler.

■ Wick had another idea, announced in the same issue: the Internet web site Town Hall. It turned out that *NR* just didn't have the resources to run an operation like that; but in its new form, under the aegis of the Heritage Foundation, it is going great guns, and providing various on-line services to and on behalf of NATIONAL REVIEW.

■ Great sadness. Nika Hazelton, whose grandmotherly but astringent advice to home cooks and would-be party-givers had delighted *NR*'s readers for thirty years (see p. 134 of this issue), was forced into retirement by ever-encroaching arthritis. (It has taken three people —Digby Anderson, Taki Theodoracopulos, and Linda Bridges—to try to fill her shoes.) Not long afterward, her beloved husband, Harold, died of a heart attack, and she soon followed him, having clearly calculated, as Priscilla Buckley wrote in her obituary, "that life without Harold was not worth living." *Et lux perpetua luceateis.*

■ Meanwhile, on the other side of the globe. . . . Does anyone here remember the names Kryuchkov, Pugo, Yazov? They launched the coup that brought a merciful end to Mikhail Gorbachev's reign—except not quite in the way they had envisioned. For once, Linda didn't ask John to turn the television off, as we sat transfixed by Yeltsin standing on the tank, by the young men prying paving stones out of the streets—the latter a haunting reminder of that first televised revolution 35 years before, in the streets of Budapest.

Frances Bronson, in the eye of the hurricane



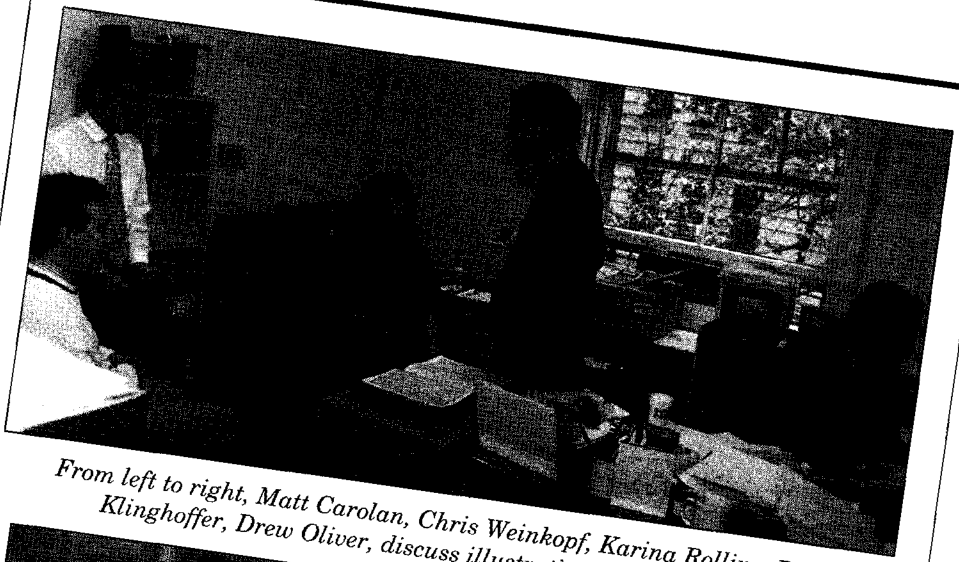
"Well, I'm not saying it's not funny, *Jeff . . ."*

In the current instance, we were able to get Robert Conquest to give us his analysis while the coup attempt was still in progress, thanks to the technological competence of articles editor Mark Cunningham, who took Conquest's telephone dictation and produced a finished page all at once.

Conquest had time for a more leisurely analysis the following issue (his predictions of the previous fortnight had all been borne out), along with Vladimir Bukovsky, Eugene Methvin, David Satter, Radek Sikorski, and Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn. (Earlier in the year, Bukovsky, a friend of John's, had thrilled the junior editors by coming to our offices before going along to lunch. We've met many impressive people over the years, but there aren't many heroes of his stature.) WFB devoted a longer-than-usual Notes & Asides to an essay entitled, simply "We Won," paying tribute to the brave Russians and Central Europeans who had resisted all those years, and to those associated with NATIONAL REVIEW who had given them aid and comfort: James Burnham, Whittaker Chambers, Frank Meyer, John Dos Passos, Max Eastman. We did not minimize the difficulties ahead—as Robert Conquest summed up, "When our political leadership broadens its perspectives (and our media give less time to lunatic assessments), we shall be in a better position to understand and help the democratic revolution which faces such desperate problems"—but we equally refused to minimize the achievement of, as our editorial put it, those Russians who "fought to preserve the limited freedoms they had been allowed—and, in doing so, . . . won freedom in full measure."

■ The magazine's covers that fall are a joy and a delight—if we do say so ourselves. Actually, enough different people come up with parts of the idea for any given cover at those boisterous sessions in John's office that no one need let modesty forbid him to praise the result. Mark Cunningham, art director Paul Hebert, executive editor Geoff Morris, associate editor Allen Randolph—in retrospect it's impossible to remember who shouted out, amid gales of laughter, which part of the *tout ensemble.* Even "Dead Wrong Again! starring Richard Darman"—substantially John's idea, to go with Warren Brookes's brilliant anatomy of a deficit—had nuggets suggested by others. . . . Then there were the MacNelly cartoon of Bobs Michel and Dole dismayedly scanning a miniature elephant and saying "Honey, we shrunk the party!" (to illustrate Bill McGurn's ruminations on how to build a permanent minority) . . . the first of the Energizer Bunnies (I *think* that was Mark's idea) . . . the straight news photo of a group of L.A. looters, with the caption: "How to Get a Week's

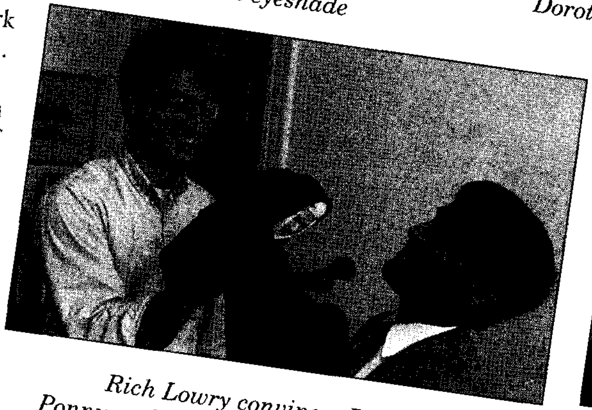
The Capitol Gang: Kate O'Beirne, Rich Lowry, Ramesh Ponnuru, Kat Meskill



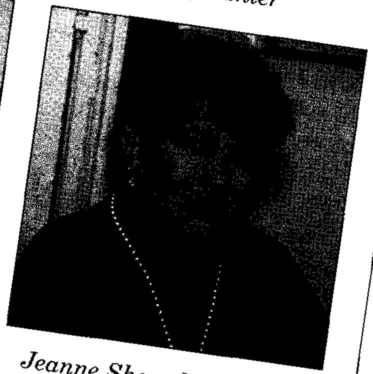
From left to right, Matt Carolan, Chris Weinkopf, Karina Rollins, David Klinghoffer, Drew Oliver, discuss illustrations for the next issue

Ed Rubenstein, without his green eyeshade

Dorothy McCartney, John O'Sullivan engage in witty banter



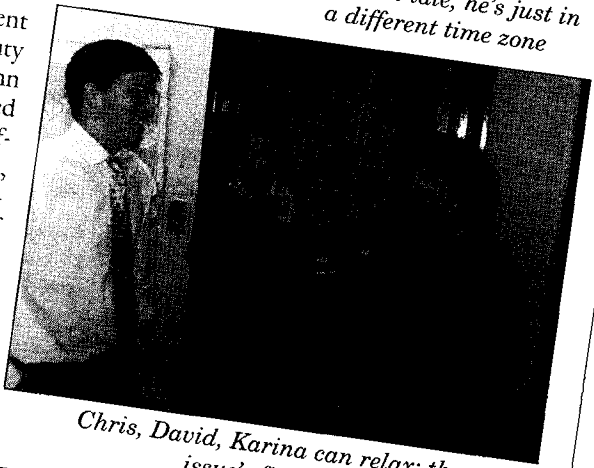
Rich Lowry convinces Ramesh Ponnuru that Phil Gramm's the one in '96



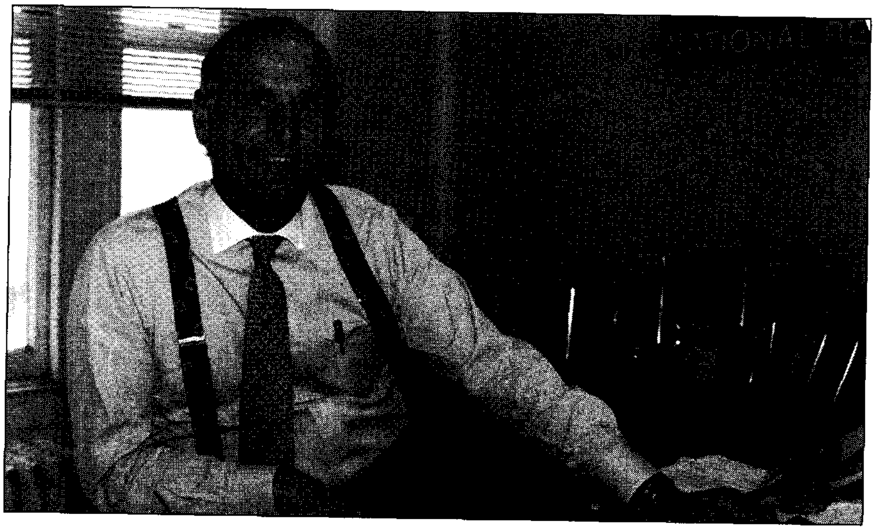
Jeanne Shanahan knows JO'S isn't late, he's just in a different time zone

Groceries Absolutely Free PLUS $600 Million in Federal Aid" . . . and the Statue of Liberty, palm outward, with the caption: "Tired? Poor? Hungry? Tempest-Tossed? Try Australia," illustrating Peter Brimelow's landmark essay, the seed of his book *Alien Nation*.

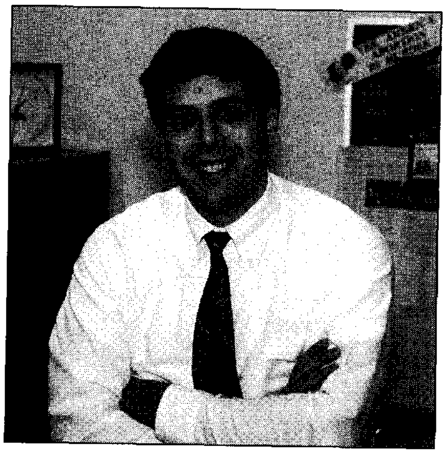
■ After the General Post of 1988, in which virtually everyone at the top of the masthead changed titles and duties, we had thought we were set for a while. But in late 1991 first Wick and then Brad left us to pursue other publishing ventures (you have seen their respective books reviewed in these pages), with Ed Capano, an *NR* lifer, assuming the publisher's chair, and Matt Scully, who had been assistant literary editor since David Klinghoffer's departure for the *Washington Times* two years before, moving up to succeed Brad. But within months Matt himself will leave, showing his devotion to lost causes and forlorn hopes by agreeing to join Vice President Quayle's staff. (Andy Ferguson, a few weeks before, had gone him one better: he had joined President Bush's staff.) However, during his tenure here Matt had seen one great cause not lost: shaming the Capitol Architect into placing a bust of Spiro Agnew with the busts of all the other Vice Presidents in the Capitol. (See the cover of this issue.) And Radek Sikorski moves from being our Roving Correspondent to being Poland's Deputy Defense Minister. As John writes: "Radek has covered wars and commotions in Afghanistan, Angola, Namibia, South Africa, Ukraine, Rumania, Yugoslavia, and, of course, Poland. He has probably heard more shots fired in anger than any other Deputy Defense Minister in the world today. . . . We congratulate Radek, but we hope to see him back at *NR* before he turns



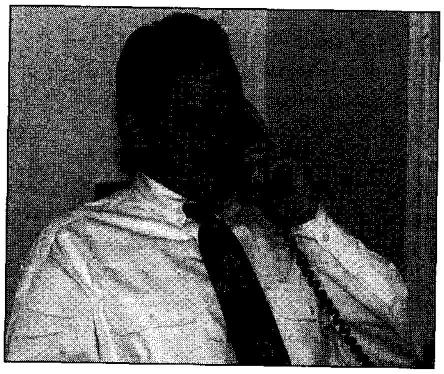
Chris, David, Karina can relax: the issue's finished



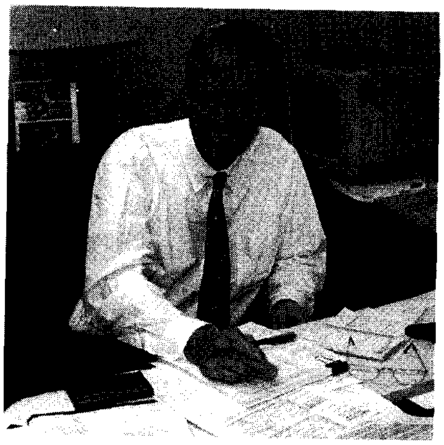
The numbers look good; Ed Capano grins



Jack Fowler—associate publisher, PR whiz, new father

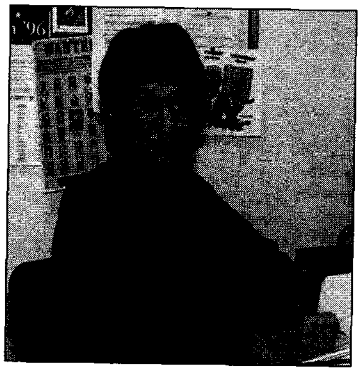


Kevin Longstreet, assistant to the publisher, mans the phones



Dusty Rhodes: Goldman, Sachs was never like this

into a filing cabinet." In the event, it wasn't the stultification of bureaucracy that sent him out of the Defense Ministry, but Lech Walesa's bowing to the remnants of the Communist establishment. It was just 100 days later that Radek's chief resigned, followed in short order by Radek, who returned to reporting on wars and rumors of wars.



Julie Crane, in the publisher's office, proofreader extraordinaire

Like Metroliners that pass in the night, as Matt went down to Washington, David Klinghoffer returned to replace him. In the interim, David had converted to Orthodox Judaism—which makes for some interesting deadlines in the spring and the fall. (Along about Simhat Torah each year, John asks research director Dorothy McCartney, "Are there many more of these Jewish holidays?") It wouldn't matter so much if David weren't a brilliant writer of editorial paragraphs. But we cope.

Even as we cope with the final retirement of Priscilla Buckley. Or rather the seven-eighths retirement—since her first project after ceasing to come to New York each fortnight as a senior editor is to start editing *The Joys of National Review*, a joy indeed.

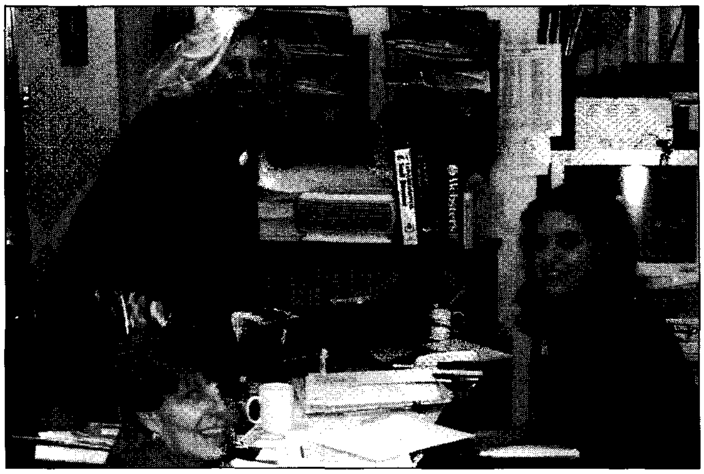
■ Back in our pages, WFB's *In Search of Anti-Semitism* predictably causes a row—but not quite in the way we had predicted. The Kremlinologists on the Paleo Right insinuated that we had scheduled it to undercut Pat Buchanan's just-launched challenge to President Bush. In fact, we had planned that issue months before Buchanan planned his campaign (which, indeed, we welcomed in an editorial, "Fortune Favors the Brave," endorsing him in the New Hampshire primary in order to note dissatisfaction with Mr. Bush's domestic policies).

Most of the comment on WFB's essay was thoughtful and took it in the spirit in which it was intended; but, alas, shock waves had been set in motion that would lead, two years later, to the departure of Joe Sobran, whose wonderful editorial paragraphs (about the end of the Soviet Union: "■ Lenin would never have believed this. And Walter Duranty wouldn't have reported it.") and pellucid book reviews are sorely missed.

■ There's a presidential race going on. Rick Brookhiser, writing from his favorite place, the campaign trail, early puts his finger on that trait of Bill Clinton's we have seen time and again over the ensuing three and a half years: Clinton, Rick wrote, "has ideas in abundance; what he doesn't have is a compelling explanation of how they all fit together."

Bill McGurn, meanwhile, provides a sympathetic account of Pat Buchanan's appeal ("Down here," he quotes one Buchanan supporter in Georgia, "we're real concerned about family, abortion, and keeping your word"); Wick Allison has, for his sins, acquired some inside knowledge on What Makes Ross Run; and James Bowman, in one of his first appearances in the magazine, notes: "If Quayle has the startled look of a deer caught in the headlights, the frantic scurryings of his liberal critics are like those of cockroaches when the kitchen light is switched on. They know that Quayle is exposing the extent of their

Dusty with assistant Barbara Nowack: "They endorsed who *for President?"*



The NR Institute's Kelly Forsberg pays a visit to Barbara Nowack, Lisa Champagne

own depredations against the social fabric and just *hate* the fact that most Americans will agree with him."

■ Wick, of course, is far from the only former staffer to stay in touch. Our pages are full, these five years, of bylines like Chilton Williamson Jr. (Books, Arts & Manners editor, 1976–89), Richard Vigilante (articles editor, 1985–87), John Coyne (staff writer, 1969–71, and Washington correspondent, 1977–78), Maggie Gallagher (articles editor, 1987–88), William A. Rusher (publisher, 1957–88), Alan Reynolds (associate editor, 1972–75).

■ Indeed, Alan is a major contributor to one of our favorite issues, "The Real Reagan Record." Fed up with George Bush's persistent failure to defend his great predecessor, *NR*'s editors ask our colleague, Ed Rubenstein, to assemble a team of economists to analyze what really happened from 1981 to 1989. Paul Craig Roberts, Norman B. Ture, William Niskanen, and a constellation of others don't gloss over the bad parts, but the record of achievement they document is one that makes the kinder, gentler years—not to mention the era of Change—look pretty grim.

■ Special issues have become something of a specialty with us. "Demystifying Multiculturalism" (with the mustachioed *Time* cover girl on our cover), the *NR Guide to Pleasure* (what un-PC thing could we think to take pleasure in next?), the *Bell Curve Symposium* (distinguished, as John pointed out at the time, by the fact that our symposiasts had actually read the book), "Will the 104th Congress Produce a Bull Market?" midwifed for us by economics editor Larry Kudlow. (Larry's drug problem having been widely chronicled in the press, it remains to be said only how much we miss his witty, energizing presence, and how cheered we were, in brief phone conversations this summer and fall, to hear of the progress he is making toward reclaiming his soul.)

■ *NR* had placidly got along for the first 36 years of its existence without a softball team, but finally Tony Savage—second only to Frances Bronson as a decoder of the Buckley handwriting—says, Enough! *NR* joins a local magazine softball league, and Tony goes so far as to suggest to Linda that a high batting average or the ability to turn the double play might be a hiring qualification for junior editors. Linda retorts: "Would Branch Rickey have asked prospective

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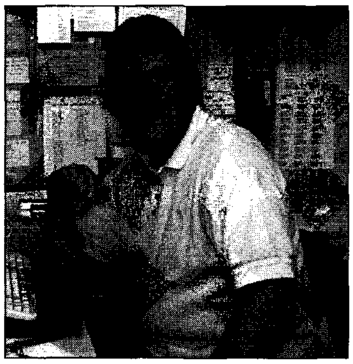
catchers to take a proofreading test?"—but, as it happens, Rich Samuelson, Danielle Allen, Ramesh Ponnuru (plus former staffers who stay in touch, like Tucker Goodrich and Ed Shanaphy) do pretty well by Tony. His real success as manager, though, dates from the moment when Dusty Rhodes and Ed Capano decide to stop linking our advertising sales to *The New Republic*'s and instead hire our own sales staff. Don Burkett and Scott Budd soon need a third salesman, and choose Todd Westover—who in his previous life just happened to be in the Mets' minor-league organization. At the annual picnic hosted by our chief financial officer, Jim Kilbridge, the first year Todd is aboard, the other team in the split-squad game that morning is still trying to figure out what hit them.



Tony Savage, out of the dugout

■ What back in March 1992 had seemed a cloud no bigger than a man's hand has developed into Hurricane Billary. Bill von Dreele greets the incoming Administration with a poem entitled "Scoop or Jimmy?": "*O Christmas tree, O Christmas tree, / Which party wing is winning? / Last week I saw a potpourri / Of liberals, all grinning. / Will Clinton stick with Scoop as those, / Half mad for pork, claw at his clothes? / While Hillary turns bellicose / Before the second inning.*" But then, the combination of Christmas carols and politics always brings out the best in Bill; remember "*Deck the barn, here comes Sununu / (Everybody, fa-la-la-la-la); / He's the bull they all say 'Moo' to / (Sing a fa-la-la for each faux pas)*"?

■ But at least now we can fight wholeheartedly, without the qualms we had felt while criticizing a Republican Administration. We announce the first National Review Institute Conservative Summit, to convene the weekend following Mr. Clinton's inauguration: "There will be post-mortems and prognostications, talk of Mr. Clinton's possible successors, and seminars on What to Do till the Doctor Arrives." Advance registration is slender, but days before the Summit reservations pour in (we wonder how many of them are owing to Maya Angelou), and we wind up with an overflow crowd to listen to Bill Bennett, Charlton Heston, Pete du Pont, George Will, and 81 other members of the Conservative Who's Who.

In retrospect, it appears that this was the first step in the re-establishment of an *NR* presence in Washington. Bill McGurn and Jack Fowler had done sterling work for us starting in 1989; but when Ed Capano became publisher he decided he needed Jack as his right-hand man (they had worked together for years in Jim McFadden's shop up on the eighth floor). And then Bill McGurn got a call from his old *Wall Street Journal* friend Gordon Crovitz, asking him to join him at the *Far Eastern Economic Review*. Upon Bill's departure, we closed the Washington office, relying instead on freelancers like Steve Moore, Brit Hume, Daniel Wattenberg, and Kate O'Beirne to keep us posted.

But Rich Lowry, who had joined us in the fall of 1992 as a junior editor, was soon proving that he could write major political profiles (Janet Reno, John Chafee, Roberta Achtenberg), and so, when we decide it is mad not to have someone representing us in the midst of this New Democratic circus, he is the obvious choice.

It takes a while, though, to loose him of his administrative responsibilities here in New York. There has been another General Post in late 1993/early 1994, with Mark Cunningham being hired away by *Investor's Business Daily*, and Geoffrey Morris by *Reader's Digest* (Allen Randolph had already left to go to journalism school—and to think we could have saved him had we published our Decline of American Journalism issue a year earlier!). Rich was often wearing three hats for a few months there, while John and Linda interviewed candidates for all those jobs and sorted out the survivors into their various positions: Jacob Sullum (who was already leaving *Reason* magazine to come East) as articles editor; Matt Carolan (a PhD candidate in philosophy at Fordham, known to us through our unofficial chaplain, Monsignor Clark) as executive editor; and Karina Rollins (half American, half German, and having apprenticed at both *The National Interest* and *The Public Interest*) as associate editor.

So finally we are able to let Rich go, just in time to chronicle the growth of Republican savvy and principle in the health-care debate: it was exciting to witness, through his prose, the old warrior Dole emerge from his tent and allow his troops to lead him into battle. And with the advent of the 104th Congress, clearly a one-man Washington office was not enough, even if the one man was Rich. We managed to acquire Kate O'Beirne without making an enemy of her former boss, our old friend Ed Feulner; and young Ramesh Ponnuru graduated just in time to join the fun. (Like fellow Princetonian Danielle Allen, he had served as a summer assistant; but whereas she, to our sorrow but academia's glory, went on to a Marshall fellowship at Cambridge, he was more than willing to spend a while observing the political arena.) Their schedules and files are kept in order by Kat Meskill, daughter of Barbara Meskill, one of the line of wonderful editorial secretaries we have had. (The incumbent is Millie Fletcher, joined now by Jeanne Shanahan, John and Dorothy's assistant.)

Apart from their regular reports in Capital Scene and elsewhere in the magazine, Kate, Rich, and Ramesh helped the New York staff plan and execute the Guide to the New Majority in this anniversary issue.

■ Art director Paul Hebert sees greener pastures in New Jersey and packs up, to be replaced in April of 1993 by Luba Kolomytseva, a chic young Russian émigrée with a solid art-history background that allows her to find instantly some famous painting the name of whose artist John can't quite remember. She is responsible for the gorgeous cover of Lenin addressing a crowd waving American flags (to illustrate John Gray's essay: "America: The Left's Last Utopia"), for putting the Sony Walkman on Marianne for "Liberté, Egalité, and 24-hour-a-Day Multi-Channel Programming"; and this year, when the artist she had commissioned was hit by the sudden death of his mother—she filled in and produced, in one day, the painting of Margaret Thatcher as the Statue of Liberty to illustrate our defense and technology supplement. It was Luba who found us Roman Genn, a fellow émigré whose caricatures we love, and their victims love to hate; and who is given a chance to poke some fun at *NR*'s own on the cover of this issue.

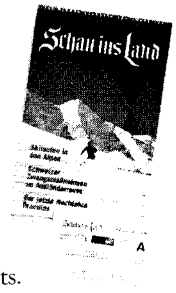
Luba also works closely with veteran typesetters Michael Ashton and Michael Watkins to get our golden words out of our computers and into those of the printer. (This is now done via modem, so there is no more excitement like the time we missed the last plane to Charlottesville, and Allen and Geoffrey took off by car, starting at 10 P.M. We let them stay down south and watch the Baltimore Orioles the next day for their trouble.) And finally, she is responsible, within the limits the word-hungry editors allow her, for the look of this and every issue of the magazine.

■ David Klinghoffer keeps as wide-

John Virtes, librarian: Nexis makes life much easier

Vickie Manca can smile: David Klinghoffer's line isn't busy

A Sisyphean task: Russell Jenkins, John Virtes, James Voris keep the editorial department honest



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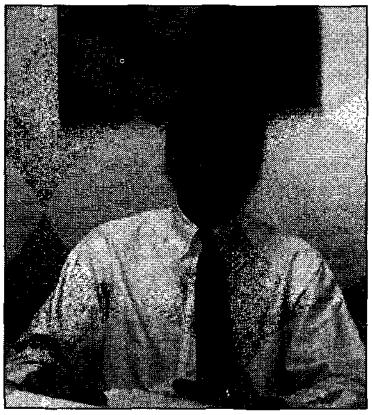
Alex Batey, mail clerk, brings some welcome checks to Galina Veygman, accounting manager

Rose Flynn DeMaio, treasurer of a magazine finally in the black



CFO Jim Kilbridge contemplates the next quarter

Luba Kolomytseva and her magic cover-making machine

Michael Watkins, 20,000 words of typing later

Michael Ashton, computer whiz and universal uncle

ranging a watch for writers who should be in our pages as Luba does for artists who should be on our covers. He recruits (among many others) David Gelernter and J. Budziszewski to our pages, and even gets Louis Auchincloss to review a book on the Roosevelts, and George MacDonald Fraser (*Flashman*) to review Charlton Heston's memoirs. He also, when it is learned that David Brudnoy, a friend of the magazine for 25 years, is suffering from AIDS, invites David to write about the experience, which he does, beautifully as always.

Millie Fletcher, having successfully decoded the article Radek Sikorski dictated from Poland

■ Long before we opened the new Washington office, we had inaugurated a new feature, "Letter from Al." While Denis Thatcher was reputed to be the biggest fan of the Dear Bill letters (the inspiration of our own missives), we regret to report that there is no sign that Mr. Gore enjoys seeing his words in print. But we do. Linda's personal favorite: Al and Secret Service Agent Williams are crouching outside the Oval Office, whence emanate shouts and the sound of crockery being flung against the wall. Agent Williams: "The funny thing is, sir, what she's doing constitutes felonious behavior. She's physically attacking the President of the United States. Technically, I could go in there and shoot her." (This recalls Tim Wheeler's editorial paragraph earlier in the year: "■ Making the rounds in D.C.: If Bill and Hillary divorce, who gets the house?")

And thanks to the new President and First Lady (but thanks also to changes in our methods of recruitment begun by Wick and developed by Ed) our circulation breaks 200,000, an accomplishment that those of us who lived through the dark Watergate period—when between Nixon stalwarts and Nixon haters all angry at us, we lost 40,000 subscribers, dropping to below 100,000—never expected to see.

■ When an enterprise is forty years old, it ought not to surprise that some of our longtime associates prove mortal. But as Nick King's cousin, the Rev. Jonathan King, said in his sublime eulogy, "Oh, Nicky, why did you leave us so soon?" Henry Hazlitt, Russell Kirk, John Roche, Neil McCaffrey, Bill Rickenbacker, John Chamberlain, Bob Strother—these men had been more than just writers for the magazine. Each had been a sustaining presence to the editors. *Requiescant in pace.*

■ In the midst of life we are in death—but life does go on. WFB spots a fine young essayist, Tracy Lee Simmons, and brings him aboard for a couple of special projects and as an editorial writer. Although his Southern blood finds our Northern weather hard to take, he duly comes up every fortnight and writes cultural editorials; we also set him to doing an investigative piece on Christina Jeffrey, briefly the House historian; the evidence of her innocence that he amasses prompts Newt Gingrich actually to apologize to her. . . . Drew Oliver, late of the *Harvard Lampoon* (and son of conservative stalwarts Daniel and Louise Oliver), joins us a year

Terry Maloney giving Jason Ng (not shown) the new circulation figures

ago, and is in place to take over as articles editor when Jacob leaves to write a book on the war against smoking. Drew has a grasp of Western civilization not common in his generation (see his obituary of John Finley earlier this year). . . . Chris Weinkopf came (from Tufts) as a summer assistant, and was asked to stay once the editors had seen the quality of his proofreading and his political savvy, combined with an unflappability in times of computer meltdown. As Linda watches Karina digging up letters to the editor from *NR*'s past for this anniversary issue, and Chris hunting for great cartoons from our first decades, the thought occurs that they weren't even born when some of their finds first appeared in our pages.

■ As the issue before this one is going to bed, Ramesh calls from Washington: Colin Powell will be holding a press conference this afternoon, and the leakers are out all over town saying that he's going to announce his withdrawal. What are we going to do about our editorial?

It looks at first like a situation covered by Burnham's Tenth Law: If there is no alternative there's no problem. Powell has called the conference for 3 P.M.; our last page has to be modemed to American Press at 12 noon. (Could Powell have scheduled this deliberately, in retaliation for our cover of him as the Model Modern General?)

Enter Ed Capano. Can American Press possibly give us an extension without compromising our delivery time? The sainted Paul Grieco says, Well, yes, this once—but it has to be in our hands by 4 P.M., no fooling.

At 3 P.M., Rick and Linda convene in John's office. We've all reread the editorial and marked the passages that would have to be changed. There's a slight delay. Fingernails are bitten. Then the general emerges, and delivers that really quite moving announcement. At 3:15 we reluctantly hit the mute, and get down to it. Rick and John compose out loud, with Linda editing likewise; she types the result into the computer, as the others crowd around the screen to edit and proofread in, as they say, real time. At 3:40 Dorothy warns Michael Ashton to prepare to move, Linda hits STORE, Michael brings it into page-proof form—five lines short. That's fine, says John, we needed a new last paragraph. Same procedure as before, but with Michael typing. When the last word is spoken (of course, it fits perfectly), the button is pressed, and it goes off along the wire to the plant, with two minutes to spare. "Ah," says John, "just like being back on a newspaper."

■ So much unmentioned—the NAFTA debate, our new Gekko writer, Jeff Hart's discovery of a great poet, appreciations of F. A. Hayek by John Gray, Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Ralph Harris, and WFB—but Matt is importunate. If Luba doesn't get this text in the next twenty minutes . . . Linda knows the moral high ground when she sees it, and so, to those unmentioned, deepest apologies. And, as Ronald Reagan would say, thanks for all the fun. ☐

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THE VICE PRESIDENT
WASHINGTON

November 15, 1995

Dear Rusty,

We're having a bit of a celebration around the office today, so the gang is cutting a little loose, and as you can no doubt tell from my glibber-than-usual prose, I'm cutting loose too. I've had a sip or two of the Bollinger ("The vintage stuff," Ron Brown told us all. "I've had a couple cases around the office for a while—courtesy of the People's Socialist Republic of Vietnam Glorious Aircraft Co-Venture") and Mrs. William J. Clinton baked a seven-layer chocolate-on-chocolate cake, and so she and Ron and Bill, and the rest of the gang (including George Stephanopoulos, who I haven't seen in a while, and who clearly should slow down in the champagne department—he's in the corner by himself, giggling), are finally kicking up their heels and saying, "Hey! Life is good!"

While I doubt there's a one-to-one correspondence between these two events, the party did seem to kick into high gear a few moments after the Colin Powell press conference. I missed the announcement—I was at a book signing at the local Barnes & Noble for my new book Common Sense Government—But I headed back to the office in a hurry. The minute I got into the car, the phone rang.

"It's Dave! Dave Gergen!"

"How are you, Mr. Gergen?"

"Mr.? Mr.? Mr. Vice President, c'mon! We go back! Dave, please. I insist."

"Okay, Dave. What's up?"

"Nothin' much. Just called to shoot the breeze. What's up with you?"

"Well, Dave, I'm a little busy right now. I'm headed back to the White House after my book signing—"

"By the by, loved the book! Loved the book. Send me a copy when you get a chance, okay?"

"Um . . . sure. As I was saying, I'm headed back to the White House after the Powell announcement."

"The what?"

"Colin Powell's announcement? You didn't hear? He's not going to run for President."

"Didn't hear that. 'News to me' department. Well, anyhoo, apropos of nothin' at all, I sure would like to swing by the White House soon and catch up with you and Bill and maybe—who knows?—chat about a future role for ole Dave back you-know-where."

"Well, I'm not sure—"

"Great! Next week it is!"

I was met at the gate by my secretary, who was carrying a stack of blue "While You Were Out" phone message slips. Seventeen of them were from Tony Coelho, who called "just to catch up;" six were from Paul Begala, including one handwritten fax, apologizing for calling Dick Morris a "carpetbagging SOB lying Republican sell-out"; four from Barbra Streisand offering to host a fund-raising gala if we don't mind a "vaguely military, vaguely African-American theme" and asking for a quick answer because she "doesn't want to lose the deposit on the Hollyhock Ballroom at the Regent Beverly Wilshire Hotel"; and Bob Teeter's resume, which he mass-faxed to the Old Executive Office Building.

As I headed up to the Oval Office, Hazel O'Leary stopped me with a list of the reporters present at the Powell announcement who looked most depressed, and by the time I rounded the corner, Ron Brown had popped the first case of champagne.

So here we are, partying down—ooops! Just ducked a weaving Donna Shalala, who's lip-synching to the latest Melissa Etheridge release—and feeling pretty elated. I must be totally honest with you, Rusty, and say that I was disappointed to discover the reason for the celebration. I thought it might have been a nice gesture for the gang to celebrate, oh, I don't know, the publication of my new book—and when I saw the cake with "Four More Years! And Then Four More!" scripted along the top—and not, as I had hoped, "Congratulations Al on a Super New Best-Selling Book!" well, I was more than a little let down.

I guess my face gave me away. Mrs. William J. Clinton nudged me. "Like the cake?" she asked.

"Very much," I answered. "And I must say that I'm impressed with the speed with which you baked it!

"I didn't bake it," she snapped. "I sent one of the Secret Service to the A&P and found a Marine who knew how to use a pastry cone."

"Oh. Well, it's delicious, Mrs. Clinton."

"And it isn't Mrs. Clinton any more. It's back to Hillary Rodham."

"Oh. Hillary Rodham Clinton, you mean?"

"Did I say Hillary Rodham Clinton?"

Miss Rodham moved off, crossed to Bill, and handed him the rest of the cake. They smiled at each other. It was nice to see them happy again.

Ooops! Gotta go! Henry Thomason is on the phone. He wants to talk about the White House Travel Office. Talk about your deja-everythings!

Your pal, Al

BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Nihil Obstat

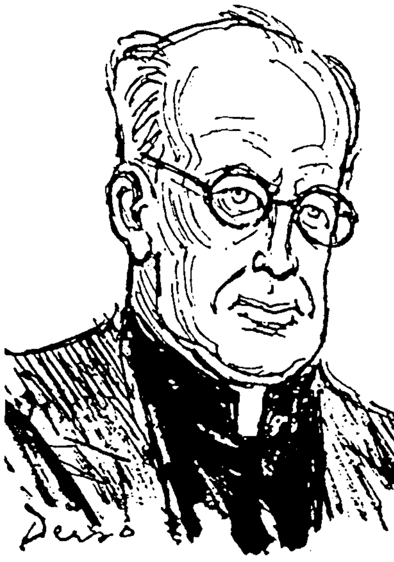
WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

JANUARY 28, 1961

JOHN Courtney Murray, SJ, is one of those glamorous people you are always hearing about, and are left wanting to hear more. He is a dashing man, and an intimate of those among the high and mighty who are lucky enough to engross him—and how hard a job that must be! Once he told a reporter from the *New York Post* that Henry Luce tends to talk too much after dinner (theirs is a non-confessional relationship). He spends occasional weekends in East Hampton; and when he is the guest of honor, the list is screened with special care. He was appointed visiting lecturer at Yale University for one year in 1951. Halfway through his stay he gave three public lectures. To everyone's astonishment, he filled the large Law School Auditorium to overflowing—an unheard-of feat for a resident scholar, let alone a minister of God.

We Hold These Truths, by John Courtney Murray, SJ (Sheed and Ward)

They say his enthusiasm for the uniquely American approach to Church and State, deemed inordinate, caused the Vatican to silence him for several years, a whisper that conjures up titillating visions of the Holy Father reading one of Fr. Murray's articles, and ringing for his censor. He is *America* magazine's *ultima ratio*. When last summer the Norman Vincent Peale Committee was organized, on the program that a vote for Kennedy was a vote to repeal the First Amendment to the Constitution, the Jesuits fired their Big Bertha, and Dr. Peale fled from the field, mortally wounded. Fr. Murray's extraordinary forensic performances, uniting systematic thought, a dazzling syntactical resourcefulness, and the rhythm of an actor, leave even the most urbane audience gasping for breath. And now finally a book, his first, actually an agglutination of pieces he has published before here and there, mostly in the scholarly journals, expertly stitched together by himself and, one gathers, editor Philip Scharper of Sheed and Ward.



A. Derso

What emerges? A man with commanding knowledge and piercing intuition who has probed silly and learned superstitions, and speaks to his fellow Catholics and/or fellow Americans from breathtaking heights whence he surveys the American and the world scene, creating thought and analysis which leave the reader stunned with admiration and pleasure, as only the contact with a great thinker *and* a fine writer can do.

What does he tell us of special interest to those who are accustomed to view the Western world as divided between liberals and conservatives? Enough to give true conservatives great nourishment, but not so much as to suggest he holds the liberals to be unredeemable—that would be unpriestly. He is, clearly, uninterested in many of the problems that some of us consider, if not central, at least urgent. (I doubt if he ever heard of the income tax.) He knows the totalist nature of the Communist movement, and uses blunt words to describe what are, indeed, the "stupidities"—his word—of our leaders during the postwar years. He knows that we have much to fear from our "ambiguists"—again his word, which he uses with zest, after apologizing for the "barbarism"—whom he does not identify by name, but who are, in public life, unmistakably Adlai Stevenson and George Kennan, those fastidious anti-statesmen who are so caught up with definitions that they lose sight of the meaning of the whole Western endeavor.

But he is never so specific as to identify himself with any current movement, except of course the Christian movement, and many liberals will read his book with incomplete understanding, I like to feel, hovering over a few animadversions against right-wing stereotypes, and hastily drawing the conclusion that he is really on their side. (Some conservatives will do the inverse.) He has the priceless gift of knowing how to float an argument up and up, requiring those who would stay with him to shed all but their most cherished ideological encumbrances, just to keep up with him. It is worth the trip, for one listens there, in relative quiet, to the great force of his arguments. Many of his readers, back at their desks, will turn

We present here, in no significant order, some of our favorite reviews of some of our favorite books of the past 40 years, followed by a few of our favorite appreciations of people and things other than books. Necessarily we have had to exclude reviews already republished in our last, 35th-anniversary issue, and there were a great many other pieces we wish we had the space for. But wait till year 45. —DK

At the time of this review Mr. Buckley was NR's *editor-in-chief.*

their exegetical energies to singling out and explaining how this piece of analysis, that paragraph, that phrase, gives aid and comfort to their own position. I shan't (unless I am challenged). I am content to say, Here is a noble statement that refreshes the imagination, to which I shall turn again and again, as is a great work's due.

Fr. Murray deals in his book with many questions, political and philosophical, ranging all over the lot, touching deeply on censorship, humanism, foreign policy, and other subjects. The first section, perhaps the most striking, is addressed to the recurring question: what does America stand for? WE HOLD THESE TRUTHS, he reminds an inattentive public who, alas, if they hold these truths, do not know they do. These truths, he says, are the patrimony of America. The Founders established a republic on the presumption of a natural law the rudiments of which are intelligible to all rational men (*ut in pluribus*), the refinements of which our Lords Spiritual (the learned and conscientious elite) must elaborate for us. Evil times have overtaken us. The natural law, which is indestructible, exists, but we do not acknowledge it, and hence fail to elaborate a public consensus based on it. The consensus is probably still there, in the interstices of our mind, and the natural law continues to govern our soundest instincts and emotions. But during the last century we got way behind, we were dazed by the shock troops of epistemological relativism and still are. The century is of Comte, Freud, Marx, and Dewey, and their industrious epigoni, who require such extensive educations to be so ignorant. We have failed to elaborate the consensus, admit its essential place in intelligible society, lavish upon it the kind of attention needed to rebuff the assault on the very idea of America. We are left with nothing substantive to believe in.

> The consensus proper to [American liberal] society is purely procedural. It involves no agreement on the premises and purposes of political life and legal institutions; it is solely an agreement with regard to the method of making decisions and getting things done, whatever the things may be. The substance of American society is our "democratic institutions," conceived as purely formal categories. These institutions have no content; they are simply channels through which any kind of content may flow. In the end, the only life-or-death question for American society is that it should live or die under punctilious regard for correct democratic procedures.

That is not enough, obviously. And everyone appears to agree that is not enough, as witness the aching search for National Objectives. Every editor or foundation head in America worth his salt has during the past year commissioned his subordinates to find him a national objective, allowing, in the case of an opulent journal, as much as three months for the job. The need is patently there. It is a felt need, and that much is good. Fr. Murray wonders whether it will be found in time, and whether those who search for the public philosophy will turn, no doubt with anguished resignation, to the natural law: the neglected, tatterdemalion lode from which, if we set out to do it, we can mine a public philosophy which will bring the West out alive. ☐

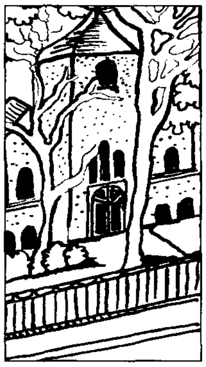
A Dark Future Seen at Twilight

ROBERT H. BORK

NOVEMBER 21, 1975

NISBET's thesis is that the West is in a state of decline, a "twilight age," characterized by a loss of social authority and hierarchy, and a decline in attachment to political values, coupled, perhaps not paradoxically, with the spread of an oppressive state machinery. As the state, in the name of equality, attempts to ensure not equality of opportunity but equality of result, and is supported in this effort by a "clerisy of power" (including "the greater part of the intellectual, especially academic, class"), it necessarily becomes an engine of leveling. Private power centers and institutions that mediate between the individual and the state are weakened so that ultimately the state will face only a mass of individuals. In that lies the prospect of tyranny.

Twilight of Authority, by Robert Nisbet (Oxford)



Indeed, Nisbet predicts that the future lies with military socialisms presiding over masses of persons unsupported by intermediate institutions, barbaric regimes ruling in the name of equality.

> If our problem were *only* a world scene increasingly dominated by the military socialisms or *only* a domestic setting of combined political centralization and social erosion, there would be reason for doubting that America will, like other Western nations, turn increasingly to a variant of the war state. But the fact is, *both* of those conditions are present, and in mounting intensity, and against them any thought of arresting or reversing the processes of militarization of society seems rather absurd.

This is an impressive book, an erudite book, a necessary book, and none of that is intended to be diluted by the observations that in a few places the chain of logic seems fragile and that one wishes it had been a heavier book. As Nisbet acknowledges, parts of his book have appeared in very different form in magazines and newspapers and, while there is no doubt that this is a book rather than a collection of articles, there remains something of the quickness of style and ellipsis of argument characteristic of the shorter forms. This would not be worth mentioning were it not also true that Nisbet's style is trenchant, his message important, and his insights often brilliant.

Nisbet can be taken at two levels. The first, which is perhaps a dispensable overlay, consists of the concept of a "twilight age," which parallels previous periods of decline, and the prediction of the militarization of society and the rise of a line of Caesars. I do not say this may not be accurate, only that it is not necessary to the argument, that it may be overly dramatic, and that the demonstration of coming militarization seems rather weak.

But all that may be laid aside and the remaining argument is still compelling and disturbing. Despotism is hardly

---

At the time of this review, Mr. Bork was solicitor general of the United States.

more welcome if the new governors turn out to be not a clutch of colonels but a supposedly benevolent governmental bureaucracy operating in the name of equality of condition and imposing uniformity because of bureaucracy's own dynamic and requirements. And it is here that Nisbet is at his best: demonstrating the connection between centralization of power and the ideal of equality of condition as contrasted with equality of opportunity; pointing out the affinity of modern left-liberal intellectuals for both central power and egalitarianism; showing the increasing legalization of our culture and our individual relationships, which is a way of replacing social forces with state coercion; delineating the growth of state power in new, softer, and hence less resistible forms; linking the current wave of subjectivism and irrationality, manifested in occultism and the state of the arts, to the decline of the political community; showing the reciprocal relationship between the degradation of language, which is essential to the social bond, and the spread of state power. In these and a dozen other things, Nisbet is insightful, provocative, and, sad to say, probably quite right.

Though pessimistic that the forces of political centralization and social disintegration can be reversed, Nisbet closes with a plea for pluralism and the rescue of the social order from the political order, and he identifies some faint causes for hope. The reader will not be much heartened.

Early reaction to his book appears to confirm part of Nisbet's thesis. A lengthy review recites with approval Nisbet's analysis of the ominous trends in governmental power and abuse but takes offense at his perception that one driving force in these developments is the intellectual's appetite for an equality of condition that can be implemented only through a pervasive and stifling bureaucracy. So long as Nisbet denounces government deception and intrusion, he is a "social analyst and prophet"; when he identifies the particular source of the evil, he descends at once, in the reviewer's estimation, to the status of "ideologue." Yet as long as we do not see the connection, so long academic intellectuals will assist in creating the results they deplore. If they were alone in the boat, it would be first-rate farce.

But there does seem to be an encouraging, though still small, counter-trend against left-liberalism among intellectuals. Nisbet's book is an example, as is the posthumous book *The Morality of Consent*, by Alexander Bickel. Other names come to mind. The counter-trend, which one hesitates to call conservative because of the danger of being misunderstood, tends to cite the tradition of Burke and Tocqueville. Its emphasis is social and historical, as in the case of Nisbet, or constitutional, as with Bickel, and appears not terribly at ease with economics. (The few times Nisbet traverses economic terrain are among the book's weaker passages.) Should this counter-trend incorporate elements of the free-market tradition, an intellectual force of really major proportions would appear to challenge the "clerisy of power" now driving us toward centralization and uniformity. The makings are there. □

Source of American Caesarism

WILLMOORE KENDALL

November 7, 1959

HARRY V. Jaffa's *Crisis of the House Divided* is: 1) a political history of the United States through the years preceding the Civil War; 2) an analysis of the political thought of the spokesmen (Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas) for two of the alternative courses proposed during those years; and 3) a creative venture in political philosophy that—unless the United States be as sick intellectually as some of us believe it to be—will provoke the most profound and far-reaching debate of our generation about American politics.

Some of the book's readers (who this reviewer hopes will be legion) will no doubt wish that Jaffa had written his three books one at a time. Like Bergson, he is a subtle and seductive teacher of philosophy who, however, makes great intellectual demands upon his pupils. But what Jaffa proves, if he does not prove anything else, is that political history is inseparable from the history of political philosophy, and that neither can be grasped by the man who is not a political philosopher in his own right.

Crisis of the House Divided, by Harry V. Jaffa (Doubleday)

The man who refutes Jaffa's controversial theses (which *are* legion) will have to bring to his task all the skills Jaffa shows himself to possess, and to possess beyond any other member of his generation whom I have encountered on the printed page: the skills of the historian with an encyclopedic grasp of his materials, of the all-seeing textual analyst, of the creative political philosopher, and of the literary artist who has mastered the nuances and rhythms of the rich and beautiful language bequeathed to us by Milton, Shakespeare, Burke—*and* Abraham Lincoln. (Of Lincoln's right to be mentioned in this context Jaffa leaves this reader—the Gettysburg address, incidentally, entirely apart—in no doubt at all.)

The central problem of *Crisis of the House Divided* is the status in the American political tradition of the "all men are created equal" clause of the Declaration of Independence. For Jaffa this is the same problem as the status of Abraham Lincoln vis-à-vis the Signers of the Declaration and the Framers of the Constitution; which, again, is the same problem as that of the very possibility of self-government, that is, of democracy, as a realistic political alternative. These three problems, Jaffa brilliantly demonstrates, were Abraham Lincoln's own deepest preoccupations from the earliest moments of his career—preoccupations, moreover, with which he wrestled not as the smart political strategist of recent Lincoln historiography (though Jaffa is willing for us to think of Lincoln as that too), but as a political philosopher of the first order of importance.

As for the "all men are created equal" clause, Jaffa's Lincoln (and Jaffa) sees it as the indispensable presupposition of the entire American political experience; either you accept it as the standard which that experience necessarily takes as its point of departure, or you deny the meaning of the entire American ex-

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Mr. Kendall, a founding editor of NR, *was a political-science professor at Yale at the time of this review. He died in 1967.*

perience. As for the status of Abraham Lincoln vis-à-vis the Signers and Framers, Jaffa's Lincoln sees the great task of the nineteenth century as that of affirming the cherished accomplishment of the Fathers by *transcending* it. Concretely, this means to construe the equality clause as having an allegedly unavoidable meaning with which it was always pregnant, but which the Fathers apprehended only dimly. As for the possibility of self-government, Jaffa's Lincoln sees it as turning on the questions: What can be done about the Caesarist potential in the system elaborated by the Framers? What can be done to prevent the *passions* of a self-governing people from, in the long run, taking over from their *reason*, so that it ignores the duties correlative to the rights self-government is intended to secure?

Jaffa's Lincoln (and Jaffa) has a crystal-clear answer to these questions: Caesarism can be avoided, the takeover by passions at the expense of reason circumvented, only through the ministrations and ultimate self-immolation of an anti-Caesar, himself as indifferent to power and glory as Caesar is avid for it—an anti-Caesar capable of transforming the fundamental affirmations of the Signers and Framers into a *political religion* that men can live by. And for Jaffa these three problems reduce themselves to the question—tacit, but present on every page of the book—whether the Civil War was, from the standpoint of natural right and the cause of self-government, the "unnecessary war" of the historians of the past fifty or sixty years, or a war that *had* to be fought in the interest of freedom for all mankind.

Jaffa's answer to the question is that the war did indeed have to be fought—once the South had gone beyond slaveholding (Lincoln, he insists, had no wish to draw an issue over the slavery *within* the Southern states) to assert the "positive goodness" of slavery, and so to deny the validity of the equality-clause standard as the basic axiom of our political system. He insists that it had to be fought lest the possibility of self-government perish from the earth; that the war *did* establish the equality clause as the fundamental truth of the American political tradition, which by the very fact of the war's being fought transcended itself as Lincoln transcended the Framers; and that the present meaning of the tradition lies precisely in its commitment to equality as a goal ultimately to be realized. And, *within the limits* to which he for sound reasons of strategy confines himself, Jaffa's case for that answer seems to this reviewer as nearly as possible irrefragable.

His readers will, therefore, be well advised to keep a sharp lookout *for those limits*, lest Jaffa launch them, and with them the nation, upon a political future the very thought of which is hair-raising: a future made up of an endless series of Abraham Lincolns, each persuaded that he is superior in wisdom and virtue to the Fathers, each prepared to insist that those who oppose this or that new application of the equality standard are denying the possibility of self-government, each ultimately willing to plunge America into civil war rather than concede his point . . . and off at the end, of course, the cooperative commonwealth of men who will be so equal that no one will be able to tell them apart.

The limits I speak of are set by the alternatives that Jaffa steadfastly—plausibly but steadfastly—refuses to consider, namely: that a negotiated solution might have been worked out in terms of compensating the Southerners for their slaves and attempting some sort of radical confrontation of the Negro problem, and that the Southerners were entitled to secede if the issue was to be drawn in Lincoln's terms.

The idea of natural right is not so easily reducible to the equality clause, and there are better ways of demonstrating the possibility of self-government than imposing one's own views concerning natural right upon others. In this light it would seem that it was the Southerners who were the anti-Caesars of pre-Civil War days, and that Lincoln was the Caesar Lincoln claimed to be trying to prevent; and that the Caesarism we all need to fear is the contemporary liberal movement, dedicated like Lincoln to egalitarian reforms sanctioned by mandates emanating from national majorities, a movement which is Lincoln's legitimate offspring. In a word, it would seem that we had best learn to live up to the Framers before we seek to transcend them. □

The Other Holocaust

EUGENE H. METHVIN

February 27, 1987

SUPPOSE that the July 1944 bomb plot had killed Adolf Hitler, which it surely would have done if Count von Stauffenberg had set his satchel a foot away from that concrete pillar. Hitler's successors swiftly round up and execute the plotters and then sue for peace, retaining control of much of Central Europe, with Scandinavia and the Low Countries remaining in National Socialist Germany's orbit.

Today, no doubt, the President of the United States would drink toasts at Summit conferences with aging Nazis, perhaps even including the nonagenarian Prisoner of Spandau, Rudolf Hess. By now some scholar surely would have dug out and published an account of the murder of nearly 6 million Jews during the Hitler era. But there would be many scoffers. Our scholar's interviews with survivors and quotations of published accounts would be challenged by reviewers who, after all, realize we must negotiate with this aging German totalitarian regime, since it boasts nuclear-tipped ICBMs aimed right at Greenwich Village.

Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror-Famine, by Robert Conquest (Oxford)

Farfetched? Well, consider that when the Soviet Union announced the death on November 8, 1986, of the 96-year-old V. M. Molotov, premier of the Soviet Union during the 1930–33 collectivization campaign and number-two mass murderer after Stalin himself, his role in the greatest genocide of the century rated just six lines among the 62 column inches devoted to his obituary in the *Washington Post*, and about the same in the *New York Times*. Molotov was Stalin's right-hand man in the massacre by deportation and terror-famine of Russia's independent farmers. The total dead amounted to a very conservatively estimated 14.5 million, nearly two and a half times the toll of Hitler's Holocaust.

Mr. Methvin was and is a senior editor at Reader's Digest.

Now, at long last, the British poet-scholar Robert Conquest has provided a fine, thoroughly documented full-dress historical study of this genocidal campaign. Conquest grabs his reader at the start by explaining that he is describing the planned, deliberate murder of so many people that the total amounts to *twenty* dead for each *letter*, not word, in this 412-page tome. The Stalinists in their three-year war against the peasants killed more than all the dead on all sides in World War I. They turned an area larger than France, with more than 40 million people—Ukraine—into "one vast Belsen," where whole villages died of starvation under the supervision of well-fed police and Red activists. Only one Soviet leader has lifted a corner of the conspiracy of silence that still drapes the event: Nikita Khrushchev in *Pravda* in 1963 called it a "war of starvation"—and within a year the surviving apparatchiks who had waged that war threw Nikita out on his ear. Nobody notices; yet compare the furor a year or two ago when a California crackpot denied the existence of the German Holocaust.

Here, briefly, is the history Conquest recounts:

By 1921, Lenin and his Bolsheviks had reduced Russia's industrial and agrarian workers to the point of starvation, and the Kronstadt revolt among the sailors, the shock troops of Lenin's 1917 coup d'état, forced him to face reality. He announced a temporary retreat to a kind of free enterprise, the "New Economic Policy." But, in a secret letter not printed until 37 years later, he declared the retreat only temporary, adding: "It is a great mistake to think that the NEP put an end to terror; we shall again have recourse to terror and to economic terror."

The Stalinists, after vanquishing first their Trotskyist rivals and then, by 1929, the Bukharinites, felt strong enough to renew their program of totalitarianization. These Stalinist survivors were fanatical millenarians whose rationale was that they would translate their utopian dream into a new and superior society. That such "true believers" could still truly believe, in the face of mountains of corpses, is difficult for Western pragmatists to accept, but it is true. A young American who worked on the English-language *Moscow Daily News* in 1933 told me some forty years later how he had confronted the paper's editor, Mikhail Borodin, about the reports of mass starvation resulting from the

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collectivization. "Without batting an eyelash he would look you straight in the eye and say, 'We have got to sacrifice this generation in order to build the future socialist utopia.' "

The Soviets' first step was to impose their "class war" theology on the countryside. Farmers and villagers had to be divided into "oppressors" and "oppressed." The Stalinists resurrected the pejorative label "kulak," which translates roughly into "shylock" and had applied to wealthier peasants in czarist times who lent money to needier farmers. Applied to the Russian countryside of 1929, this was a joke. The most prosperous peasants had at most two or three cows and 25 acres for an average family of seven, and earned only about 50 per cent more per capita than the poorest. They accounted for maybe 5 per cent of the peasant households and produced 20 per cent of the grain, Conquest estimates.

In the summer of 1929, a hundred thousand urban Communist activists were sent into the countryside to go after these "criminals," who were depicted as wealthy grain-hoarders holding back their harvest to starve the revolutionary regime. Stalin pumped his cadres up on a doctrinal fantasy that they were going to create great agricultural factories that would in two or three years yield "one of the richest granaries, if not the richest, in the whole world." But Stalin ordered: "It is wrong to admit the kulak into the collective farm because he is an accursed enemy of the collective-farm movement." On December 27, 1929, Stalin announced the goal of "the liquidation of the kulaks as a class."

Conquest estimates that about 13 million people were rounded up and shot or deported. "Deportation" meant mass death. These class enemies were packed in cattle cars and shipped to Russia's arctic wastes. Scores of thousands were thrown ashore in an ill-considered gold-mining scheme in one of the coldest areas in the Northern Hemisphere, Magadan. When winter came, whole camps perished, even including guards and guard dogs. Tens of thousands were dumped without tools into Siberian forests at the end of rail lines, where the only preparations were signs tacked to trees proclaiming: "Camp No. 1," "Camp No. 2," etc. Sixty to seventy thousand were boated up to the soon-icebound Siberian stream of Vasyugan and marooned on patches of firm ground in the local marshes without food or tools. They all died.

The "oppressed poor" farmers liberated from kulak oppression and left behind to face collectivization fared little better. After the harvests of 1931 and 1932, hordes of Stalin's activists covered the landscape like locusts, stripping the farmers of every scrap of food they could find. Guard towers were built in the fields of the first collective farms and manned by shotgun-wielding police. Activists went through the countryside shooting pet cats and dogs, removing even this historical last-resort source of protein in time of famine. (This last detail comes from *Execution by Hunger: The Hidden Holocaust*, the memoir of a Ukrainian survivor, Miron Dolot.)

Conquest's description of the mass starvations that followed, climaxing in 1933, ranks with the most distressing reading I have ever done. In horror it surpasses anything I have seen in the Nazi literature, even Eugen Kogon's *The Theory and Practice of Hell*, a survivor's account of Buchenwald. Indeed, it makes the Nazi death camps with their clean, quick gas chambers disguised as showers seem almost humane. If you think that is a shocking statement, read Kogon, and then Conquest.

Nor is this some relic of the distant past. We are dealing today with a Kremlin regime ineluctably shaped by this dirty terrorist history. The activists who did not defect—and a number did, providing heart-wrenching testimony, which Conquest amply quotes—developed schizoid psychologies suited for following any orders, no matter how cruel, in the interest of achieving a Sovietized socialist world. And the line of succession from Stalin to Gorbachev is unbroken: Gorbachev and his generation of commissars were selected by the old Stalinist cadre. Bukharin, who was shortly to die in a Stalinist purge, visited Paris in the late 1930s and told an old Menshevik scholar and erstwhile comrade that perhaps the worst result of the terror-famine was the "deep changes in the psychological outlook of those Communists who participated in this campaign and, instead of going mad, became professional bureaucrats for whom terror was henceforth a normal method of administration . . ."

The people in the Soviet apparatus in the Thirties sacrificed 15 million out of a total population of 158 million to realize their dream of a socialist wonderland. Until the people in that apparatus today can openly examine their history and consider the need for constitutional safeguards, we must recognize that we are dealing with a mad machine capable of anything—including pre-emptive nuclear strikes. □

Progress to Orthodoxy

RUSSELL KIRK

JUNE 6, 1956

PROFESSOR Lewis, who has done almost as much to restore attachment to religious principle in our time as Chateaubriand did a century and a half ago through his *Genius of Christianity*, gives us now a little autobiographical volume that would make scarcely more than a chapter in Chateaubriand's *Memoirs*. But its explicit description of the process by which Lewis returned to Christianity excels anything of the kind in Chateaubriand's long shelf of exceedingly personal works.

Joy, as described by Mr. Lewis, is a sudden stab of intense consciousness, very different from mere pleasure. And there is something better than joy—as much better than joy as joy is better than pleasure: Christian faith. Joy comes to Lewis as often and as sharply since his conversion as before. "But I now know that the experience, considered as a state of my own mind, had never the kind of importance I once gave it. It was valuable only as a pointer to something other and outer."

Surprised by Joy: The Shape of My Early Life, by C. S. Lewis (Harcourt, Brace)

Much of Lewis's early life was anything but joyous—certainly the greater part of his school days, for he gives a description of boarding schools as for-

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Mr. Kirk, who died last year, had been associated with NR *since the founding.*

bidding and dismaying as Sir Osbert Sitwell's account of his schools. (Mr. Lewis's father, incidentally, was nearly as much of a character as Sir George Sitwell.) And he found no joy in the meaningless pursuit of sex. The smug and sterile "rationalistic" climate of opinion which prevailed among his early associates was least joyous of all. An understanding of Joy—though, for a time, with his fellows, he called it "aesthetic experience"—seems to have been what saved him from becoming as one with them. "Looking back on my life now, I am astonished that I did not progress into the opposite orthodoxy—did not become a Leftist, Atheist, satiric Intellectual of the type we all know so well."

But he was won, very early in life, to "the Northernness"—the wonder of Norse mythology; and then, by an illative process, to Christianity. George Macdonald and G. K. Chesterton had much to do with his progress. "In reading Chesterton, as in reading Macdonald, I did not know what I was letting myself in for. A young man who wishes to remain a sound Atheist can not be too careful of his reading. There are traps everywhere—'Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,' as Herbert says, 'fine nets and stratagems.' God is, if I may say it, very unscrupulous."

As the preceding passage will suggest, *Surprised by Joy* abounds in those witty and most perceptive commentaries upon personality and society with which Mr. Lewis has been bombarding Screwtape, Screwtape's uncle, and the rationalists, leftists, and positivists for some decades. Take this, on the "Bloods" who dominated his school:

> According to some theorists, therefore, it ought to have been entirely free from bourgeois vulgarities and iniquities. Yet I have never seen a community so competitive, so full of snobbery and flunkeyism, a ruling class so selfish and so class-conscious, or a proletariat so fawning, so lacking in all solidarity and sense of corporate honor. But perhaps one hardly needs to cite experience for a truth so obvious *a priori*. As Aristotle remarked, men do not become dictators in order to keep warm. If a ruling class has some other source of strength, why need it bother about money? Most of what it wants will be pressed upon it by emulous flatterers, the rest can be taken by force.

Real Joy, which is apprehended by the higher imagination, "must have the stab, the pang, the inconsolable longing." Again and again, Mr. Lewis communicates to us, in this little book, that stab, that pang, that longing. Words, as J. F. Stephen says, are tools that break in the hand; but Mr. Lewis uses those fragile tools as well as anyone in our generation. ☐

The Comfort of Cold Friday

COLM BROGAN

DECEMBER 29, 1964

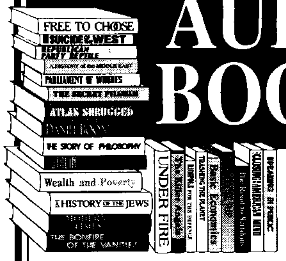
A MAN who knew Whittaker Chambers well once told me that he did not believe there was anybody who knew him with full intimacy. At the core of Chambers's being there was something elusive, something not responsive to ordinary standards of judgment and understanding. "There is an element of Dostoyevsky there," he said.

The majestic *Witness* gave much evidence to support that perception. But this posthumous assembly of diary notes, fragments, and short pieces strongly suggests that Chambers had also a large element of Thoreau. Thoreau turned his eyes away from contemplating the Himalayas because he had "some business with a drop of dew." He turned from the overwhelmingly immense to what was private and particular and could also be made personal.

Cold Friday, by Whittaker Chambers, edited by Duncan Norton-Taylor (Random House)

Whittaker Chambers did the same. Caught in the Himalayas of a worldwide conspiracy, he made his escape only to endure an ordeal that almost certainly shortened his life. When that was over he retired to a farm at Westminster, Maryland, to find consolation and renewal from the small good things

Mr. Brogan, journalist and sometime schoolmaster, was a regular contributor to NR *from 1957 until his death in 1977.*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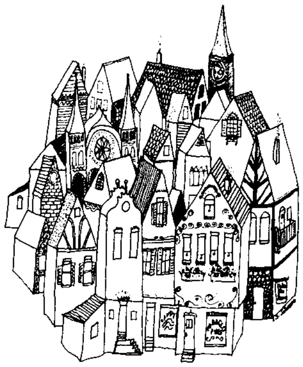
of the natural earth. In this book there are pages of superlative beauty on the birds, the quiet beasts, the ripening grain, the bud, the leaf, the flower, of the acres where he tried to put down the roots of his ancestry.

So far as I can understand it, that was the purpose of his settling on this farm and tending it with care that was both loving and brooding. A particularly rootless man in a rootless age, he wanted to establish a permanence and a fixed place, even though, or perhaps because, it was a permanence based on the natural flux of birth, growth, decay, and rebirth. Noting the first signs of autumn, he says there is nothing now to do but wait for the return of spring. This total quietist identification with the natural cycle carried its own psychological dangers.



His favorite field and the one described with the most loving care was called Cold Friday. It was remote from the great world and yet not separate. Men working on those quiet acres had heard the guns of Gettysburg thundering only three miles away. More important for the author's interpretation of life, according to local legend Cold Friday was the field where all the warring Indian tribes could meet in peace in the days before the white men came. No wonder Chambers deeded the field to his son. It was a symbolic handing over of a symbol of deep meaning to him.

Intellectually the most important part of this book is Chambers's account of his student years at Columbia. When he first went to Columbia he was quite orthodox in his political and religious views. Columbia stripped him of everything. There was no overt attack on his beliefs, no attempt to win him away from his archaic superstitions; they were merely smiled away. I have never read a more brilliantly excoriating exposure of the nihilism that masquerades as liberalism. Chambers was left with only one conviction, that the civilization into which he was born was corrupt, worthless, and doomed. He turned to Communism.

In Heaven's name, why Communism? Chambers himself dismisses the question as a fatuity, but it is cogent and remains unanswered. It is hard to think of a man more temperamentally unsuited for the iron discipline and tyranny of the *apparat*. Even if he despaired of the West, the illimitable horrors of the atheistic East provided no alternative. He has a delightful description of a group of European immigrants whose bodies were in New York but whose hearts and minds were still in their native land. They were penniless and they were political oddballs. They attracted him so greatly that it seems incredible that he should not have been repelled by their Communist opposites. Why did he not become a pacific anarchist like his most eccentric friend? Why did he not become a Quaker without having to go through Hell first?

He came out of Hell still convinced of the utter corruption and the predestined doom of the West, and he died in that conviction. In this book he tells of a conversation with a Catholic hospital chaplain who asked him if the West deserved to survive. With all respect to Chambers and the priest, I think the question was misconceived. None was fiercer in his denunciation of the vices of Rome than St. Jerome, but when Rome fell to the barbarians he could not contain his horror and grief.

With all its sins, the West may not deserve to survive in its own right, although even that I would not accept, but it certainly does not "deserve" to go down before the power and permeation of a system that is literally an organized blasphemy against God and the true nature of man.

This is where I think Chambers's close identification with the annual death of winter misled him. Winter's death can be accepted because it is the prelude to the renewal of life, richer and fresher from the long sleep. But if the West did go down before the living death of Communism, it would be as if the horses of Attila had broken into Cold Friday. Where their hooves trod, grass would never grow again.

In any event, I don't believe the West will fail to survive, deservedly or not. Not only have we an overwhelming superiority in material strength and fertility and invention, but we have an overwhelmingly more civilized way of life. We have, of course, no reason to be proud of our society, but it is marked just as much by Christian kindness as by corruption. Our governments do not instigate massacres in primitive countries. The Peace Corps may or may not be a good idea, but it is certainly disinterested.

Chambers would have denied none of this, but he appears to have had a vision of irresistibly advancing evil, a vision that not many of us are willing to share. He was certainly a surprising man, and not the least surprising thing about him was his attitude after his final vindication in the Hiss case. He had suffered atrociously from the vilest smear campaign of the postwar period and there was a time when his liberty was in dire peril. It was understandable and inevitable that he should be emotionally exhausted when the ordeal was over, but there was more to it than that. From all I read and heard about him, he seemed to behave as if it were he and not Hiss who had been defeated. In contrast, the brass-faced Hiss resumed his combative self-justification as soon as he was released from jail.

Perhaps Chambers *was* defeated in a way that only he could fully understand. These fragments still leave his attitude in some respects obscure. He wrote them in the imminent shadow of almost instant death from coronary occlusion. No praise can be too high for his courage and no praise too high for the beauty of his writing and for the depths of his intuitions.

But the mystery remains. □

Gentleman in Battle

JOAN DIDION

March 27, 1962

DISTINCTIVELY dolorous by nature, I have to date been saved from my own instincts mostly by the relentless interference of my acquaintances, one or two of whom seem to have perfect pitch for my absurdities, if not always for their own. I recall in particular one bitter morning in New York, my 23rd birthday, when I

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About the Author

Basil Venitis is the hottest trader of our times, a Wall Street high roller, a futures high hitter, and the keenest economist in New York. He was the first trader to apply Chaos Theory to financial markets. That's why he is considered by many traders as the first market chaologist and the father of Chaos Trading.

woke with intimations of mortality to find outside my door, attractively done up in a Henri Bendel box, the jacket of a Henry James novel painstakingly altered to read *The Tragic M(o)use*. It was accompanied by a gray plastic mouse with a red ribbon around its tail, and if I did not immediately stop fancying myself a kind of East End Avenue Ophelia, I began at least to entertain certain doubts.

The End of the Battle, by Evelyn Waugh (Little, Brown)

Although this battle is still far from won, I sometimes have mixed feelings about the desirability of winning it at all: the only prize, after all, would be a sense of the absurd, the beginning of a kind of toughness of mind; and to win that particular victory is to cut oneself irrevocably loose from what we used to call the main currents of American thought. Every real American story begins in innocence and never stops mourning the loss of it: the banishment from Eden is our one great tale, lovingly told and retold, adapted, disguised, and told again, passed down from Hester Prynne to Temple Drake, from Natty Bumppo to Holden Caulfield; it is the single stunning fact in our literature, in our folklore, in our history, and in the lyrics of our popular songs. Because hardness of mind is antithetical to innocence, it is not only alien to us but generally misapprehended. What we take it for, warily, is something we sometimes call cynicism, sometimes call wit, sometimes (if we are given to this kind of analysis) disapprove as "a cheap effect," and almost invariably hold at arm's length, the way Eve should have held that snake.

It is precisely this hardness of mind which creates a gulf between Evelyn Waugh and most American readers. There is a fine edge on, and a perfect balance to, his every perception, and although he is scarcely what you could call unread in the United States, neither is he what you could call understood. When he is not being passed off as "anachronistic" or "reactionary" (an adjective employed by Gore Vidal and others to indicate their suspicion that Waugh harbors certain lingering sympathies with the central tenets of Western civilization), he is being fêted as a kind of trans-Atlantic Peter DeVries, a devastating spoofer who will probably turn out really to be another pseudonym for Patrick Dennis.

Consider these comments made at one time or another upon *Men at War*, Waugh's long trilogy, finally complete this year: "Highly entertaining . . . about some of the preposterous experiences of the Second World War. . . . Waugh's sharp wit and sure touch of satire are always at work. . . . Contains comic passages as funny as anything since *Decline and Fall*. . . . First-rate comic genius. . . . Satirical. . . . Wickedly witty . . . right to the hilarious, if not poignant, end."

Although it would be difficult to construct from these quotations the dimmest impression that Waugh was trying for anything much more devious than *See Here*, *Private Hargrove* or at the outside *Mister Roberts*, what he was up to in this trilogy happened in point of fact to be a complex elegiac study of the breakdown of a civilization, a great work, so right in every way that if my grandchildren should ever ask me how it was when I was little, I think I would press upon them, along with Faulkner's chronicle of the Snopes family and some bound volumes of the wartime *Vogue*, Waugh's *Men at War*.

But that is social history, and *Men at War*—begun in 1952 with *Men at Arms*, continued in 1955 with *Officers and Gentlemen*, and completed this year with *The End of the Battle*—is a great deal more than social history. One of the virtues of the hard mind is that it can deal simultaneously with an individual, his God, and his society, neither slighting nor magnifying the subtle, delicate pressures each exerts upon the others. (American novelists are on the whole incapable of this kind of thing. With the exception of Henry James, they have been determinists at heart—or very lazy.) What *Men at War* is about is one man's aridity, and his foredoomed attempt to make a social cause a moral cause in a society bereft of moral meaning; I can think of no other writer who has made that bereavement quite so clear to me.

The man is Guy Crouchback, an English Catholic who went to war in 1939, when he was 35, at the time of the Molotov–Ribbentrop Treaty, an extraordinarily crucial moment and a brilliant stroke on which to begin this particular book: ". . . now, splendidly, everything had become clear. The enemy at last was plain in view, huge and hateful, all disguise cast off. It was the Modern Age in arms. Whatever the outcome there was a place for him in that battle." Closing his house in Italy in order to enlist in London, Guy prepares as if for a Crusade, stopping by the tomb of an obscure English knight, Roger of Waybroke, waylaid on the way to his own Crusade and buried there "far from Jerusalem, far from Waybroke, a man with a great journey still all before him and a great vow unfulfilled": "Sir Roger, pray for me," Guy asked, "and for our endangered kingdom."

Guy's Crusade is short-lived. By the time of the alliance with Russia in 1941, he felt himself "back after less than two years' pilgrimage in a Holy Land of Illusion in the old ambiguous world, where priests were spies and gallant men proved traitors and his country was led blundering into dishonor." By 1943, when *The End of the Battle* begins, he is back in London, a London crowded with old people, disorder, fragments of things once known. As the end of the war approaches, the heaviest awareness of all strikes him: that whatever it had been to which he had dedicated himself on the tomb of Sir Roger that day in 1939, it had not been a Crusade. As he is told by a displaced person, "Even good men thought their private honor would be satisfied by war. . . . Were there none in England?"

"God forgive me," said Guy, "I was one of them."

What happens to Guy Crouchback at the end of the war is nothing much: he marries, and lives with his wife and children in the agent's cottage on his family land. But he is stranded, in a real sense, exactly as far from Jerusalem and exactly as far from home as Roger of Waybroke had been, there in Italy, centuries before. What Guy can never be—and that he cannot be is the measure of something that happened in those centuries between—is what Sir Roger had been: "a man with a great journey still all before him and a great vow unfulfilled."

To know as Waugh knows that there are no more great journeys and possibly no more great vows and still to trouble to write a novel at all exhibits precisely

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Miss Didion reviewed fiction regularly for NR *in the Sixties.*

that fine hardness of mind most characteristic of him; to know it and to trouble to write a trilogy exhibits, above and beyond hardness, whatever it was that made Chinese Gordon put on a clean white suit to hold Khartoum. ☐

A Lance into Cotton Wool

FRANK S. MEYER

NOVEMBER 22, 1958

NEVER has a society been more smugly proof against satire than ours. When one idea is as good as another and one institution is as good as another, when a dully equalizing relativism destroys all definitions and distinctions, satire is impotent. For the satiric genius works by shocking the reader into using the standards he implicitly holds but has failed to apply. It achieves its results by creating so savage a presentation of contemporary evil (exaggerated, caricatured, grotesque, but a true simulacrum of the essence of the social scene) that the bland and habitual surface of actuality is riven apart. But where there are no standards, satire has no ground from which to fight.

It is not on record that even the bitterest enemy of the Irish greeted Swift's *A Modest Proposal* with dithyrambs of praise for his great acuity and daring in breaking the bonds of conventional morality that had previously kept men from publicly espousing cannibalism. The smuggest of the eighteenth century recognized satire when it hit them in the face.

Today things are different. Vladimir Nabokov writes a novel, *Lolita*. With scarifying wit and masterly descriptive power, he excoriates the materialist monstrosities of our civilization—from progressive education to motel architecture, and back again through the middle-brow culture racket to the incredible vulgarity and moral nihilism in which our children of all classes are raised, and on to psychoanalysis and the literary scene. He stamps indelibly on every page of his book the revulsion and disgust with which he is inspired, by loathsomely dwelling upon a loathsome plot: a detailed unfolding of the long-continued captivity and sexual abuse of a 12-year-old girl. To drive home the macabre grotesquerie of what he sees about him, he climaxes the novel with a murder that is at the same time horrible and ridiculous, poised between Grand Guignol and Punch & Judy.

***Lolita*, by Vladimir Nabokov (Putnam)**

What happens? The critics hail his "grace and delicacy" and his ability to understand and present "love" in the most unlikely circumstances. The modern devaluation of values seems to have deprived them of the ability to distinguish love from lust and rape. And first among them that dean of critics, Lionel Trilling, who compares *Lolita* to the legend of Tristan and Isolde!

This *succès d'estime* is matched only by its success of pocketbook, as it reaches the top of the best-seller list with a current sale of over 100,000 copies, completely successful and having completely missed the target at which the author shot. One wonders what Mr. Nabokov thinks. It is as if Swift had been fêted for his pamphlet by the King's Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, or Juvenal banqueted by the degenerate Roman rich and powerful, and their more degenerate toadies, whom his satire celebrates.

Without exception, in all the reviews I have read—and they are many—nowhere has even the suspicion crept in that *Lolita* might be something totally different from the temptingly perverted surface it presents to the degenerate taste of the age. Not a whiff of a hint that it could be what it must be, if it is judged by the standards of good and beauty which once were undisputed in the West—and if it is, as the power of its writing shows it to be, more than a mere exercise in salaciousness.

Only the editors of *The New Republic*, speaking in their editorial columns (after the fact of their review, and against their reviewer, who had done the usual with *Lolita*), smelled a rat. But, as so often with *The New Republic* when it departs, as it sometimes does, from the safe paths of moderate liberal conformism, it smelled the wrong rat and went

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Mr. Meyer, a founding editor of NR, *was Books editor until his death in 1972.*

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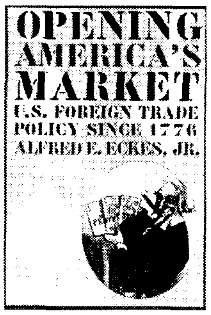
READING



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dashing off in the wrong direction. The editors of *The New Republic*, to their credit, cannot stomach the idea advanced by the critical gentry that no moral judgment of the brutal and tawdry central theme of *Lolita* should be made. They accuse Mr. Nabokov of saying that the moral abomination he describes does not matter, since it is no worse than the tawdriness of our social scene—a view of the fruits of liberalism that very much upsets them.

They have at least come close enough to the secret to suspect that Mr. Nabokov is implying some sort of relation between the horror of his plot and the social scene; but they reverse his meaning. Mr. Nabokov is not saying that what happens to Lolita is excusable because it is no worse than the general *mores* of our society. So insensitive a judgment would be impossible for a man who can write with his intense sensitivity. He is saying the opposite—and saying it clearly to all who have ears to hear. He is saying that Lolita's fate is indeed fearful and horrible; and that the world ravaged by relativism which he describes is just as horrible. He is not excusing outrage; he is painting a specific outrage as the symbol of an outrageous society.

The editors of *The New Republic*, with justice, attack the indecent blindness of Lionel Trilling, who writes of the perverted protagonist of *Lolita*: "In recent fiction no lover has thought of his beloved with so much tenderness." They themselves, however, look with so much tenderness upon their world that they cannot recognize the terrible satire whose essence they have dimly perceived. *De te fabula narratur*. Satire couches its lance in vain.

And satire, I am sure, considering his ability and the quality of what he has written, was Mr. Nabokov's intention. Of course I may be wrong. He may simply be an immensely gifted writer with a perverted and salacious mind. But if the latter is true, it does not change the situation much. *Lolita*, in the context of the reception it has been given, remains nevertheless a savage indictment of an age that can see itself epitomized in such horror and run to fawn upon the horror as beauty, delicacy, understanding. But I hope that this is not so, that Mr. Nabokov knew what he was doing. It is so much more exhilarating to the spirit if the evil that human beings have created is castigated by the conscious vigor of a human being, not by the mere accident of the mirror, the momentary unpurposeful reflection of evil back upon evil. □

Jeeves's England

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

June 3, 1961

THIS year P. G. Wodehouse, whose world is ageless springtime, celebrates his eightieth birthday; and his new book, *The Ice in the Bedroom*, gives us an opportunity to pay our respects. It is his best book for some while; an exhibition of easy mastery, of familiar skill, as incomparable in its special way as Fred Astaire's dancing. He has written scores of books just as good, of course; but the point is that no one else has.

The Ice in the Bedroom takes us back to the elysian London suburb of Valley Fields, where we find ensconced in adjoining houses Freddie Widgeon, whose allowance has been cut off by his uncle, Lord Blicester (a former winner, it will be recalled, of the Drones Club's Fat Uncles Contest), and a ferocious female novelist called Leila Yorke (author of *For True Love Only*, *Heather o' the Hills*, and *Sweet Jennie Dean*). Also present are Miss Yorke's pretty but green-eyed secretary, whom Freddie loves; Freddie's cousin George, who is an Old Etonian policeman; and Dolly Malloy, a blonde shoplifter who has carelessly stashed away some diamonds (pinched from Mrs. Oofy Prosser) on top of a cupboard in Miss Yorke's bedroom. The plotting is intricate but flawlessly put together; the dialogue runs as effortlessly as the purling brooks of Valley Fields; the turn of every comic phrase is felicitously exact. It is the mixture as before.

The Ice in the Bedroom, by P. G. Wodehouse (Simon & Schuster)

The vicissitudes of Mr. Wodehouse's reputation make a remarkable comedy in themselves. During the 1930s he won golden opinions from every sort of eminent literary man and received the accolade of an honorary doctorate from Oxford. In the 1940s his books were ignominiously thrown out of public libraries in Britain because, while interned in Europe, he was persuaded to deliver a humorous broadcast—entirely harmless, as anyone who has seen the text knows—over the German radio. After the war his new books were dismissed as mere anachronistic shadows with no relevance to the brave new welfare state. Gradually his reputation and his sales rose again, and he now enjoys that mellow affection with which the British public, unlike some of the younger critics, loves to reward ancient institutions and long service. And the cream of the jest is this: with a few ups and downs, Mr. Wodehouse's books have been exactly the same all along.

The world has changed, though, and fashions in literature have changed, and what riles the young angries of the Left is that Mr. Wodehouse has not changed. The world he writes about, the world of the Drones Club and Blandings Castle and Piccadilly Jim, was always a fairyland but it was never their fairyland. He writes about the upper classes without class-consciousness. He writes about love as though Freud had not been invented. He writes without ambiguity.

What a stylist he is. With what effortless economy he makes his effects. Bingo Little comes up to Oofy Prosser and says he's looking for someone to lend him five pounds. "Very hard to find, that type of man," replies Oofy coldly. What more is there to say?

Or: "Good Lord, Jeeves! Is there anything you don't know?"

"I could not say, sir."

Or—Jeeves and Bertie again:

> "In these days of unrest, Jeeves," I said, "with wives yearning to fulfill themselves and husbands slipping round the corner to do what they shouldn't, and the home, generally speaking, in the melting pot, as it were, it is nice to find a thoroughly united couple."
>
> "Decidedly agreeable, sir."
>
> "I allude to the Bingos—Mr. and Mrs."
>
> "Exactly, sir."
>
> "What was it the poet said of couples like the Bingeese?"
>
> " 'Two minds with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,' sir."

Mr. Lejeune has been NR's *London correspondent since 1957.*

"A dashed good description, Jeeves."

"It has, I believe, given uniform satisfaction, sir."

If Mr. Wodehouse had done nothing else but create Jeeves and Bertie, he would still have earned a place, along with Dickens and Mark Twain and Conan Doyle, in that small company of novelists who have created characters more real than life. Just as every self-respecting detective since Conan Doyle's day has tried to be like Sherlock Holmes, so every good gentleman's gentleman will always now have a little of Jeeves in him.

Mr. Wodehouse's literary opponents are quite right in a way. He and his creations have no place in the world of social consciousness and dustbin drama. Bertie Wooster would find little to say to Jimmy Porter or Lucky Jim. He would not enjoy the plays of Bertolt Brecht or Shelagh Delaney.

But Bertie is far from the vapid wastrel some people have taken him for. He is highly percipient in his own field. Some of Jeeves's quotations may be new to him, but, during his stretches at Malvern House, Eton, and Oxford, quite a lot of knowledge stuck. The names of Schopenhauer, Edgar Allan Poe, and Chekhov are on the tip of his tongue; so are the names of Tallulah Bankhead and Jack Dempsey. He understands about affairs of the heart. He even speaks French quite well.

More important, he is kind, generous, and loyal to a fault. "The code of the Woosters," he once explained, "as is pretty generally known, renders it impossible for me to let a pal down. Mine not to reason why." He is a chivalrous and, on the whole, eminently sensible Englishman. A world made up of Bertie Woosters would not be at all a bad world to live in. A world made by John Osborne for Jimmy Porter would be intolerable.

Cicero, in one of his later letters to Atticus, says, "*Stomachor omnia*—I get cross about everything. I think I must read that book I sent you, my *De Senectute*, more often." I know how he felt. I think I will read my Wodehouse again. It will take me back to kindness and cleanness and good humor and England in the spring. ☐

MUSIC

The Immortal Lipatti

WM. F. RICKENBACKER

June 2, 1970

HE WOULD be 53 years old now if he had been granted a longer life, but he has been dead these twenty years. He never performed in the United States. Over there, in Europe, his name is revered, his recitals are still talked about, and I suppose the students of his students are now concertizing. Over here we have his records, and in an imperfect world it would be a greedy soul indeed who should ask for more than this.

Dinu Lipatti was that inexpressible rarity in artists, a man who truly found himself by first losing himself. Lesser men—Horowitz, Rubinstein, Hofmann—stitch their own names into the fabric of the music by intruding their potty little selves. Horowitz refuses to play octaves without showing off; Rubinstein's rubato is *Rubinstein's* rubato; Hofmann finds inner voices that "aren't there." The music of the composer is filtered, and not for a moment would I say it is not beautifully filtered, through the personality of these performers. But it is filtered. Above the impossible level of Horowitz there is one final and always more impossible level, and there we find Dinu Lipatti and his two or three compeers.

These pianists have conquered their instrument and their own selves absolutely, so that the music comes through with fidelity to the printed note and without the slightest imprint of the performer. We are caught by surprise when we hear such playing. We have been cozened into thinking we are listening to Chopin. Common sense breaks in, sooner or later, to inform us that Cho-

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Mr. Rickenbacker was associated with NR *in various capacities from 1960 until his death this March.*

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pin has been dead these 121 years, and it is Lipatti, or Rachmaninoff, who has mysteriously given him to us alive and well. And so the paradox: by playing humbly, by learning to withdraw himself completely, the artist achieves such beauty that he is in a class almost alone. And so you hear a record of Chopin's music played so perfectly, without crotchets or signatures, and you know it has to be Dinu, or Sergei. There are so many persons, and so few souls.

You can measure an artist in many ways. With performing musicians I always apply the test of teaching. The merely egotistical performer considers himself as the inventor and proprietor of a personal skill, which he merchandises. The greater man considers himself the fortunate heir of a glorious tradition and gladly takes upon himself the obligation to give to others what was freely given to him, the unbought grace. Rubinstein has no students, does he? Whom does Horowitz teach? Dinu Lipatti was a teacher at 19 and a beloved professor at 27.

As his life, so his music. The tradition flowed through him clear and whole. Here is a reissue of some recordings Lipatti made of Chopin in either Paris or London, in either 1947 or 1948—no one knows really. The performance of the B-minor sonata cannot be improved upon, unless you are willing to rewrite the music. Lesser performers would shy away from the abruptions of the rests written into the first themes; Lipatti treats them as thematic material of prime importance, and underlines their musical value by doing precisely the same with the rests written in the 19th and following measures of the finale (I dislike technical talk but this time we need it). These moments are separated by twenty minutes of musical ecstasy.

To take a few moments of silence, measured in fractions of a second, and make of them a thematic framework for a gigantic sonata—who would have thought of this? It was written so. Again: the first movement has exactly one chord marked fortissimo in 12 full pages of notation, and it's the last chord. How many pianists can resist the temptation to rise above a forte at least once in the first 11 pages? Lipatti's resources in the quieter zones of a piano's dynamics are so various and affirmative that he can hold that fortissimo at bay until the end of time and we shall never miss it. So, when it comes, we are raised right out of our seats. He is always doing that to us, piling splendor on top of splendor, and always keeping something supreme in reserve. Finally the paradox disappears in endless visions of loneliness. We know if he had lived to be a hundred and had played forever, he would always have had something in reserve, something he was keeping for us, until we should be ready for it.

The playing of the scherzo has to be heard. It is the music itself, lofted into the air, miraculously "outside" the performer. The shimmering passages gain force and descend into a set of parallel passages that grow monstrous loud. Our ears burn. The shock seems too much. Comes a pause, then a chord that blasts all the foregoing into nothingness. The end? Further pause, then three octaves repeated so fast they blind the ear. Fortissimo, as written. Then we are compelled to deduce that the previous mountains were only foothills. What sort of landscape is this?

Lipatti made many recordings. His performance of the Schumann concerto is another great glory. But all of his playing was perfect. His last public recital, played a few weeks before leukemia took him, was recorded; and among all recordings it has to be the most poignant in its *victorious* and *valedictory* lyricism. Do, please: get some Lipatti, and fill your ears with the reality that lies beyond poor words. □

DELECTATIONS

More than a Meal

NIKA HAZELTON

MAY 8, 1987

AS A food writer, I am frequently asked about the most memorable meals of my life. Invariably, I say that I consider the question a silly one, since meals depend so much on the circumstances in which they are eaten. Whereupon I am told that that makes me an example of food writers who do not really care for food! Me, of all people, who have spent the best years of my life writing cookbooks, which means the endless testing of recipes to make them as foolproof as possible. (I have strong feelings on the subject, because a) it is low-class not to do one's best and b) you cannot return a cookbook because it gives poor instructions, as you can return an appliance that does not live up to its claims.)

It is true that there are two kinds of cookbook people: writers who cook, and cooks who write. I belong to the first category, whereas the great James Beard, God rest his soul, belonged to the second. We often discussed this interesting point in our 7 A.M. telephone conversations—he was the only person I have ever known with whom it was possible to discuss life so early in the morning.

To come back to memorable meals. One I remember especially took place on the island of Ischia, off Naples. My mother and I were spending the summer there, she to take the waters and I because daughters in my youth went wherever their mothers went. The waters of Ischia, my mother was told, would stimulate her circulation, and unlike the German and Swiss spas whose waters would do the same, Ischia was conveniently close. My mother's day was quite fully occupied with bathing, mud packs, and massages, whereas I had nothing to do but to swim in the warm blue Mediterranean Sea and explore the cliffs and caves of that part of the island from a rowboat.

In those days, Ischia was rustic and simple, offering nothing but health-giving waters; now it has become a fashionable island dotted with large villas of the rich and famous. From the little town where the healthful waters benefited the vacationers, it was customary to walk to a tiny village situated on a promontory to see *"il raggio verde,"* a

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Mrs. Hazelton was NR's *"Delectations" columnist from the mid Sixties until her death in 1992.*

green ray that occurred when the sun set on the watery horizon. The green ray of Forio d'Ischia had been made famous by a journalist who claimed to have seen this curious phenomenon repeatedly, although others, less fortunate in their viewing, remained skeptical. Nevertheless, the mile-long walk to Forio each evening remained a pleasant diversion for the health-seekers, including my mother.

In the course of waiting for the sun to make his last dash across the Mediterranean, we came to know a family of genuine Ischian fishermen who, like us, lingered, waiting for the green ray. But unlike us, they firmly believed in it, and did a lot of talking about its beauty. From a photo of the family that has survived, I see that besides father and mother, there were three strapping sons and a mousy daughter. Among the sons, one was becoming my special friend. He advised me on how to see the best caves from my rowboat and offered to take me there personally—an offer that was instantly scotched by my mother and his. Well, the friendship between the two ladies from Rome, as we were known, and the fishermen's family blossomed to such an extent that we were invited to dine at their house one Sunday.

On that fateful day, my mother and I turned up with the box of chocolates that was de rigueur at all dinner invitations. The house was as plain and bare as any Mediterranean fisherman's home, but we could not help feeling a certain excitement in our hosts. After the traditional preprandial vermouth, we sat down to the traditional *spaghetti alla napolitana*, that is, with tomato sauce. Then our hostess carried in an enormous round white platter bearing the main dish: an octopus the size of a two-year-old's head, with all its tentacles. The beast had been boiled, and then prettified with a garland of mayonnaise and parsley. Excitedly, our hosts and their children pointed out to us that this emperor among octopuses, to use their expression, was so wonderful a rarity, such a delight to eat, that we should thank Heaven for providing us with such a treat. And talking of treats, said the young fisherman who had become my friend, looking at my mother, what about my marrying him as soon as we could settle on the church?

My mother told me later that the proposal must have been agreed on by the family earlier. All I remember is my utter, total surprise. My mother, however, showed no annoyance. Speaking rapidly, she made a lot of face-saving remarks, addressing them largely to our hostess, who, as a mother, would understand that I was far too young even to think of marriage. After all, I was only 14 years old, though my behavior was that of a much older girl, to her sorrow, she added.

But since she and I had been honored with such a magnificent octopus, she was going to be the first to eat a piece of it. This she did, without blanching. Invited to do the same, I screwed up my courage and somehow managed to swallow one of the beast's tentacles. Unfortunately, I got sick immediately, but I managed to leave the table in a great hurry to throw up outside the house. The next day, my body was covered with boils, which the local doctor diagnosed as owing to fish poisoning. The day after that, I was back in Rome. All my mother said about the whole affair was that young girls should never go out rowing alone, nor take advice from young fishermen. ☐

MANNERS

Smoke Again and Live Again

JANE BUCKLEY SMITH

MAY 31, 1958

FOR SOME years now a spate of articles on the dangers of smoking has been appearing. The arguments expounded have seemed unanswerable—until I gave up smoking. Within a week the compulsion was upon me to rebut these twisted writings and to strengthen those smokers who might feel their terra not so firma.

Barry Goldwater

Robert Alan Goldberg

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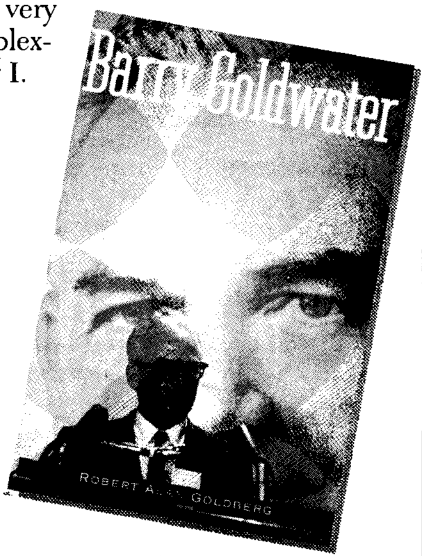

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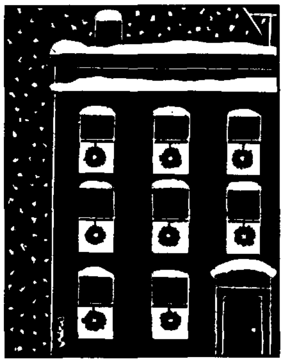
We are told that smoking may cause cancer, may cause tuberculosis, may cause insomnia, nervousness, loss of weight, and a dulling of the senses of taste and smell. We are told that to give up smoking is to prove to others and to ourselves that we have will power.

This is a subtle mixture of half-truths and faulty reasoning, undoubtedly caused by the frustrations of the ex-smoker's recent life. He must in some way justify the self-imposed agony which he undergoes. But to the rational person, and in particular to one who has passed through a term of irrationality, the truth cries to be heard.

To give up smoking is to give up sleep. Never had I suffered from insomnia until that black day in January which marked the beginning of a black new year. I would go to bed early, searching for oblivion. Blissfully would I sleep—until 2 A.M. For three months, ninety nights, I spent the wee hours chewing my fingernails, swallowing pills, making lots of noise so my husband would awaken and show some sympathy. The third night he showed some sense and moved to the guest room. I tried to mesmerize myself by repeating, "I'm glad I gave up smoking. I'll never smoke again," but my id would echo back, "I'm glad I gave up sleeping. I'll never sleep again." And id was right.



I have been nervous always, and the thought of calming down was an important inducement. I was fair. I waited for several weeks to pass, waited for the poison to leave my system, for my nerves to become acclimated. But the climate around me was definitely of a stormy quality, and my nerves followed suit. My whispering children would be accused of shouting, my long-suffering husband of indifference.

Perhaps three months didn't constitute a fair trial. But then again perhaps three years wouldn't have done the trick either. You've got to look at both sides; and, for me, a glance was enough.

I believe that every one of the literary ex-smokers (they are legion and compulsively literary) warns us to expect some weight gain. The crux of the matter lies in the definition of "some." In three days I had gained 8 pounds, in two weeks 15, and by the end of three months, 22. This might have been welcome had I been 22 pounds underweight, but, unfortunately, this was not the case. It seldom is. Those of my friends who were successful in avoiding me during my temperamental era looked at me and exclaimed, "Why, you look tremendous!" Scarcely polite but admirably frank—for those who find frankness admirable.

Then comes the argument that smoking is expensive. So are a masseuse and a new wardrobe. Since I couldn't afford the latter, doubtless because of my spendthrift smoking years, the only alternative seemed to be a return to maternity clothes. But ten months and no offspring later, public opinion suggested another solution. I must diet.

Which brings me neatly to this much-advertised reawakening of your senses of taste and smell. Never before have you really been able to smell; never before have you really tasted food. But your new diet demands you give up tasting those tempting dishes whose aromas tantalize your nostrils. So you diet. For a week you starve. You step on the scale and find you've made progress. Instead of gaining seven pounds, you've only gained one. At that rate, with rigid dieting, your weight gain will be only fifty pounds the first year, a hundred pounds the next . . . My math was never good, but any way you look at it, in two years you'll be a slob.

Those masochistic ex-smokers tell the truth. You have a new-found sense of smell. Your problem now is how to blunt it. But I won't dwell on my insomnia, on my obesity, on my sensitive smeller. These things are hinted at, but there is one thing completely ignored: the smoker's hack. You never realize how much you depended on it until you find it gone. Your family woke to its rumbling roar and knew the day was begun. It was the clarion emblem that identified you to others of your ilk. It was the one thing that made colds bearable, your impressive, tubercular blast, which aroused immediate sympathy. No mere runny nose could hope to compete. As for the frustration of trying to cough deeply and failing—unspeakable.

Though your figure now suggests Aunt Jemima's and your expression Scrooge's, you can take comfort in your will power. You have developed a strength of character that astounds you. You get so used to denying yourself, and find yourself denying others with practiced ease. You feel smug about your new-found strength and, God help you, you show it. But it amazes you that others are not so vitally interested in your accomplishment as you are. In short, you find that even smoker's breath is more socially acceptable than smokeless you. Imbued with such a forceful character, you become impatient with those weak persons who preferred you weak. You withdraw into the bosom of your unreceptive family.

Perhaps I paint the picture too pessimistically. Perhaps I don't sufficiently stress the feeling of accomplishment which buoys you up the first week. Perhaps it's because by the end of that week the freshness has worn off and there are still 51 weeks left to live through. Then will start another year, and then another, each with 52 weeks. Suddenly the realization dawns that you have probably increased your lifespan by twenty years. Do not dwell on this.

At long last, after your mind has explored all avenues of escape, it will hit upon a certain release. You will realize that there was once a time, long ago, when things were not as they now are. Your clothes hung loose, you smiled, you slept. With happy resignation you will light a cigarette, inhale deeply—and possibly choke. But persevere. By the third one the past agony-laden months never were. Your zest for life will have returned, a shorter life, perhaps, but every smoke-packed moment savored.

And you can always use your over-developed will power to help you ignore the gibes of some of your friends. Unfortunately, though, you will soon find you have not escaped unscathed. It has been months since my return to rationality and I am still in the hands of a dietitian, a masseuse, a dermatologist, and a neurologist.

I am well on the road to recovery, but when the way seems overlong I light a cigarette, relax full length on a couch, and watch the smoke weave slowly, smoothly, to the ceiling. In a few moments I have recovered my composure. I dry the perspiration from my brow and repeat ten times, "Today and every day I shall smoke. I shall never, never stop." With fervor. □

Mrs. Smith has been a chief assistant (correspondence department) to WFB for thirty-odd years.

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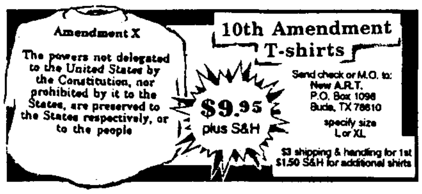

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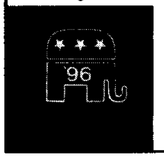

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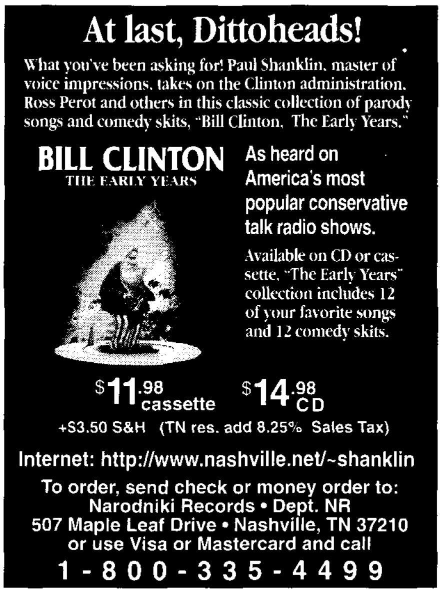
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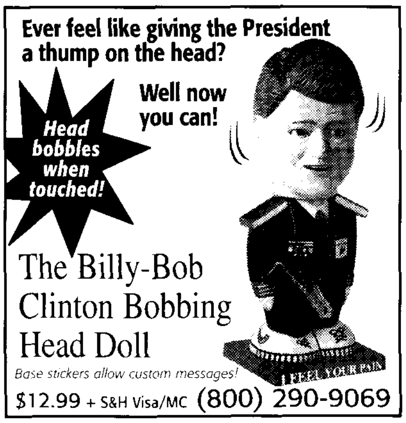

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O'BEIRNE

(Continued from page 94)

the sense of what's possible that you'd expect from a senior committee chair," says one aide.

Conservatives who supported Mike DeWine in his Ohio primary against liberal ex-National Institute of Health Director Bernadine Healy did not expect him to be a reliably conservative senator, and on issues like tort reform and abolishing the LSC they have not been disappointed. Maine's Olympia Snowe was expected to drag both feet, and she too has not disappointed.

But conservatives have been pleasantly surprised by Sen. Paul Coverdell of Georgia. When he ran in 1992, they knew him only as George Bush's Peace Corps Director—not a résumé calculated to appeal to right-wing activists. Yet, he has emerged as one of the most committed stargazers in the Senate. He wins unanimous praise from the outside conservative groups with which he coordinates on behalf of the Senate leadership. "Coverdell has become the conservative activist that Bob Bennett [of Utah] was supposed to be but isn't," according to a leadership staffer.

More senior senators, some with conservative reputations, support liberal positions with disappointing regularity, especially on welfare reform. The Heritage Foundation's welfare expert, Robert Rector, believes that "Republicans have been more of an obstacle to conservative welfare reform than Bill Clinton." Sen. Orrin Hatch is widely viewed as having become a "Trojan horse" for liberal positions on a range of issues from child care to judicial appointments. Over the summer he worked to eliminate work requirements in the Senate welfare-reform bill. Thad Cochran, not nearly as conservative as his Mississippi colleague, Trent Lott, voted *against* eliminating race and gender preferences in federal contracts and—nailing his feet to the floor—fought in the Agriculture Committee to preserve the food-stamp program as an entitlement.

When conservative Senate veterans like Don Nickles of Oklahoma and Larry Craig of Idaho can feel Bill Archer's new and larger sense of the possible because their caucus is dominated by like-minded colleagues, we may have a revolution that is bicameral. That's still in the stars. ☐

ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

X-Ray Time

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 14

It is useful to examine the federal deadlock through a strictly democratic prism.

1. We have a separation of powers that authorizes Congress uniquely to pass legislation; and a subdivision here that authorizes only the House of Representatives to write bills that will cost money.

2. The President is authorized to veto any bill presented to him by Congress. To override a presidential veto requires two-thirds of the vote in each house.

3. In the existing situation, a majority of both houses passes a measure that would simultaneously do a great many things, including program an increase in payments required by the public to sustain Medicaid and Medicare.

4. The President exercises his veto, complaining specifically about the measure's health-care provisions.

5. Congressional leadership asks itself: Given that an override of the veto cannot be recruited, how might Congress force its hand on the President?

Force its hand!? Yes, that is what Messrs. Dole and Gingrich are saying in effect, because they are seeking to implement what they understand as strict instructions from the American people. They are to move toward balancing the budget, and their plan for doing so is blocked by the President's power.

But Congress also has power. The continuation of federal activity, including the health benefits, requires financing. It is generally assumed that so-called entitlements are inertial forces that cannot be interrupted. But the forward movement of those forces requires constant propulsion, and this is doable only by appropriations by Congress.

The leadership is quite confident that its mandate hasn't withered since it was enunciated in the November election. A national survey done by Public Opinion Strategies only a week ago reveals that 66 per cent of Americans favor "balancing the budget [even] if that means that spending on Medicare and Medicaid would continue to increase but at a lower rate." Accordingly, Congress uses its trump card and freezes spending at the highest level authorized by a preceding Congress, i.e., at 4.9 trillion borrowed dollars.

So: The people voted, Congress acted, the President vetoed, Congress used its primordial power.

In a parliamentary system, such an impasse would be quickly solved. The parliament would be dissolved, an election scheduled. If the party upholding a balanced budget prevailed in that election, the prime minister would resign and be replaced by a member of the validated party. If otherwise, the prime minister would be back with a compliant legislature. But then, the prime minister wouldn't be occupying the executive mansion unless placed there by the ruling faction in the legislature. What we face today is what the British would call a constitutional crisis.

The public has not yet been discomfited, and no one will be for a period, the exception being 800,000 furloughed federal workers. The Treasury secretary is maneuvering and isn't likely to run out of gas unless a major creditor nation decides that there is too much harum-scarum going on and, instead of holding its reserves in dollars, switches to yen, or marks, or pounds sterling.

What we do have is high-pitched political theater. The people are vaguely aware of the instructions they gave to the new Congress, but they are, with various degrees of intensity, concerned with medical care, and that element of Americans most concerned is of course the senior citizens, and it is they who exercise critical clout. The President is relying on his incantatory evocations of starving children and homeless old people, with here and there a tear shed for what used to be Yellowstone Park. Presidential indignation makes its way quickly to the headlines.

By contrast, it is Congress that is held to be the agent of all those things, and we come quickly on the supreme irony, which is that references are almost inevitably to the "rigid," the "defiant," the "reckless" Congress, the complement of the lonely, single defender of the people's interest. There was never a better example of everybody being out of step except Johnny. ☐

What Made Colin Run?

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10

The grave dignity of Colin Powell's announcement had the effect of causing dismayed observers to thrash out at those who had opposed his candidacy. This is a psychological phenomenon: Mom has an accident coming home from work and reproaches abound—Why did Dad let her go on working so late in life? Why didn't Sonny, who after all is a car salesman, force Mom to get a better, stronger car? To say nothing of Mom's stupid eye doctor, who should have known Mom's glasses needed strengthening.

It happens even to wise and street-smart chappies, e.g., William Safire of the *New York Times*. He let himself go twice in his Powell column, once directly, once obliquely. He set up his target by carefully orienting his argument as testimony to General Powell's courage, a technique he knows as paralepsis, which is the affirmation of the point you wish to make by denying it ("I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him"); only Safire did it the other way around. "Certainly Powell was not chased off the field by the performance last week before the National Press Club of the Hard-Right Follies; the finger-wagging by that old abortion-and-school-prayer set was manna from Heaven for a moderate Republican's nomination campaign." Later in the same column, Mr. Safire made reference to "Arlen Specter, the pro-choice candidate, with nobody on his side on that issue except the majority of Republican voters."

The *Miami Herald* weighed in weightily. "True conserva-

"The plot is good, but do we really need all those nude scenes?"

tives want frugal government, but also prudent investments in children, concern for the needy, and a desire to widen economic opportunity, not just pile benefits onto the wealthy. General Powell says that 'the party of Lincoln' (a phrase borrowed from Kemp) [my impression was that the phrase was first used by Andrew Johnson] can balance these interests best, and that's why he chose to be a Republican. But he recognizes that he will have to fight—hard—to restore those values to a party lately hijacked by the Christian Coalition and its acolytes." And then Maureen Dowd, also of the *New York Times*, contributed the news that General Powell "had exposed the Christian Right as a panicked sectarian phenomenon."

What are we to make of all this? The Christian Right is indeed sectarian, which is why it isn't the Muslim Right, or the Jewish Right, however much the three faiths may have in common. And "panicked" is probably a defensible term to describe a movement deeply concerned by a rise of 400 per cent in serious crimes during the past generation and 300 per cent in illegitimate births. The word "panicked" is subjectively used, of course. Only three days ago, one newspaper report informed us that President Clinton was "panicked" at the prospect of General Powell's running. We have to assume that a metaphor was intended, given that nobody caught Bill Clinton about to throw himself out the window.

But the reference by Bill Safire is confusing, the business about "that old abortion-and-school-prayer set." Either he is saying that there should be term limits on concern over abortion and school prayer, or else he is saying that the questions have been debated and are behind us. It isn't that Mr. Safire is indisposed to stay in a battle for as long as it takes. He was a doughty soldier during the Cold War, which began many years before *Roe* v. *Wade*, but Safire was in there right up until the Berlin Wall came down, God bless him, and if it takes a hundred years to guarantee the safety of Israel, we cannot reasonably doubt that Bill Safire's great-grandchildren will be sounding the Zionist bell, and more power to them. If he is saying that, on the contrary, people ought to give up on school prayer, there are those who respectfully disagree, among them—who knows?—God!, who is contingently capable of influencing elections. And a call to acknowledge human life in the fetus isn't a question of the kind one ought to get bored about unless research absolutely establishes that, all the time, a fetus was really no different from a tomato.

The right-wing gentlemen who met last week to serve notice on General Powell that he had made references disquieting to them, honorable representatives of conservative positions within the GOP, spoke respectably on the issues to which they have devoted themselves for many years. They didn't raise a single question about General Powell that hadn't been raised, that same week, by George Will, but Mr. Safire and Miss Dowd and the *Miami Herald* have an instinctive sense—maybe it was sharpened by reading General Powell's autobiography?—who to pick on when Mom has an accident on the highway, and who to let alone. □

Yitzhak Rabin, RIP

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7

Viewing the TV and reading the papers in the days after the assassination one got some idea of how Mr. Rabin operated. One reporter said that to see Mr. Rabin was as easy as calling him up and taking the ten-minute trip from the reporter's office to the office of the prime minister. Another spoke of his "thirty or forty" sessions with him over the years.

And then there were the eulogies. A retired professor who served many years on the college admissions committee spoke once of the skill developed after a few years in detecting letters of recommendation that are synthetic. Just so, listeners to eulogies develop after a while an ability to discriminate between the formalistic and the genuine. Many eloquent statements were made, some of them—from men and women who had worked closely with Rabin—heartfelt beyond any histrionic power to deceive. The tribute paid by Henry Kissinger is not easily forgotten.

Three days ago I'd have thought it singular to recall that twice Mr. Rabin was with me on *Firing Line* and that he had once come with a friend to lunch with my wife and me in Switzerland. To say this now, which is to confess to only three encounters with him over the years, suggests I was practically an exile, all but ignored by the great man, so profuse were his journalistic and social energies.

The various passions stirred by his death are by now familiar. We know that a cruel element of the tragedy was the background of the assassin: of all things, an Orthodox Jew, rising to kill the greatest living Jewish hero. There is the consternation having to do with the political legacy. Yes, Shimon Peres will pursue the same ends. But although it is acknowledged that the death of Mr. Rabin will renew the momentum of the peace movement, its longevity cannot be taken for granted. When Lincoln died (Ambassador Eagleburger likened the two events) the nation was for a period buoyed by the sentiments he expressed in his second inaugural address, but it was not long before Reconstruction became the ugly thing it was.

In the case of Israel, something needs to be done to restore the perspective of those who fought Rabin. It is difficult to believe that people who deem themselves Israeli patriots would as recently as a few weeks ago design an effigy of Rabin wearing swastikas. In New York City one young follower of the late Rabbi Meir Kahane declared on television that violence can be "bad" but it can also be "good." He had whatever reserve of good sense it took to decline to say that he was pleased that Rabin had been a target of "good" violence, but he left that impression, cultivating as he was the line that the return by Israel of parts of the West Bank was high treason.

Policy differences, then, can hardly be expected to disappear in tribute to one martyr. Mr. Benjamin Netanyahu was convincing in his disavowal of the killer-division of the Israelis who join him in opposing the policies of Rabin and Peres. But there are Jews who are models of civil rectitude who oppose those policies, and they will not be silenced by the silencing of Mr. Rabin, nor should they: the security of Israel is properly the paramount concern of the Israeli government.

It's not all that easy to communicate to others the meaning of the birth of the State of Israel. Jeffrey Hart, writing several years ago, put it, "Now I can understand why Israel in fact has become sacred. The history of the twentieth century is, to put it mildly, unique. The Holocaust is a sort of hole in the cosmos, a guarantor of the existence of evil. It is an equivalent for Jews of the Crucifixion. Israel then became the equivalent of the Redemption. This is true even for relatively secular Jews. Judaism has never successfully separated God and Tribe. The People itself is the God carrier. I think that from a full experience of the twentieth century I am willing to accept the sacredness of Israel as a religious fact."

That is the reason the death of Yitzhak Rabin was a transfiguring event. That he died, and how he died, and when he died, and for what he died. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

TRANS-O-GRAM / Siegfried R. Reiner

1 I	2 G	3 F	4 N	5 J	■	6 D	7 O	8 B	9 V	■	10 R	11 P	■	12 H	13 A	■	14 O	15 C	16 F	17 M	■	18 E	19 V
20 F	21 J	22 N	23 G	24 O	25 C	■	26 S	27 P	■	28 X	29 F	30 D	31 C	32 E	33 J	■	34 H	35 G	■	36 K	37 M	38 D	39 L
40 V	41 E	■	42 B	43 C	44 T	45 R	46 M	47 G	48 W	49 I	50 J	■	51 S	52 F	53 H	■	54 D	55 C	56 W	■	57 P	58 E	59 G
60 T	61 G	62 N	■	63 J	64 B	■	65 K	66 E	67 V	68 R	■	69 I	70 M	71 J	72 V	73 T	74 F	75 H	76 C	■	77 N	78 P	■
79 G	80 L	81 D	■	82 T	83 U	84 I	85 H	86 M	87 V	88 E	■	89 R	90 H	91 G	92 C	■	93 S	■	94 J	95 D	96 L	97 V	98 B
99 A	100P	101L	■	102C	103O	104G	■	105J	106N	107V	108K	109M	110I	111P	112F	113L	114D	115C	116H	117G	■	118U	119W
120G	121P	122Q	123R	124C	■	125U	126I	■	127V	128G	129T	130L	131H	132E	133O	134X	135B	136Q	137N	138C	■	139D	140T
141G	142W	143J	144H	145L	■	146M	147P	■	148N	149K	150S	151F	■	152A	153V	■	154W	155U	156T	■	157L	158S	■
159J	160O	■	161E	162B	163M	164I	165G	166P	167R	168V	169C	■	170X	171V	■	172H	173P	174Q	175R	176G	177J	■	178I
179F	180K	181V	182D	183N	■	184B	185A	■	186G	187T	188M	189U	190B	191V	192C	193N	194E	■	■	■	■	■	■

A.	Plays suitor to	152 99 13 185
B.	Especially prized	64 184 8 42 98 190 135 162
C.	Outside civil norms (3 words)	115 138 169 31 15 92 192 55 76 43 102 124 25
D.	Perot just wants folks to ______ (2 words)	182 139 54 95 30 81 6 114 38
E.	OK Corral to King John and his barons	132 66 161 41 194 32 58 88 18
F.	Contrition	112 151 74 179 16 29 52 20 3
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H.	Pork-barrel project	172 144 34 85 53 90 12 75 116 131
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K.	Relish	65 149 180 108 36
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M.	Flay	37 70 163 17 109 146 46 86 188
N.	Plumb loco (2 words)	193 4 137 77 106 183 62 22 148
O.	Putting aside	160 7 133 14 103 24
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R.	How *NR* stands *vis-à-vis* history	167 175 68 89 123 45 10
S.	Nemesis of the Don Cossack	158 51 26 93 150
T.	Showing forth (as of the Deity) (2 words)	44 82 60 140 187 73 129 156
U.	Main course of study	189 155 118 125 83
V.	What Hillary's health-care team tried to do (2 words)	87 19 171 168 67 181 191 153 107 72 97 40 127 9
W.	Din	142 119 48 154 56
X.	Diner's bottom line	170 134 28

Solution to last issue's Trans-O-Gram. WASHINGTON: *Public Thanksgiving*: "In such a state of things it is, in an especial manner, our duty as a People, with devout reverence and affectionate gratitude, to acknowledge our many and great obligations to Almighty God, and to implore Him to continue and confirm the blessings we experience."

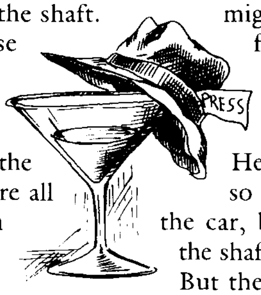
THE GIMLET EYE

JOE BOB BRIGGS

LAST winter this guy got his head cut off by an elevator in the Bronx.

Did you hear about this?

The guy's gettin off the elevator, it starts to go up real fast while the door is still open. The guy loses his balance and leans *toward* the elevator, and it cuts his head off, and the *head* goes rollin around in the car with five other passengers, and the *body* falls down the shaft. And for five minutes all these people had to stand there lookin at the head until they were rescued.



But what was strange about the news accounts is that there were all these people sayin, What can we do to make sure this never happens again? What state agency is responsible? Stuff like that.

Politicians were demandin that the elevator company check *all* its elevators, to make sure nobody's head gets cut off in the future.

Listen to me. This is not *ever* gonna happen again.

There are some things that are not *ever* gonna happen again.

This is a one-time deal.

About a hundred things had to go wrong, *all at the same second*, for this to happen.

Why is it that, when somethin like this happens, everybody wants to set up an Anti-Cut-Off-Your-Head Elevator-Rights Committee? Do they really think they were having meetings at the Otis Elevator Company, where a bunch of evil shifty-eyed fat guys sat around sayin, "Yeah, *sure* these elevators could slice off a guy's head, and the head might go rolling around in the car—but *that's a risk we're willing to take*"?

What do they want em to do—invent some crash-test robots that will stick their heads in an open out-of-control ascending elevator car, to see if they can survive?

But there are people who still think, "This never should have happened. They should have *known* about this." And so they get all self-righteous, and by the time they finish, they've convinced themselves there's a conspiracy by American businessmen who are *trying* to cut off the heads of unsuspectin elevator patrons. They think some engineer wrote up a set of specs on the elevator, and said, "Hey! Looky here, Bob! If we set this gauge just so, it might shoot the sucker up three floors with the door open and rip off a guy's head who's leanin the wrong way! Come on, let's try it! Here, I'll figure out the setting so that the *head* will end up in the car, but the *body* will fall down the shaft."

But these are the times we live in. Every time a car blows up, or a plane crashes, or somebody busts his head open by slippin on a wet sidewalk and flyin up in the air like Wylie Coyote, what's the first thing we think of?

Lawsuit, right?

Lawsuit lawsuit lawsuit.

And the more it hurts, the bigger the lawsuit.

The best lawsuit you can possibly have is when you're dead. You can get *lots* of money for being dead, especially if you became dead while doin somethin *fun*, like flippin over in a Jet-Ski or gettin crushed by a rock-concert stampede.

What I would like to know is, does the idea of an "accident" even exist any more? Is there a single situation where somethin bad happens to somebody, and you can say, "Well, it was *just an accident*." Or is it *always* somebody's fault?

Several years ago a Delta Airlines plane crashed at Dallas–Fort Worth Airport, and the investigation showed that it was caused by a "freak" storm. Five minutes before the crash, the weather was absolutely clear. Then one of those weird prairie thunderstorms came up. I've seen em myself. They last about ten minutes, and they can cover as small an area as 400 square feet. You get humongous winds, rain, lightning for 30, 40 seconds, then the thing goes back up in the sky. It's not a tornado, but it kind of *acts* like a tornado. You can see these things all across the Great Plains, from northern Canada to Mexico, even on clear days.

So that's what it was. Everybody's pretty sure that's what it was. And I thought, if there was ever a pure-dee "act of God," this was it. But the lawsuits over this deal went on for *years*, with all kinds of debate about whether it was the air-traffic controller's fault, the pilot's fault, the airline's fault, or the airport's fault (for the placement of the storage tank that the plane eventually ran into).

What if it was *just the weather*? What if it didn't even show up on the radar? What if God occasionally just says, "Time's up"?

IF YOU'RE using your Lawn Boy and it flings a rock out and beans a neighborhood kid and cuts his cheek, you end up in court nine months later, tryin to decide: Is it the Lawn Boy user's fault that he didn't see the rock? Is it a requirement that before you use a Lawn Boy, you comb through the tall grass *searching* for rocks? What if you *did* search for rocks, but somebody threw a fresh one in there right before you fired that mother up? Maybe you had the blade set too low. Maybe Lawn Boy had a defective design, and the hard surface of the rock was supposed to *stop* the blade. Maybe the kid was standin too close to the mower. Maybe the owner of the Lawn Boy failed to warn the kid. Maybe he *did* warn the kid, but the kid ignored him. Maybe the kid was keepin a safe distance, but he had to run over and pick up his football, and at that moment . . .

And after a while you wanna scream at these people: *"It was just a goldurn accident!"*

What I'd really like to say to em is, please, don't move to West Texas, where everybody over the age of six has been cut, burned, beat up, hit with foul balls, injured by equipment, pummeled in schoolyard brawls, and lost family members in railroad accidents, wars, and car wrecks—and which has fewer "plaintiffs' attorneys" per capita than any other place in America.

Why? Because they still believe there's such a thing as a "neighbor."

And you know what a neighbor says?

"Don't worry about it, Joe. It was just an accident."

How quaint. ☐

Mr. Briggs is a syndicated columnist from Grapevine, Texas.

THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER

FLORENCE KING

THANKS mainly to this column, most people now believe me when I say I'm a misanthrope. A few even believe me when I say I favor absolute monarchy and the divine right of kings, but nobody believes me when I say I have a visceral aversion to children. I've stated it unequivocally in several books but people still pass it off as a curmudgeonly pose.

Okay, I'll try again: I consider pedophilia an unforgivable crime. How could anyone be sexually attracted to a shapeless, hairless, falsetto runt?

Americans have made such a fetish of children that adults no longer count—not even in body counts. Janet Reno approved the Waco assault because "there were kids in the compound." Afterward she was castigated because "there were kids in the compound." A CNN broadcaster watching the conflagration cried, "My God, there are kids in there!"

Last summer a Philadelphia ice-cream vendor was shot to death by a robber. A cop told ABC News: "It was lucky that no children were killed."

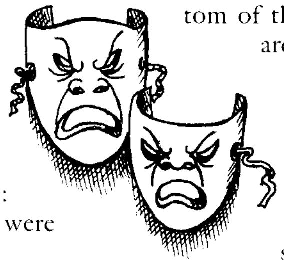
Jeff Smith, TV's "Frugal Gourmet," dropped a skillet and immediately said: "I don't mind accidents in the kitchen as long as there aren't kids around to hurt themselves."

Recently, my little corner of the world was shaken by the discovery of a man with fifty pet cobras in his basement. Quoth a neighbor in our local paper: "My God, there's kids around here!" (My God, there's a great line in Elsa Lanchester's autobiography: "I held a baby once. It felt like a bag of hot snakes.")

The same disregard for adults marked Democrat attacks on the Contract with America: "They're abandoning America's children! . . . They want to take food out of the mouths of children! . . . They're coming for the children!" Even PBS funding was cast in puerile terms. It was *Sesame Street* and *Sesame Street* alone, they implied, that the GOP was gunning for. *Rumpole of the Bailey*, the most adult show on all of television, was never mentioned.

Network commercials portray children as the only reason why adults should avoid accidents. First we had Goodyear's "So much is riding on your tires," then "My daddy loves me so much he bought a Volvo," but the prize goes to the Aetna insurance company, which simply displays a list of the kinds of coverage it offers, with no sound except a baby gurgling off-camera.

The same theme runs through public-service ads. Think you might have cataracts? Better get them taken care of so you can see your grandchild (gurgling sound off-camera). As for smokers, who have been at the bottom of the triage list all along, we are now warned that the danger we pose to co-workers is nothing compared to the danger we pose to children, to which I say, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet."



America has gone beyond the child-centeredness of the Fifties. Now we are child-defined, a condition that makes many adults sound as if they have actually turned into children.

Bill Clinton on Whitewater: "I didn't do anything wrong."

Hillary Clinton on Whitewater: "I know nothing bad happened."

FBI Director Louis J. Freeh, advising local and federal police to stop competing with each other: "Play with your friends, be fair and honest, and share your toys."

Every major newscaster now employs the infantile euphemism, "the N-word."

Defending Lani Guinier, Dana Cunningham of the Legal Defense Fund said of the queen of racial gerrymandering: "Lani is the kind of person you want at your children's birthday party, because when the kids start fighting over a game, she will figure out a new game. A game nobody loses and everybody loves."

A househusband writing in *Newsweek*'s "My Turn" calls paternity leave "a spicy stew of belches and smiles" and describes the fun of grocery shopping with his little one ("We squeal at the celery"). This joy was made possible by the Family Leave Act, without which he would not be "trading coos with my daughter." He ends with a coo to his readers, explaining that he must stop writing now because "little wet slimy hands await."

No wonder we tolerate pornography. It's the only way left to say "Adults Only."

POLITICIANS can no longer get away with kissing one baby per campaign stop. Now they must visit nursery schools and sit in tiny chairs with their knees under their chins. The spirit of enforced diminution is evidently hard to shake off. George Bush worried that Anita Hill's lurid testimony might have been heard by "little children," which was topped by Ross Perot speaking in another context about "tiny little children." How much smaller can they get?

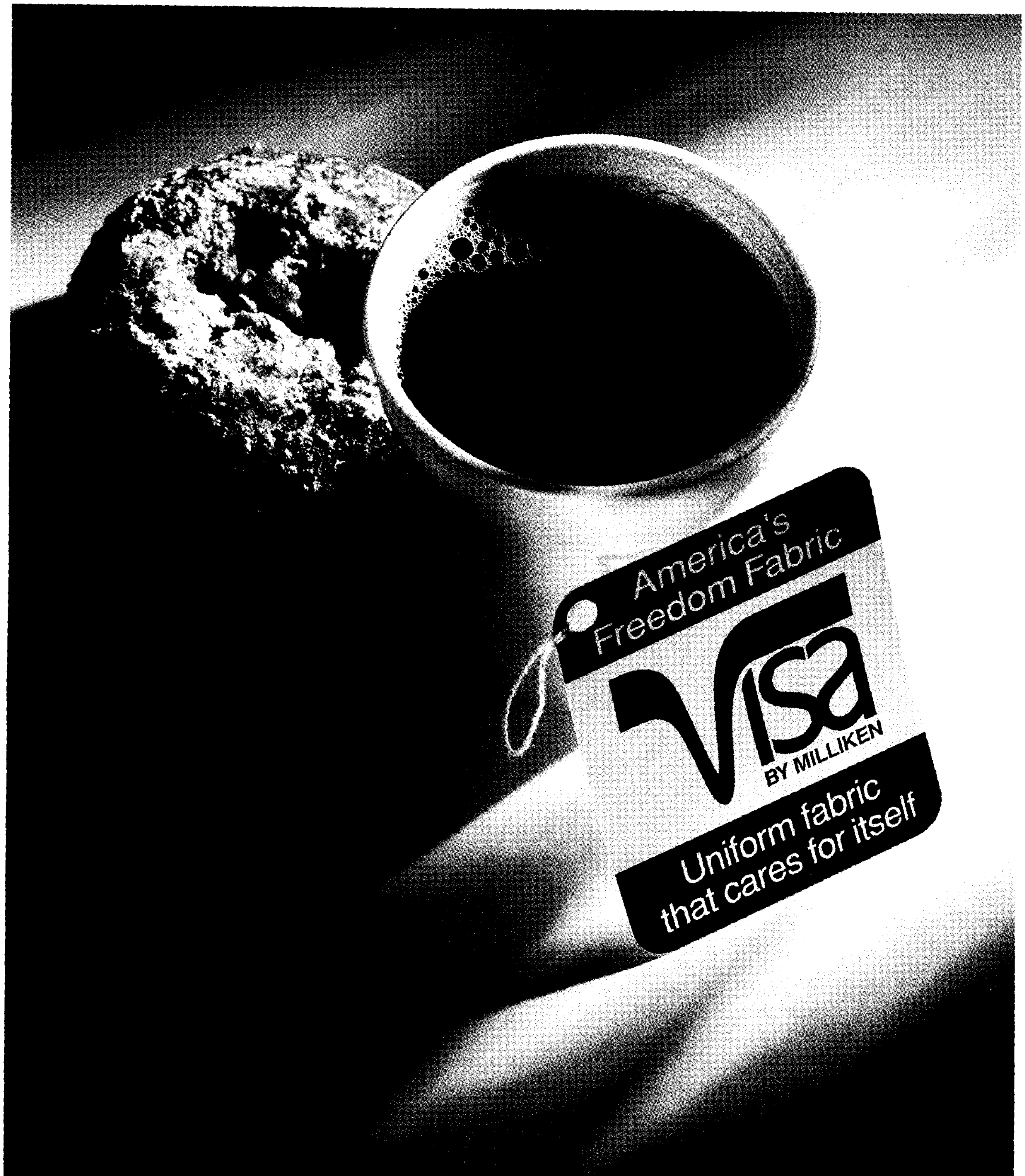
A politician, says Wesley Pruden of the *Washington Times*, must "demonstrate that he loves children more than Mother Teresa loves children." The hands-down winner is Rep. Robert Dornan, who, in the middle of a C-SPAN tirade against Long Island Rail Road gunman Colin Ferguson, suddenly interjected, apropos of nothing: "I remember his name because it's my grandkid's—Colin."

Child worship is the American woman's gross national product. She thinks she's the sexiest creature on earth, but sexy women have better things to do than swarm over children.

They are more like Queen Victoria, who, far from being repressed and frigid, possessed that rare form of female maturity that enables a woman to love a man more than a child. In a letter to her oldest daughter she freely admitted: "I often grudged you children being always there, when I longed to be alone with dearest Papa. Those are always my happiest moments."

American men are desperate for women like this, but what they get is a self-inflated neurotic growling Joan Crawford's signature line: "I'll do anything for those kids, ya hear me? Anything!" □

Miss King is the author of The Florence King Reader *and other books.*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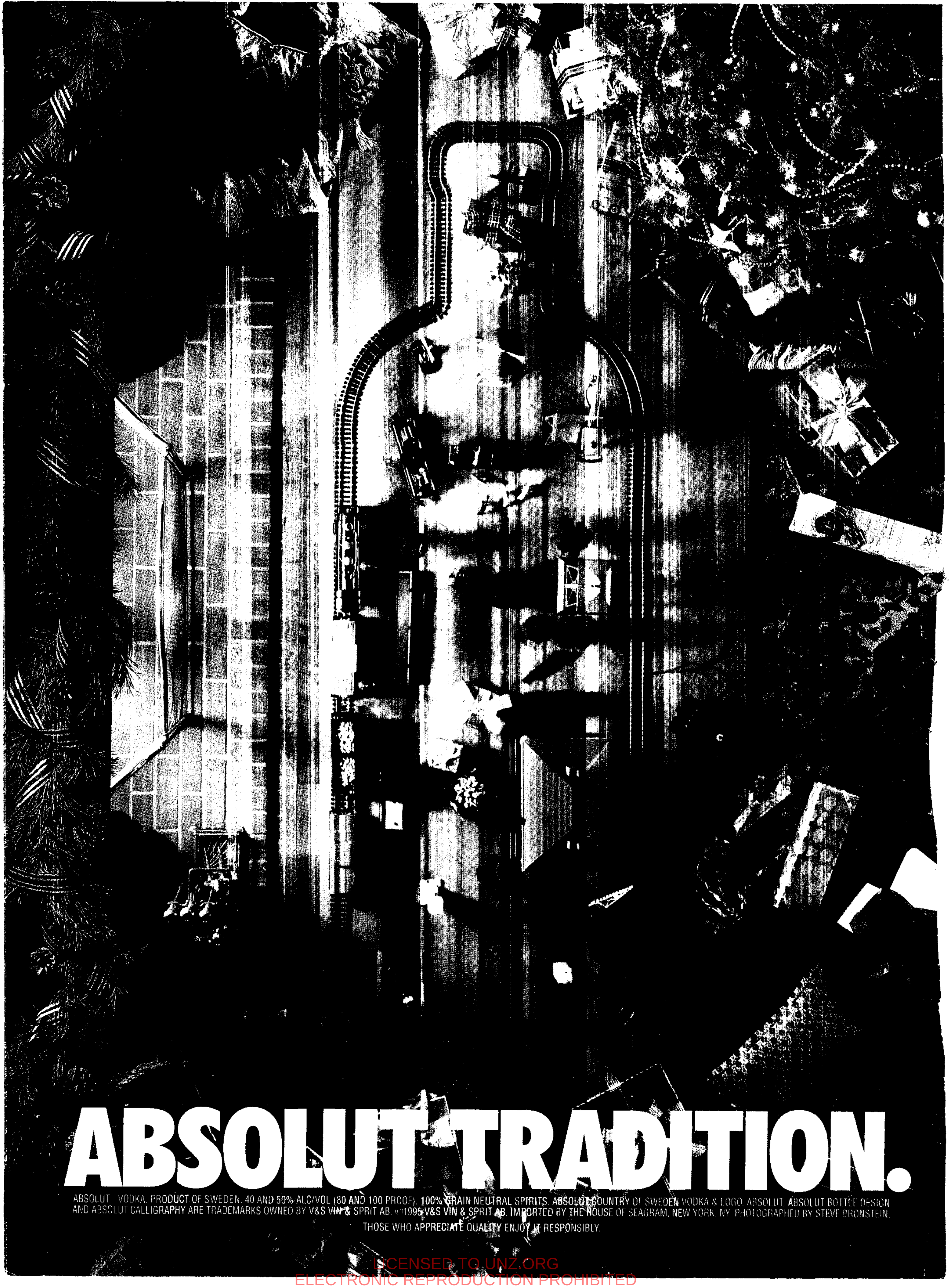

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